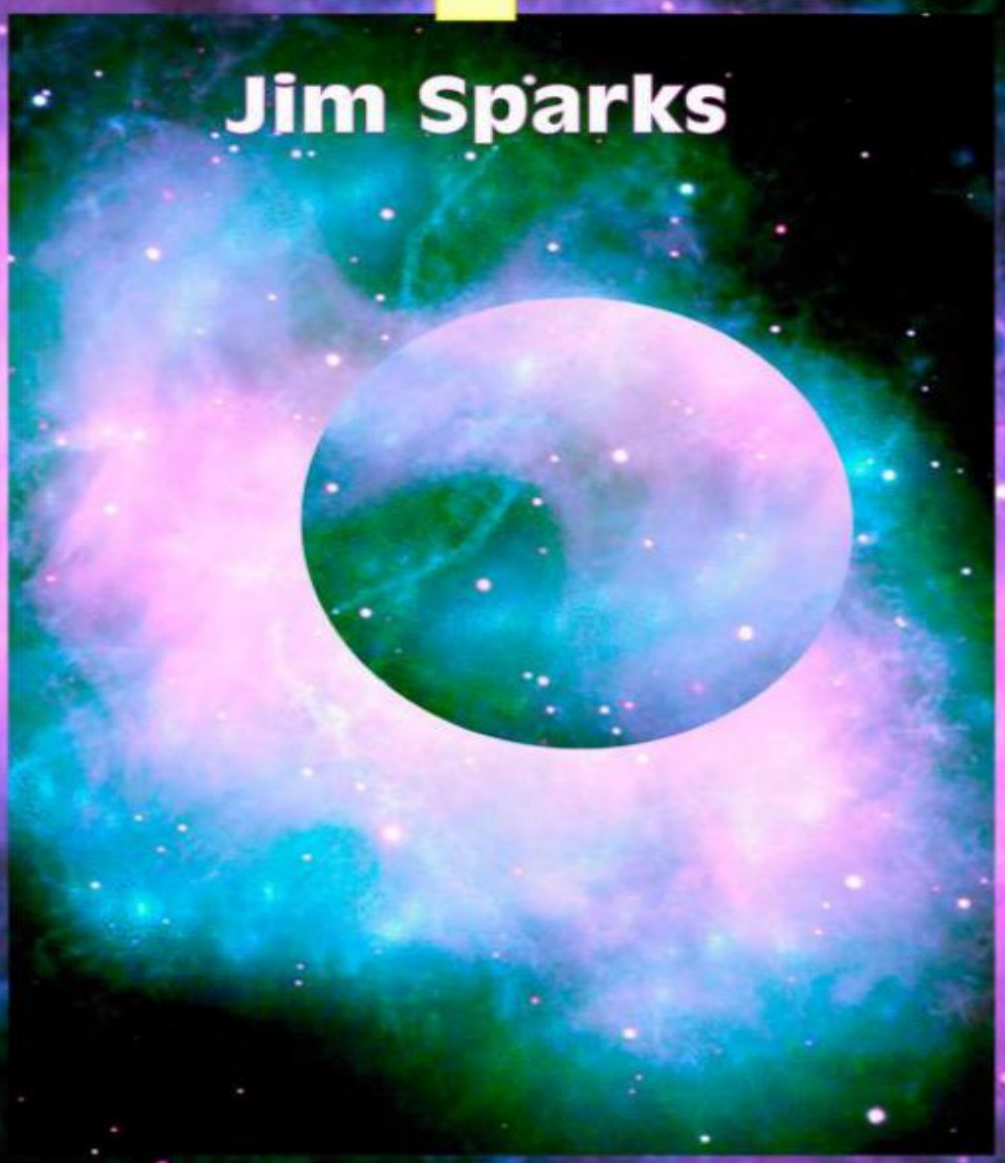
An Alien Message for the Human Race

the keepers



Jim Sparks

Foreword by Dr. John E. Mack
Prologue by Linda Moulton Howe

Second Edition

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Dr. John Mack, a man of integrity who disregarded his 1. Sparks, Jim, 1954-colleagues' ridicule to pursue the investigation of alien 2. Alien abduction-United States

abductions because he was a true scientist who 3. Human-alien encounters--United States.

believed in pursuing the unknown.

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When colleagues asked John Mack why

he was so interested in the UFO/ET

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phenomenon, he responded by saying,

Manuscript Editor: Brian L. Crissey

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"Why aren't you?"

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The Keeper s

Jim permitted me to tape record several hours of our discussions about his experiences, which I first published as Chapter 3 of my 1998 book, *Glimpses of Other Realities, Vol. II: High Strangeness.* I was always impressed by Jim's no nonsense,

"call a spade a spade" attitude. He has always been straightfor-ward in his descriptions, even if he did not always understand what he was seeing or experiencing. I would like to share one of Jim's insights now, before you begin his important first-person Foreword

account:

by Dr. John E. Mack, 10/4/29 to 9/27/04

"I understood better their nature and agenda. They are Many Americans are having experiences which have come to neither benevolent nor evil. They have been among us in be known as "alien abductions." Despite the readiness of people secret for thousands of years, maybe longer. But the length who are not familiar with the details of the phenomenon to of time isn't as much the issue as why they have been among offer psychiatric or other conventional explanations, none of us. I believe they have been farming us for raw materials....

these has even begun to account for the strange nature, richness and But now there's a problem, and their investment is in trou-awesome power of these experiences. Those who are willing to ble. The aliens have spent a lot of time, travel and effort to pay attention to what is going on here are confronted with an farm us. But we are on an almost irreversible path of self-intriguing mystery of expanding scope.

destruction.... But if we environmentally destroy ourselves, Jim Sparks's case has many of the features that have been the aliens still have an excellent insurance policy. They've reported now in hundreds of instances, but it is also unusual in been collecting seeds

from plants, animals and humans. Through several respects. His account provides one of our richest and semen and ova extraction, the aliens can start us, or other most detailed documentations of an abduction history. In addi-Earth life, all over again here, or somewhere else."

tion, he shows clearly how the experiences evolved, together with shifts in his own consciousness. But above all, Sparks's recall is altogether conscious, i.e., without the benefit of hypnosis, relaxation exercises or any other use of a non-ordinary Linda Moulton Howe

state of consciousness for the exploration of buried memories.

Emmy Award-winning TV Producer and

This should help to settle what may still remain of the suspicion Reporter and Editor Earthfiles.com

that these experiences are somehow the product of a narrator Albuquerque, New Mexico

trying to please a hypnotist. As for myself, I met Jim Sparks for the February 19, 2005

first time in March, 1996, and although we have had two interviews and several other conversations, I cannot be regarded as complicit in bringing forth his knowledge, as his book was far along before we met.

Foreword

Sensing that he has something important to teach us, through to the deepest fiber of my mind." Sparks tried desper-Sparks has avoided

reading about "alien" abductions, lest his ately to relate what was happening to him to familiar notions, prior knowledge contaminate his account. Nevertheless, his thinking at first that he was being taken over by evil spirits.

story is in many ways consistent with the narratives and lives of Little by little Sparks was able to put aside his rage, over-other abductees I have seen or whose cases have been published.

come fear and accept that he was encountering some sort of He has the passion, curiosity, and self-doubt of an authentic, truthful voice. There would be little reason to question the real-technologically advanced non-human intelligence from which he ity of what he has written except for the fact that from the could not escape, beings with the "ability to scan the deepest standpoint of the materialist worldview that still dominates our fiber of your soul," before which he was quite powerless. As he culture, what Sparks has to tell us is simply not possible. We are was able to surrender, the experiences transformed. Sparks then faced with the choice of rejecting his story *prima facie* or found that he had been inducted into a kind of "alien boot allowing ourselves to expand our notions of the possible by attending camp," a school of training and testing that made heavy use of to what he has to say.

riddles, ambiguity, paradox and symbolization, where much of the communication occurred telepathically or via connection Jim Sparks is an Italian American who was in the residen-with the aliens' dark, mysterious eyes.

tial real estate business when his experiences began. Those that The purpose of his schooling seems to be two-fold: to cre-he remembers began a decade ago. He has been informed by the ate a hybrid race as an "insurance policy" for the future, and to alien beings that they are concentrating their contact now upon awaken us to our mindless destructiveness, so that we may halt ordinary people (he regards himself as an "average person") the devastation we are bringing to Earth. Sparks's articulate and because agreements with Earth's leaders to "correct the moving expression of his awakening

of consciousness in environmental condition of your planet" were violated.

**elation to this danger (a "different point of view" in "sharp Furthermore, Sparks is so convinced that information about contrast to earlier feelings"), which appears to be the core alien cultures and activity of great importance for human health significance of the abduction experience for him and so many others, and the future of the Earth has been illegally suppressed by gives his book power and importance. The human race is government officials that he initiated a National Security

"isolated" in the cosmos "by ignorance," he has learned, not Information Amnesty bill that would allow records to be opened

"ready to join the intelligent life" that exists in other realms and and these individuals to come forward with what they know,

"too dangerous" to

without fear of reprisal.

"be set free in the universe to do as we please." As Sparks has Initially Jim's experiences, which occurred as often as sev-moved beyond his resentment, he has come to feel quite fortu-eral times a month, were primarily intrusive and terrifying, nate to have somehow been chosen to "participate" in such a including the oft-reported forced extraction of sperm. Further-great "adventure." He is unwavering in his conviction that we more, he had been brought into a "mind-boggling" world where must heed the beings' warnings in order to stop the destruction known physical laws were broken—passage through solid objects, of the environment and the death of the planet.

shape-shifting, and instant, apparently thought-activated, This central message is stressed repeatedly and relentlessly transport. Something, he tells us, had "invaded my being right in Sparks's book, and is the reason for its power. Through down to the core." A

process, totally outside of his control, had Sparks the beings, or whatever may be the intelligence behind befallen him which utterly broke down his will, "probing this extraordinary phenomenon, tells of our failed stewardship x

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The Keepers

Foreword

of this magnificent planet. In several of his abductions Sparks Sparks writes of changes in his own consciousness and psy-was shown on TV-like screens scenes of such breathtaking chic powers, an "ability to see in other dimensions," a "sixth natural beauty that they left him "completely mesmerized." But and seventh sense." "These extra senses seem to lie dormant like they Would inevitably be followed by visions of "mankind's an atrophied muscle," he says. "One just needs the tools, or destructive ways," as the images showed once-beautiful forests technology, to tap into these realms. In my case exposure to alien

"now brown gray and dead looking instead of healthy and technology heightens the senses."

green," or dead, bloated fish floating on top of the water. Sparks Sparks is to be commended for having the courage to "come writes, "This made me feel very sad and depressed." Suddenly out" and tell his remarkable story. Many experiencers are ridiculed after one of these experiences a telepathic voice said, "YOU

privately and publicly for truths that run so counter to the ARE KILLING YOUR PLANET. YOUR PLANET IS DYING."

official reality of our culture. He hopes that if he can provide an In some of his experiences Sparks was confronted with the dangers example of leadership in this regard, he may contribute to of overpopulation, breaks in the food chain and the dangers of

overcoming the denial that characterizes the prevailing reaction nuclear and biological contamination. "There are better ways,"

to the great dangers facing the Earth. To the end Sparks, like all he was told, of "deriving your energy and food needs, without abductees, remains mystified as to the source of his experiences causing your planet any damage." Our mindlessness seems, in but feels that what he has learned is of immense power, impor-Sparks's experiences, to have cosmic proportions. "In the galactic tance and credibility. "What is wrong with us then," he asks at neighborhood," he was taught, "there seems to be an order"

the end of the book. "Are we blind? Maybe so, because it is which our species is violating.

taking cultures from God knows where to warn us."

In a certain sense, the reality or truth of all this is well-known, I asked Sparks to tell me how his experiences had changed so why should we pay attention to Jim Sparks, who has been him. In a letter sent to me by FAX he wrote the following: informed by strange beings we do not even acknowledge exist?

Prior to 1988 [when he began to recall his experiences] about 95% of And if the aliens are so concerned with the Earth's ecology, why my energy was focused on business, marriage, recreation and don't they just stop us? These are difficult questions to answer. First living as carefree as possible. I had some concern for the envi-there is the emotional and transforming power of the ronment. I tried to save as many trees as possible when I bought environmental "education" for Sparks and many other abductees, land and sold lots for home sites.

which leads to a more total kind of commitment to changing My experience with advanced cultures in the last nine years has changed my life and expanded my awareness. Clearly the Earth is direction. Also there is the sense in these experiences that the alive, and we have cut off her arms and legs. Truly we have message is coming from a higher, or divine, source of great damaged her

severely. She is a living body fighting for her life potency, should we be able to acknowledge its authority. Finally, because we are attacking her vital organs. The heart and lungs of as Sparks and other experiencers have been told, the changes that this plant lie in the rain forests of Central and South America. The may result from "training" like his must occur through shifts in attack on these vital organs is beginning to show signs that the Earth is having a difficult time trying to cleanse herself. As land is consciousness of the human race, especially on the part of destroyed, diseases are released, along with [the loss of] potential ordinary people, rather than by direct intervention. With the cures. The list goes on and on.

failure of leaders to take responsibility for the planet's plight, My life has changed to the point that I am forming a foundation that Sparks was told, "we are now concentrating our energy on the will purchase and preserve valuable forest land. (4/25/97.) average person."

Introduction

However, I can make an educated guess. They track family lines for many thousands of years, in my case since day one.

They came to me totally out of the blue in 1988, and the first several years were a trauma-filled hell. I felt as if I had been drafted into a war that no one knew existed. I refer to this as an alien boot camp in which the M.O. is isolation, fear and confusion.

This completely disrupted my life those first few years, but now I Introduction

have come full circle. I wouldn't trade these experiences for anything in the world. My eyes have been opened.

They are like us in some ways, but for the most part not like us at all. Technically speaking they are light years ahead.

I can remember a time when I looked up in the sky and However in some cases we are catching up. Here are a few didn't see much. I can remember a life where I was just a nor-examples:

mal guy, living a normal life. I worked hard, I took what life offered as best I could, and I loved and appreciated my family, without a They radiate an energy either naturally or technically enhanced whole lot of questions. Then things changed. I found out that that paralyzes you when they are just a few feet away.

things in my life, in your life, aren't, as they seem to be.

They can transmit and receive hundreds of thoughts at the My name is Jim Sparks, and I have been contacted by same time.

extraterrestrial beings.

They are completely telepathic and can create any reality they wish you to believe.

Today I refer to them as advanced cultures. It should be Their technology is thought activated.

made clear there are many different species of intelligent life that They can pass through solid matter, travel dimensions and have been interacting with humans since the dawn of time.

distort time using their understanding of science.

In this story we will be focusing primarily on a race commonly Their technology is so advanced it almost seems like magic.

referred to by researchers as Greys.

My contact with these creatures has been one on one, face This is a small part of it; I'm just getting started. All I can do is to to face. I have been abducted so many times since 1988 I have tell you about them and relate my story to the best of my ability.

lost count. Most abductees have fragmented memories. I have better than 95% total conscious recall.

The literature of alien contact has been around for over half a century. Everyone has heard of UFOs. I'd heard of UFOs Listen to what they have said to me and what they have before 1988 when this began, but I'd never seen one that I to say to us all. It's right here in this book.

remembered.

Whether they are extra-terrestrial or extra-dimensional or just plain extra-curricular, I can't say. I'm no expert. And I'd never heard of the famous UFO abductees such as Betty and Barney Hill or Whitley Strieber. And, I didn't read any other why they've chosen me I don't know.

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The Keepers

books that were causing people to take alien abductions seriously. Know what? I had other things to do. I guess I just didn't *Chapter One*

care.

Why should I care? Why should you? After all, the conventional point-of-view in this world says that it's best for everybody if you just toe the line, believe what you're told to believe.

As an enthusiastic Capitalist American, you'd better believe Abducted by the Mafia

that's just what I did. That's the way I was until 1988, though, when things changed and the alien abductions began.

So I hear you thinking, "Hey, there are plenty of alien abduction stories. What's so special about this one?" That's easy.

Fort Myers Beach, a beautiful town on the Gulf coast of You can check the reports of researchers like Budd Hopkins or Florida, is where I grew up. It's also the place I fled to when my the late Dr. John Mack and the many other serious scientists life seemed to be unraveling in Texas and North Carolina.

who are working with people who have had these kinds of expe-I have family here. There's nothing like family to steady a riences. Mostly they're troubled, and the therapist has to get to soul. At first my family wasn't sure how to take all of this. They the memories through hypnotherapy and such. With me, I remember seemed quite certain I'd lost it. Over time they came to support me.

most of what happens to me when I get taken. And I'm putting The Gulf of Mexico is a gorgeous sea. Its waters are warm that down here, in my words, right now.

and mostly calm. Every large body of water has its own scent Moreover, these creatures, these "Visitors" if you want to and I love the smell of home. The nights are mostly clear and call them that as Whitley Strieber does, have allowed me to keep filled with stars.

my memories for a very particular purpose.

When I see a sunset of gold and orange, I relax. Even when It's the 21st century, and we're in a crisis. Whether you're these strange creatures come and take me elsewhere I know talking nuclear meltdowns, political emergencies, global warm-they will bring me back here to this community, where I only ing, environmental catastrophe, religious awakenings, consciousness have to walk a short way to run into an acquaintance, or even risings or paradigm shifts—we're in the midst of vast changes. Like better, a friend.

I say, I'm just a regular guy, but for some reason I've got Fort Myers Beach will always be small because it's an something that these "Visitors" could use to teach me a lot of island, just fifteen miles off the mainland from metropolitan amazing things that just might help humanity get through these Fort Myers. It is close enough to enjoy Fort Myers's historic changes.

areas, yet far enough to be a great vacation spot. If you want Here, then, is what these aliens are telling me.

sand, beaches, sun, and surf—we've got it here.

Here, now, is my story.

When I was a boy, Fort Myers Beach was just a fishing village filled with natural charm. Today it's a tourist Mecca, although it still has a fishing fleet that gives it a lingering xvi

The Keeper s

A b d u c t e d b y t h e M a f i a charm. There's nothing like sitting near this beach eating fresh about a hundred yards or so from the Gulf with a few outer houses between the surf and us.

gulf shrimp, stone claws and oysters along with a tangy ice tea with lemons that were just hanging from trees earlier in the With the help of a pleasant night with Teresa, I went to bed morning.

around midnight and fell into a deep sleep without dreams.

Even as I sit here now writing of aliens and the future, I can At 3:47 A.M. a hand gently shook my foot, and I woke up.

smell the marvelous aromas of smoking fish from the Smoke House I could hear the waves lapping on the beach, and a breeze on San Carlos Boulevard. It has been around a long time, since played through the trees outside. The room smelled like a trou-Fort Myers has always been a fishing port. The fishing boats bled memory.

bring in a bountiful haul of grouper, snapper, tuna and bonita

"Teresa?" I said

every day, and some of it goes to the smokehouse where wood and fire do their magic. I never get tired of this place, even though Enough moonlight crept through the window for me to discern a dark shape at the end of the bed.

lots of tourists have found it—especially, alas, college students on spring break. It makes me feel good.

I was afraid. Just because this wasn't the first time something like this happened, it wasn't exactly old hat either.

The Gulf radiates peaceful energy for me. There are playful dolphins here and brightly plumed tropical birds. The sunset is Fear is fear,

and fear is what I feel whenever this thing hap-spectacularly beautiful every day. Afterward the stars are bright.

pens. Yank my chain, push my buttons—what's in me comes out.

It's pretty astonishing to think that one of the scariest and most What comes out when I know I'm about to get on the *Abduction Special is* stone-cold fear.

unusual contacts started right here on a beautiful, moon-swept Fort Myers Beach night.

A pale light rose up in the room.

March 7, 1994, is probably the most significant date in my At first I thought it was just a man. He wore a jacket with story. The aliens had taken me away many times before, but I wide shoulders and baggy pants, a black dress shirt, and a black want to tell you about this day first because of what happened silk tie—up tight against this neck. His suit was an Armani or that night.

some other fancy designer cut. A wide-brimmed fedora hat slouched low across his features.

In that fateful winter of 1993-1994, I'd just gotten back together with my wife Teresa after tumultuous times. The calm-Those features, I came to see, were not human, but rather ing effect of Fort Myers Beach worked on me, and I was getting they were the strangely shaped head and almond eyes I'd come my act together after a lot of insanity.

to know too well. I guess the cat's out of the bag as far as what We had a beach house—a nice one with ample rooms.

these creatures look like. X-Files did an okay job in depicting Although my marriage had improved, I still slept alone. I'm a them. In the flesh, the aliens have a definite look, a presence, an restless sleeper, and I guess Teresa didn't really mind being other-

worldliness about them, and the human instinct in their relieved of that part of me.

presence is to be very afraid.

On that evening of March 7, instead of sleeping on the liv-This time was different. Where the eyes of my abductors ing room sofa as I usually did when I slept alone, I decided to use before had been indifferent—this guy's eyes seemed cruel.

one of the extra bedrooms in the back of the house. We were 2

3

T h e K ee pe rs

A b d u c t e d b y t h e M a f i a Here before me was an alien dressed like some 1930s style The being's face changed, morphing from a ruddy scowl to a Chicago mobster. Those words rattled in my baffled brain, and I more human, softer look. Then I realized what was happening.

repeated them out loud in confusion.

This was what I have come to know as "screen imaging," kind of like "virtual reality," only without visible computers.

He said, "The boss wants to see ya."

I wish I could say I wasn't still afraid. It's not often that an The visitor was playing with my perception of visual real-alien abduction starts out with a comedic slant, though, and the ity. Maybe that's where it had found the dusty costume trunk to idea of being in some intergalactic farce was not as nuts as it play Halloween with—from all the old movies in my head.

might sound and is a hell of a lot easier to swallow than most of

"Everything will be all right. You'll be fine," he said in a what I've been through.

friendly manner.

Why did the alien that night come dressed like Humphrey

"Why are you wearing that old style suit? Why a suit at Bogart in *Angels With Dirty Faces?*

all?" I managed to say.

Do these "Visitors" actually have some warped sense of The transition was instantaneous. One moment I was in my humor?

warm bed. Next, I stood in the backyard, with the Gulf breeze Putting aside the *Men In Black,* one doesn't find a lot of on my bare back. I felt the being's hand on my arm. At this slapstick comedy in the alien stories we hear. I was not familiar point, you might think that I would have panicked. There was with the UFO movies or literature then—I was mostly just stunned, nothing at all dreamy about it—it was exhilarating, exciting—

and so real!

and only a little less freaked. Now I wonder whether the aliens sometimes use our own cultural icons to communicate with us.

Before in these situations, I had always been paralyzed. This As you'll see, they may well have time-travel capacities, and this time, I wasn't, though I noticed I had very little peripheral vision joker's last touchdown may have been the late '30s in America. Then and my reaction time was slowed, but I could walk, and move again, perhaps these things are just so alien, just so off the map around. I turned to him and said, "Where are we going?"

of what a human can grasp that my mind sometimes short-He said, "You'll be just fine. Just come with me." As he circuits and substitutes

impressions as ludicrous as a gangster held my right arm, we started walking in the direction of the masquerade to allow these experiences to be assimilated.

beach.

It's hard to believe that there's a sense of alien humor in We walked slowly through my neighbor's back yard, his these guys, but then maybe they're slapping their knees behind hand guiding me, not forcing me. We walked across the street, our backs right now.

and I remember feeling upset because he didn't even look to see

"Despite the outfit," I said, "You're scaring me."

whether there were cars coming, he just charged ahead. We headed Those alien lips weren't moving, but it hit me then that the down to the footpath that leads to the beach. I remember sea oats movie-mobster's voice was sounding in the *middle* of my brain.

along the path.

I don't read science-fiction or psychic-powers books, and I This seemed odd, since I hadn't noticed sea oats along that never knew of telepathy until I started actually experiencing it.

path before. Sea oats are common scruffy plants that grow here and there in patches along the beach. In this heightened state, however, I finally noticed what I'd ignored all along.

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5

The Keepers

Abducted by the Mafia

I could feel the breeze, but I wasn't cold. The smell of the beach—that fresh, fishy scent—was vibrant and alive, and the night seemed incredibly awake. The sand was cool beneath my feet as we walked toward the breakers. We just kept on walking.

"We're not stopping!" I said. You're going to walk us right into the water. We'll drown!"

Again he said, "You'll be just fine."

Just at the water's edge, the cold foam touched my bare feet, and we stopped.

The night was clear. The stars hung in the sky with an incredible splendor. I had a sense of expectancy, as though we were waiting for something.

Then about fifteen feet straight in front of us, from out of nowhere, a small circle of dim white light appeared, floating about ten feet above the water. There wasn't really anything impressive about the white light, believe it or not. Somehow it looked perfectly ordinary, as ordinary as a sailboat leaving a light hanging from its side so other boats can see it at night.

The visitor's grip on my arm was not strong, and I could have run away.

But, as in previous abductions where I had no chance to escape, I was going along voluntarily. Was I curious? I don't know. I just know I wasn't frightened any more.

I was enjoying this new experience, just standing there with him on the beach. In a sense I had come a long way. Perhaps this time I could have escaped, almost as if the choice were mine.

How out of character this abduction was because at that particular moment we were on human terms—two intelligent life-FIG. 1: MAN IN BLACK LEADING JIM TO THE SPACE CRAFT

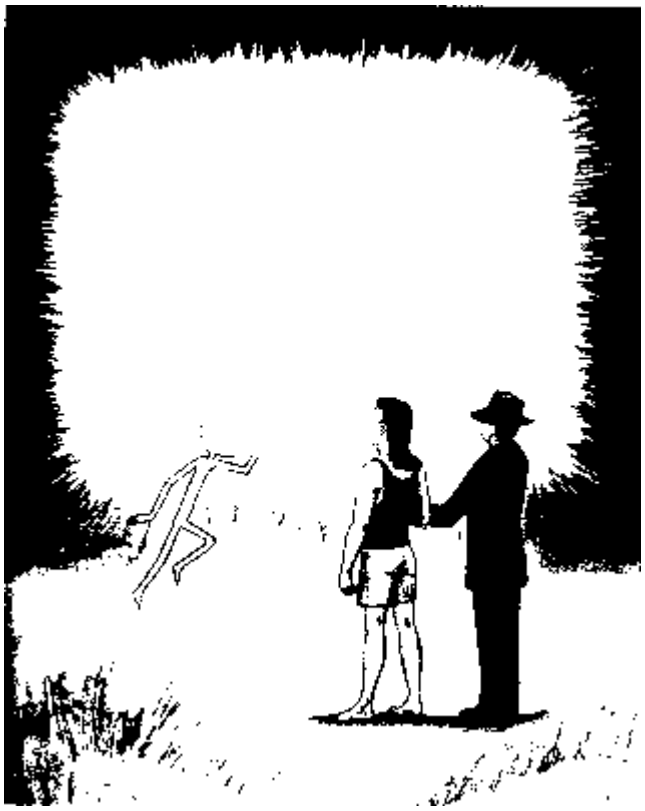
forms standing on the shoreline.

As we stood I couldn't help but think how many trillions of light about 25 feet wide and fifteen feet high. It appeared to be a doorway made of light.

miles these beings may travel to get here, and how many dimensions they span. Yet, here we were on the beach.

At first I thought this opening appeared from nowhere, or All of a sudden, there was a blinding flash of white light.

that they had ripped a hole in another dimension—as I know The small circle of light turned into a huge rectangle of white they have the technology to do so. However, in this case the ship 6



The Keepers

Abducted by the Mafia

was cloaked or invisible. The small white light was a marker.

The larger rectangle opening was emanating light from inside the ship. At this point this light was much brighter then the light that normally illuminates the inside of the ship.

With my lack of peripheral vision, I hadn't noticed anyone else with us, but now another alien of the kind I'd seen before—

I call them "workers"—stepped in front of me. He was smaller than the guy beside me—short, skinny, with a big head and eyes. Then he jumped into the light and disappeared.

"Go ahead," said the alien in the suit. "Step into it." I hesitated.

"You'll be all right," he said reassuringly. "Just step into it." I did. Pain flashed up my leg.

I'd stubbed my right foot's big toe. That was all. So banal, and yet it reinforced the reality of all this.

"You have to step up," he said.

I thought sarcastically, why didn't you mention that before?

I stepped up, and I walked into that huge, overwhelming light.

I blacked out and awoke in a dimly lit room. Standing in front of me were three aliens. Two were small "worker" types, and one was taller —a true alien, as I call them—kind of like a supervisor. Beside them was something akin to a hospital gurney or examination table.

After six and a half years of abductions, this was the first

•

time I was in complete control of my motor functions. Again, I FIG. 2: DOORWAY OF LIGHT OPENS

could have run, but I didn't. They seemed to understand me.

They seemed to know that I wasn't going to give them any trou-After years of forced procedures, this guy was actually ask-ble this time— that somehow, for some reason I now knew they ing me? "Sure," I thought. "Why not?" I crawled up on the table wouldn't hurt me!

and once more lost consciousness.

I heard the supervisor's voice in my head. "Would you When I opened my eyes, I had no sense of how much time please lie on this table?"

had passed, and no memory of what had happened on the table.

8

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The Keepers

Abducted by the Mafia

I pushed myself up and scooted to the edge of the table. Ten feet had complete physical and mental control of myself. I sat up and before me, two aliens at another table asked me to come to it.

looked around the plain, gray room and wondered what I was going to do next.

I was floored. Asking me? Again? Had these guys suddenly gotten social skills?

The doorway was open, and it led into a hall. The lighting was dim and ambient, not from any fixtures, but seeming to leak You have to understand the intense feelings of terror and from the walls, ceiling and floors. Should I just sit and wait?

helplessness I'd had before. Now I felt as though they considered me almost a significant person. They had some sense of respect.

I stewed about that for a few moments, but boredom and Still, that overwhelming sense of strangeness kicked in, and I curiosity got the best of me. "The hell with it," I said out loud, felt those familiar old feelings again.

"I'm going to walk around!" This felt wonderfully daring, as though I were challenging their authority.

Have you ever wakened from a deep sleep, or after sleep walking and found yourself in a strange place—and not known I got off the table and held onto it, as though it were some who you are? Contemplate this, and then add alien beings, and life buoy in a strange sea. I peered out and down the hall—not able to see much.

you might get an idea of the feelings I'm talking about.

Okay. Take a deep breath, I thought. Here goes nothing.

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid this time," I said.

I suppose it was too much to ask that they be warm and I pushed off and ventured into the narrow hallway. It went friendly with great big smiles. Instead, with that "screen reality"

about 25 feet down, then made a sharp left.

talent of theirs, they reached into my head—and suddenly that I took the turn and walked a few more feet, coming to an cold and gleaming metal examination table became green and open doorway. I stopped for a moment, debating with myself.

felt. It looked like a Las Vegas dicing table. Were we going to Should I just go back and park myself on that examination play craps?

table and be a good little abductee?

Abruptly, my fear drained. Of course, they knew that I enjoyed No. I had to find out more. I had to find out the truth. Why a little gambling in Vegas from time to time. They had mucked had they abducted humans all these years? Why was I selected? I around in my head enough!

had the power now, and I was going to use it.

I wasn't exactly laughing, but I hopped off and went up to I walked into that room in that alien ship, and the moment I them. Well, they'd designed the table wrong—bad odds on this saw what was there, something deeper than fear gripped me.

felt. Abruptly, this realization twisted something in my head.

It was a kind of overwhelming panic.

Blink. The Vegas exam table was just a normal alien examination table again, if such a thing can ever really be considered normal.

There, before me, was The Future.

Still, they seemed to be trying to be considerate. They weren't forcing me.

I got up on the table, lay down—and blacked out again.

When I came to, I was alone.

It seemed quite strange to be alone like this. Always before there had been aliens in these rooms. Not only that, but I also 10

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D r e a m , I t ' s j u s t a D r e a m She's strong-willed and vital—qualities very attractive to me. In *Chapter Two*

1985 we married and purchased our first home.

For years I have always been a hard worker, putting in ten or twelve hours a day, six to seven days a week. After twelve years of working for someone else, I took all my savings and started my own natural land development company—J & J

Properties. I would buy land and divide it into home site lots.

Dream, It's Just a Dream

My main development was called Ashley Estates.

When buyers bought home sites, the deed allowed them to clear enough space to build a home, but forbade the cutting of Prior to 1988, you could never have convinced me that more trees than necessary.

alien abductions were anything other than strange psychologi- Although I lived in Texas, I did most of my business in North cal fantasies.

Carolina. This work kept me away from home seven to ten Prior to 1988, I considered myself an average American days a month.

in pursuit of the American dream. I wanted success, a happy I would go to a town and live in a hotel that had a restau-family, and whatever fulfillment an average life had to offer.

rant and bar. I would eat at the hotel restaurant and have a Let me tell you a little more about who I was before cocktail in the evenings. After several weeks, the natives 1988, then I'll talk about the year that everything changed.

considered me a local. All this time I would keep my ears open I was raised in south Florida, born to a couple named and do research. I would find out where the building growth Sam and Rose, an old-fashioned hard-working Italian-Ameri-was heading. Afterwards, I would buy raw land a few miles ahead can couple. I worked odd-end jobs throughout all of my schooling.

of the growth. Then I would harvest pine straw while waiting for the growth to come to me. When it did, I would divide and sell.

After graduating from high school, I took two years of college, mostly taking courses related to real estate and invest-At the time, Teresa managed a large apartment complex in ing. I then went to work for a major condominium firm. In Houston, and was quite content with her work. We had 1978, the firm transferred me to Houston, Texas.

everything we needed, it seemed. We were young, happy, healthy, and successful.

In 1984 I met Teresa, a slender, blonde woman. She was pretty and down to earth—my kind of person.

In mid-1988, though, my abductions began, and everything changed. It started with a dream.

Teresa is the youngest of eleven siblings in a poverty-stricken family. She was raised in North Carolina and was forced to I would have the same dream over and over again for a pick tobacco instead of going to school. She left home at fifteen period of weeks. When I woke up in the morning after each and began to work full-time. At the same time she got her high dream, I was paralyzed. I was completely conscious but school diploma and took a five-year college Bible course. She unable to move. After a few moments, I gradually gained literally taught herself how to read and write.

mobility. Sometimes I didn't have the dream and I'd wake up and be able

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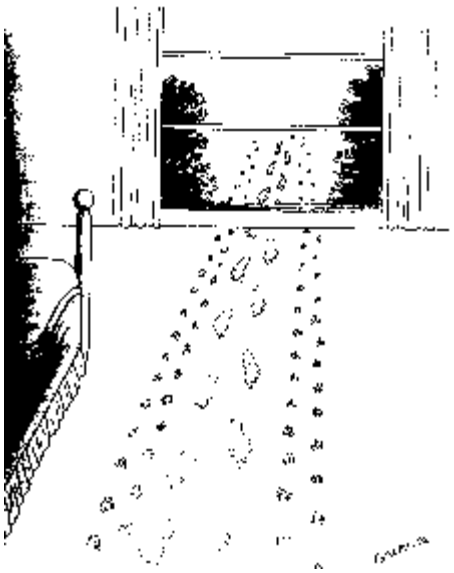


The Keepers

Dream, It's just a Dream

to hop out of bed, feeling fine, no problems. But whenever I had Honeysuckle flowers were strewn across the carpet. They that terrible dream, I couldn't move when I awakened.

clung to imprints in the pile carpeting. The heel of one imprint was in the yard and the toes were on the carpet. I thought how This was the dream:

could this be?

I feel something beside my bed. I am pulled up by strange entities and guided out of my bedroom, down the hallway, and I remembered what I thought had been my dream, but this into the guest room of our house on the ground floor. It had a was cold hard reality staring me in the face.

large double-paned window with blue drapes and white mini-blinds. I walk to this window, then walk right through it, without stopping. My escort and I go across the front lawn, over the street and into the woods adjacent to the house.

In our front lawn we had honeysuckle bushes. I don't think there's anything sweeter than the smell of honeysuckle. In my dream, I could smell that honeysuckle quite vividly. When in bloom, the tiny flowers that had fallen to the grass would stick to my feet. I remember looking down and seeing the blossoms on my feet just as I entered the woods.

I have no memory of what happened in those woods during those dreams. However, I always emerge out of that blankness and cross the street again, walking through that solid window into my home. Down the hallways I march and end up back in bed. Upon waking, I would have vague, incomplete memories of my "dreams" and would be unable to move for a while.

These dreams occurred from May until early December of 1988, maybe two or three times a week. For whole stretches of time they didn't happen. Even when I had them, I just shrugged them off and

went about my daily schedule. Dreams fade quickly under the light of the sun. The one aspect that did bother me was

•FIG. 3: FOOTPRINTS THROUGH THE WALL.

the temporary paralysis. That was so odd, I would think about it from time to time. Still I never mentioned it to anyone.

I panicked and phoned the police. When two officers arrived, I Then, in early December, things shifted.

regretted the call, but I showed them the evidence that someone had I had my dream and woke up unable to move, but this time come into the house—and walked right through a window and the paralysis lasted longer than usual. When I was finally able to wall. There was a right footprint on the lawn outside, and a move, I walked down the hallway and looked into the guest left footprint on the pile carpeting. Also, there was that footprint, room.

half on the grass and half on the carpet.

"Was a crime committed?" one of the policemen asked.

Next morning, as soon as I experienced the familiar paralysis, I headed straight for the guest room. Sure enough, there were

"No. I guess not."

the footprints in the carpet, and the honeysuckle flowers.

They went away and probably had a good laugh back in While I had gained a valuable piece of information about the squad car.

these events, why was I being carried from my house by short If I had a history of strangeness in my life, I might have taken creatures?

this all in stride. But the truth was that I'd never had a paranormal experience before in my entire life. Surely this kind of thing just Strange and upsetting as all this was, though, it was noth-didn't happen to a businessman! As I got out the vacuum ing compared to the events that came next. With all my strength cleaner from the laundry room and vacuumed the carpet, making and will, I thought, if this bizarre experience happens to me sure to remove every flower, twig or blade of grass, I thought how again, I will be present and conscious. I will remember!

relieved I was that Teresa was out of the house. I wouldn't tell her, I showed Teresa the honeysuckle, told her about the inci-not yet.

dent and my feelings. She insisted I was playing some kind of I couldn't hide this from myself. I was consumed with ques-strange joke. People in the bedroom? "I would have heard tions about what had happened. I wanted to talk to Teresa. I was them," she said. "Don't be silly."

pretty rattled, and I started flubbing up on my job. But I also So the next few times it happened, I just vacuumed up the didn't want to scare my wife, and I certainly didn't want to give honeysuckle, leaves and grass, and kept mum. So far, I wasn't her cause to think I was crazy. No, it was best to just wait and getting anywhere in remembering what went on in the woods. I make sure myself. I would wait for it to happen again.

felt frustrated, and my work suffered.

Also, I decided that the next time I had one of those weird Still, I was determined to stay conscious during these strange dreams, I would make an effort to remember more detail.

occurrences. Finally, after many more "dreams," I was successful.

About a week later, the same dream came to me again, and I In late December of 1988, I was having a difficult time sensed a presence at my bedside.

sleeping. Finally, after much tossing and turning, I nodded off. I Teresa lay beside me, sleeping soundly, and I can remember woke up to see the digital clock read: 3:30 A.M. I drifted back to thinking in my semi-conscious state: "Dream! It's just a dream!"

sleep, but then, quite suddenly, I woke up.

My resolution to remember kicked in.

I couldn't open my eyes or move my body. I heard a lowI was going to try to see who was doing this.

pitched whirling sound, which slowly got louder.

Focus, I thought. Pay attention. Who—or what—was this A strange sensation grew from the pit of my stomach, presence? In the dimness, I was able to make out that these creeping up my torso towards my heart. When this sensation beings were shorter than the average human.

filled my chest, my heart began to race, and louder and faster came that whirling sound.

Then the familiar dream unrolled. Being pulled from the bed, walking down the hall, the shock of passing through the Deep instinctual fear overwhelmed me, but I couldn't even window and wall into the lawn, crossing the street and going open my mouth to scream. Cold sweat covered me as I screamed into the woods beyond. Then the aroma of honeysuckle.

silently. My heart was thumping so fast I thought it was going to 17

The Keepers

Dream, It's just a Dream

jump out of my chest. My head filled with that sound... whirling, ger, it left a gray line or trail on that glass screen table, almost as whirling... until the whole universe was that sound, and it wanted to if my finger were a pencil and the surface were some kind of elec-burst open my head.

tronic paper.

Then I felt a tremendous rushing feeling. I was accelerating I smelled something ancient and foul. There was the hum as if I were going down the steepest grade of a roller coaster, without of some kind of energy subtly surrounding everything. It felt as any kind of safety harness.

though I were deep in the guts of some very old computer.

"I don't want to die!" I screamed inside myself. "I don't

"Why am I here? What the hell is this all about?" I want to die!"

thought.

Then it all stopped—the sensation of acceleration, the sound The fear was coming back, in a different, dreadful flavor. I in my head, and the feeling of imminent death. My heart had didn't know if I could speak aloud or not because I was too calmed, and I was breathing normally. There was one big difference frightened to try. Then my head went up, moved by some force other than myself. My eyes involuntarily fixed on that gray wall here, though—I was sitting now on some sort of hard bench.

screen.

"Where the hell am I?"

Oddly enough, the panic had vanished. I was alive, and I In the middle of my head, I heard a voice say, "YOU WILL

guess that was enough.

LEARN THIS."

Concentrating hard, I tried to move my eyelids. Slowly I was This Voice did not vibrate my eardrums. God! I can't possi-able to open my eyes. The first thing I saw was that I was bly describe my alarm as each separate word rang through my leaning against a table. It wasn't any normal table—it was a flat head. The sensation was so very odd—I know the concept now TV or maybe a big, blank computer screen. I seemed to be in telepathy—direct mind-to-mind contact.

some sort of dimly lit room. I could only look ahead, though. I Not only that, but as each word was enunciated, I saw a had no peripheral vision. The room smelled sulphurous, like word appear on that wall screen. A word not in English, but in rotting eggs. It was warm and humid.

some strange language.

I was still unable to move, and my thoughts seemed to be in I heard the Voice again, "YOU WILL LEARN THIS."

slow motion. When I realized I could raise my head, I saw that I didn't know where I was or why I was there. And here there was a wall about eight feet in front of me—a wall holding was some booming Voice in my head telling me what to do. I another, smaller video screen. I strained to get up, but I couldn't.

guess my Italian emotions took over here, because instead of I could only move my head up and down, so I could only see becoming more frightened, I felt anger and rage.

that strange table, that wall screen, and the light from nowhere

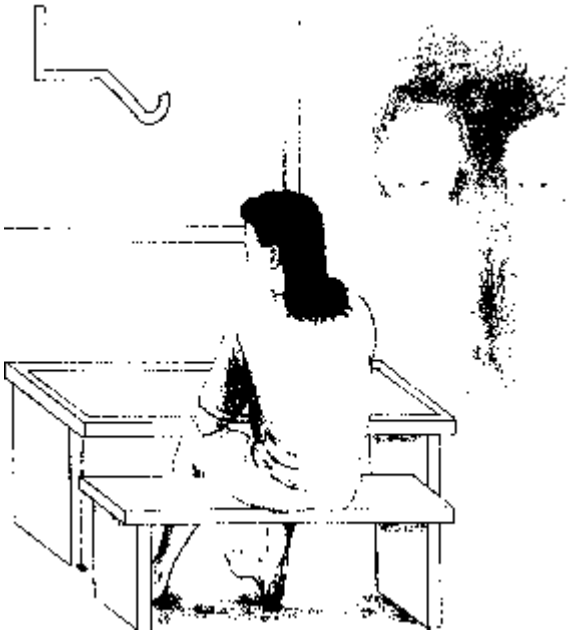
"No, I won't!" I screamed.

yet everywhere, which was a dim white.

The sentence burst from my mouth and surprised me. Defi-I sensed I wasn't alone in that room—some kind of tingling nite sounds, yes—much different than that neutral, antiseptic awareness made me cognizant of activity to either side, but when voice booming in my brain.

I tried to look, I couldn't turn my head to the right or left. When The letter "A" appeared on the wall screen.

I gazed down again, I noticed I could slightly move the wrist and forefinger of my right hand. When I moved my forefin-18



tion by a force with no compassion or understanding of my feelings.

I would not cooperate with this kind of bizarre coercion!

"No!" I repeated.

Again, the letter "A" appeared and this time the air pressure changed in the room. It pushed against my head and my ears, becoming quite painful. My heart pounded again. I could taste fear again—body fear, fear of more pain that might come.

Everything tightened and I was quite uncomfortable. I sensed that this discomfort would continue unless I cooperated, unless I drew that alien "A" on the screen.

Still, I can be a stubborn man.

"No!" I said. "What kind of stupid school is this? I don't know who you are, or why I'm here, and I'm not going to write your damn letter!"

The alien "A" reappeared.

FOOOMP!

The air pressure increased, upping my discomfort and anxiety.

I knew that unless I obeyed, it would go up again. I was still angry though—and maybe something about wanting to

•FIG. 4: LEARNING ALIEN LETTERS.

remember these experiences made me hang onto that pain.

"No!" I said, "I won't do it."

Next to it was some strange hieroglyph. Somehow I sensed that it was supposed to be another language's equivalent.

I could bear only so much, though. After the next level of agony, it felt as though I were about to die.

The alien letter faded, and then traced itself out again, as though to instruct me on its formation. I grasped immediately I cried out, "I don't want to die!"

that I was supposed to write the alien letter out on the table I looked down at the table screen. With my right forefinger I screen before me with a forefinger.

traced the first stroke for their version of the letter A.

"No!" I said.

Instantly the air pressure dropped. Quickly, my heart rate It was worse than any school. It was worse than being told dropped down toward normal. The anxiety and the fear faded.

by a teacher what to do. It was a strange omnipresent intimida- Moreover, I felt euphoric. The contrast was remarkable. A very pleasant sensation flooded me.

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2 1

The Keepers

Dream, It's Just a Dream

The message was plain—"cooperate and feel good; refuse smelled sweet and clean, and she had on her worn, long cotton and receive pain."

nightgown, the one she always wore, the one I always liked.

But they didn't seem to think I'd learned that lesson yet.

Gratified that I was able to move, I got out of bed and turned on the light. Yes, definitely, there was Teresa, sleeping....

"A!" said the Voice. The alien "A" appeared on the screen.

This was home.... This was safety.... What, though, had hap-
Simultaneously, the air pressure went "Foomp!" and a low level
pened?

of discomfort ran through my body.

I was still stubborn, though, and still determined to take this I slapped
myself. Again, harder. I was awake. This was no dream.

to the maximum. After a half a dozen levels of increased pressure
and discomfort, I couldn't take it anymore. I copied the second The
funny thing was that despite the sound of my slapping stroke to this
odd interpretation of the letter A.

and all the ruckus I was making, Teresa had not roused, despite
being a light sleeper. I knew quite well that even the slightest sound,
Euphoria.

light or movement wakes her up.

As I sat there in this artificially relaxed state I attempted to
Concerned, I leaned over and touched her. No response.

move, but my body was still completely paralyzed, my vision was
Then I shook her slightly. She didn't wake. I shook her harder a
complete blur.

and it was then that I noticed something on my hands.

Anger stabbed through the pleasant feeling again. "Who are On the
back of my hands were several small cuts that had you bastards?" I
demanded. "You don't have the right to do this not been there the
day before. These cuts, however, were closed to me!"

over and pink, not red with blood. They were almost healed, but The
telepathic response came back: "WE HAVE THE

they had not been there the day before.

RIGHT! WE ALWAYS HAVE! WE ALWAYS WILL!"

I was worried about Teresa. I shook her some more, maybe That declaration had a touch of finality to it.

getting a little frenzied—a little panicky.

I sensed it was time to go, that this portion of the lesson Anyway, I knew she was alive when she moaned. She was was done.

stone asleep, though, and short of maybe throwing some cold Sure enough, my eyes closed even though I willed them to water on her, I couldn't get her out of her stupor.

remain open. That whirling sound came again, and I felt the pressing The digital numbers on the clock claimed I'd been gone of G-forces —of acceleration. All the terrifying cycles of this about two hours.

process unfurled, and I found myself lying flat on my face.

I went back to bed, but I couldn't go back to sleep. When The softness of my own bed, the smell of my clean sheets, Teresa woke up, she did so just as she always did, groggily but and the hushed bedroom air surrounded me like a gentle balm.

without any other trouble.

It was still night, but dawn light was beginning to filter through Lying awake, I'd considered unburdening myself about my the curtains. I was back in my own bed. Beside me was Teresa's bizarre experience, but, staring at her over the eggs, bacon and still, comforting form, her smell and hair spilled upon the pillow.

coffee, I just couldn't. I hid myself in the paper. It was just too Teresa didn't wear make-up. She didn't need to. She much to believe in the cold, jittery, painful morning.

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2 3

The Keepers

D r e a m , I t ' s j u s t a D r e a m The rest of the day I was a basket case. I thought the light Peggy is a lovely woman with a sweet Southern voice. Like Lee, of day, some lunch, a few real estate calls, and some number-Jim has white and gray hair and a beard. Peggy is petite with crunching would straighten me out, but by the time dinner, long, reddish hair.

which I barely touched, was over, I started feeling even worse.

They had their own real estate brokerage company, but our Looking out at the dark made me feel cold, alone, and upset. I partnership was Pine Straw. When he or Peg sold my lots, they felt aftershocks of the fear, from the aches and discomfort I'd felt got a percentage. If I was going to make that trip to see my part-the previous night. I got through some TV and banal monotone ners, though, I sure was going to need some rest.

chatter with Teresa, and she conked out at midnight. The whole Somehow, with the help of a glass of beer, I went to sleep idea of going to sleep again was just horrific. I just sat on the on the sofa. When I awoke, the luminous hands of the clock on sofa, thinking, "I'm a logical guy. I'm a rational fellow. What the wall said it was 3:30 A.M. Why always 3:30? I thought.

took place last night doesn't make sense. How can I tell Teresa?

How can I tell anybody? First of all they won't believe me. Sec-I felt a wave of paralyzing fear.

ond, it just sounds like... nonsense!"

It was *déjà vu* with a different view. Not again! I thought. I was frozen solid, I simply couldn't move. My whole body was so Unfortunately, I had a business trip to North Carolina planned tight, I could hardly breathe or swallow.

for the next morning. Should I take Teresa along to hold my hand?

Just say, "Hey, could you come and keep me company? North Then came a different sensation—a feeling that's difficult to Carolina is getting creepy!" More than that I was wondering if this describe. It felt as though I were being bathed in a field of intense house was safe. If I left her alone ... maybe those things, whatever static electricity. Only one other time had this powerful unnatural they were, would come and play intergalactic alphabet with her. She sensation occurred—on that strange bench-and screen room the wouldn't be safe!

night before. Only now I was in my own living room.

Rationally, some part of me was assured that she'd be in no danger. I had the feeling that these creatures were after me, not I tried to scream, but I couldn't open my mouth. I her. The idea of getting away seemed vital. Besides then I could thought, "Oh God, I can tell they are close!"

talk to Jim Johnson, who was a close business friend of mine. I

"Who was close? And how would I know?" echoed another found I'd been able to discuss things with him that I couldn't part of me. Then, all of a sudden, on the living room wall a talk about with other people. Why not strange presences forcing green glow appeared—it was almost like a cloud roiling there me to learn alien letters?

between a couple of picture frames. It expanded and contracted, I met Jim Johnson over 20 years ago in Jacksonville, Florida.

expanded and contracted. Then it began to take form.

He was my first sales manager. He didn't like me at first because I For an instant, that green cloud looked like a hairless two-was new at selling and my hair was a bit long. Jim tried to get dimensional stick man with large, unforgettable eyes.

rid of me by assigning me impossible sales territories. To his Then it shifted into what seemed like a hologram of an surprise I closed every deal he sent me on. As he got to know me, owl—a green and ghostly owl.

he got to like me, and since then we've been friends.

Jim speaks with a deep Southern drawl and reminds me of a Southern plantation owner or General Robert E. Lee. His wife 24

much about it.

Later, however, because of specialists who helped me understand that I was not alone in these experiences, I learned that while every abductee has his own unique encounters with aliens, there are some elements of the abduction phenomenon that keep recurring, for instance, this translucent owl, which The Fringe of Sanity

gave me the feeling of the presence of a great wisdom. Now, whether or not that was because I'd always thought about owls as symbols of wisdom, I don't know.

As I mentioned before, I had never read any books or My friend, Tim, from my Alien Abductee Support Group—

magazines about the kinds of experiences I was having. I avoided which I didn't join, alas, until years after my first experiences—told

anything associated with UFOs. Before my experiences, I me owls figured prominently in Whitley Strieber's *Communion.*

simply wasn't interested. Afterwards I purposefully did not Strieber saw lots of owls in the woods by his cabin where he had read any literature or see any movies or TV shows on the many of his abduction encounters.

subject, because I didn't want to confuse or cloud any of my The Visitors like symbols, I guess.

experiences with suggestions or anything else. Despite my terror, despite my confusion, inside of me burned a stubborn urge To me, it soon became apparent what this spectral owl sig-to know, to understand what was happening to me on my own nified—it meant school. It meant time for class. I got to know it terms. Now, I wonder if that was the right choice. I might have as a symbol meaning—"Get ready to learn, Jim Sparks."

found a lot of comfort by going for help to the right people Almost every time the Visitors take me, they show me a symbol.

immediately. However, I did not. Perhaps this was why I had Perhaps it keys off some kind of subliminal response in my psyche.

the kind of experience that I had, and why the Visitors were so I gather from my abductee brothers and sisters that Whitley interested in me. They were working with someone unpreju-Strieber's thoughts on owls have gone very deep in the abductee diced by immediate cultural or scientific interpretations of mindset. For me, though, it was simple—a representation or symbol what was happening to him.

of an owl meant to adjust my mind-set to learn.

Mind you, just because I wasn't into UFOs then didn't It's become obvious to me that there are subtle shadings of mean that I didn't think there could be other intelligent life in meaning introduced with

the alteration of these holographic the universe. Before being abducted, in fact, I took a logical forms.

common sense approach to the whole business. It didn't take That night, though, sitting on my couch staring at that perched much thought to realize that there are billions and billions of owl with large, strange, round eyes, horns, feathers, beak and stars out there, and that there was a damned good probability talons staring down at me, you can bet I wasn't paging through of planets around many of those stars. So more life in the uni-Freud's book about dream meanings.

verse? Why not? And there was no reason that other life-forms wouldn't visit our planet, if they knew about it. I guess in the 26

The Keepers

The Fringe of Sanity

My body finally relaxed. Though I could move, I felt com-The non-human being had gone back into the shadows, pletely drained of energy, exhausted. Enough of this, I thought. I and my head was jerked back to stiffly face my assignment.

have to get some sleep.

Dead center in the screen, strange lines of symbols formed.

Somehow, strangely enough, despite the adrenalin pumping Before each one appeared, a telepathic alien voice sounded in my through me, I slept.

head.

How long I slept I cannot say. Abruptly, I was snatched from

"I AM," that Voice said.

slumber. I felt like I was strapped into that invisible rocket again Then, a symbol for what I guessed represented each indi-and hurtled toward the moon. Anyone who's been on a roller vidual involved would fade in for a moment, and then disappear, coaster, or even a rapidly accelerating car has felt G-forces, and like some spirit roll call.

this was rough, heavy-duty acceleration. Maybe worse than The funny thing was that the Voice in my head always before. I honestly thought it would kill me this time.

sounded the same, even though each individual symbol was Again, there was the room, the bench, those screens, and unique.

the faintly acrid, neutral smell of the place. Again, I felt the I don't know if I'll ever get used to it, but in all the years warm and humid air, then the slight chill....

these guys have been talking to me, never once have I heard them Mercifully, the G-forces stopped, and I caught my breath. I use any kind of vocal chords for communication. They always breathed raggedly, angry and confused. Once more, I had tunnel communicate directly with my brain. The Voice sounds deep vision—I had to look directly at something to see it.

inside of me, all knowing, unbearably intimate. Each time. I saw Even as I was recovering, maybe even thinking of just get-one, I'd get a quick jolt of adrenalized fear, as I waited for the ting up and hurtling away from this madness if I could, some-voice to resonate inside of me. It felt like a jealous God of yore thing walked across that line of vision. One of my captors, one of pronouncing law.

those short people.

These name symbols continued, each preceded by a deep "I The first time I saw one of the Visitors I noted how slender AM" that had all the authority that the burning bush had to its body was, and how large its head was. It kind of moved strangely, Moses.

too—like Gumby, as though it had a different kind of bone Then the Voice said, "YOU ARE..."

structure, maybe more cartilage than bone. It wasn't wearing My name, in English script, appeared. Beside it was my name clothing, but somehow it didn't look particularly naked either.

in alien symbols. The flow and form of the alien symbols were That head though. If I weren't scared silly, I think I might have quite beautiful. Amidst the fear, I felt a kind of awe that I didn't laughed. It looked ludicrous, like some elf's head. It had these feel was artificially induced at all.

great big eyes like slanted rounded jewels. I didn't need a Ph.D. in biology to see that it wasn't human.

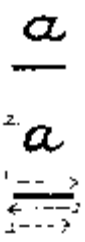
The alien version of my name disappeared and that Voice pronounced in my head:

But then it was gone.

"YOU WILL LEARN THIS."

I held onto my anger. I pitted it against my fear and I cried Then the letter "A" appeared. Next to it was the alien out, "You bastards aren't human! Who are you? What are you?"

equivalent. At the time I thought it was a conversion from our 28



•FIG. 5:
ALIEN A

alphabet to theirs. I'm no linguist, but I figure *Chapter Four*

that just because the English alphabet has 26

letters doesn't mean that alien creatures from wherever have an alphabet or language of

their own that directly corresponds to our

alphabet. However, for some reason, this was the way they taught. There must have been

Fal ing Fast

some other kind of process going on inside my mind, and this was the way I interpreted it in a literal kind of way. Whatever, these guys sure were working on my wiring.

The next morning I was to leave for North Carolina, and The thing that struck me about the pro-was furious when I awoke. I managed to get through a hot shower cess was that they never, ever said, "We'd really like you to learn and sausage and eggs, but not even a cup of strong Columbian this," or "Would you learn this, please?" It was always "YOU

coffee made me feel better.

WILL LEARN THIS."

In the past months, the concept of being abused by aliens

,ad entered my mind, but I was in denial about it. After my This coercion fired me up. I think it countered the fear and previous night's experience, I was not only convinced of their helped me keep my sanity. I must say, though, I didn't feel like otherworldly identity—I was also totally unnerved and offended going through that pressurization business again, so I started at a core level about their

methods, intentions and heir lack of tracing out that alien symbol on the electronic etch-a-sketch.

compassion for humans, including their treatment of me.

I did a few of these symbols as best I could, and it got less The morning of my Carolina trip, I managed to get off scary, because they were hitting me with the euphoric stuff with a kiss for Teresa and not much else. I mean, what was I again, I guess. I mustered up some courage, and I squeaked out: supposed to say? "See you next week, dear—oh, and by the

"Who are you people?"

way, I was hustled off again by 'Star People' who are The Voice responded: "WE ARE STAR PEOPLE."

teaching me an Alien Primer."

I realize now they were teaching the fundamentals of telep-North Carolina is a lovely place, quite a contrast to Houston.

athy, something all of us are capable of learning.

The gorgeous foliage of the trees greeted me, and the sweet

"Star People," I thought to myself. What's that supposed to smell of the cold, bracing air seemed to snap some of the ear mean? It sounded kind of cheesy, like something out of a bad out of me as I arrived. This was Central East North Sci-Fi movie from the '50s. Even the name upset me. It was like Carolina, hilly with winding roads through lots of woods, they were treating me like some monkey moron!

which caused me to get lost more than once. I stayed at my friend Then I felt the whirling, swirling and pain, and I was whisked Jim Johnson’s house that trip, and it was good to be around away from Star People School and plopped back into my bed, him. My nights

were untroubled, and my boiling mind calmed with an Earth-human flavor of reality in a place called Houston, somewhat as I immersed it in work.

Texas.

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The Keepers

Falling Fast

A couple of days later, sitting around with Jim and listening He kind of cocked an eyebrow and said, "I hope whatever to some music after a hard day's work, I felt comfortable enough the hell is going on with you doesn't happen here!"

to broach the subject with him. I gave him a brief overview of I chuckled and felt a little better. "Believe me, if it does, what I'd been through.

you'll be the first to know!"

Needless to say, he was very concerned. "Sounds like some I could tell he simply couldn't accept the reality of it all, but I sort of Devil Cult. That, or you're losing your mind!" He took a will say he tried to understand, and he did listen. He just really drink from his tinkling glass of iced tea as though he wished it couldn't wrap his mind around the concept. I really can't blame were something stronger.

him, or anyone else. There's not a whole lot of proof around for I assured him there was nothing devilish about it. It just visits from extraterrestrial life. There is, however, plenty of evi-didn't feel that way. It was scary, sure, but not in a spiritual or dence for lapses in human sanity.

demonic kind of way. "You've known me for years," I said. "I'm Still, of all people, I was really hoping against hope that Jim a pretty level-headed guy, right? I haven't been in and out of a would be the one who would believe me, no matter what, but of shrink's office, and I don't make things up!"

all my friends, Jim Johnson tried the hardest.

Jim's the salt of the Earth—a big, burly guy, middle-aged That trip to North Carolina lasted ten days, and I didn't get with that North Carolina drawl distinguished with an occasional dragged off to Star People School, which was fortunate indeed. I stutter. He moves gracefully, and boy, does he love his music!

didn't get near the subject again with Jim, as I could tell it made He's a great jitterbug dancer, too. He grew up with a slew of him feel uncomfortable. I just savored my sanity, wrapped famous '50s rock and blues musicians amidst poverty and obscu-myself in work and North Carolina, and got some vital rest. I rity, but he never became a musician himself.

tried to eat right and exercise. The house was a large and com-

"Yes, guy! But... aliens? I don't know what to say," Jim fortable ranch home with a big kitchen, where Jim loves to cook.

said.

By the time I left, Jim wasn't giving me strange glances. Hell, I I could understand his reaction. On one hand it was great to wasn't giving myself strange glances. I felt better—ready to face talk about it, and let it out. Unfortunately, even as I spoke I Texas again.

realized how totally absurd it all sounded. I didn't want Jim to I wish I could say that it worked out okay. The smell, the think I was crazy.

taste, the presence of my own bedroom back at home got to At first, I allowed that maybe I'd been working too hard me—I simply couldn't

sleep there. The first night back I tossed and and was having delusions, but even as I spoke, I knew I was turned, and this time Teresa was not in a stupor. I ended up on lying.

the living room sofa again.

I got angry at the situation and myself.

During the third sofa night, after days and nights of apprehension, the Visitors came again—whirling, acceleration....

"Bullshit," I said as I spilled my drink. "I'm not crazy! And these weren't delusions. These things happened... Period!"

My butt thumped on that bench. I saw the screens. I tasted Jim was taken aback, but he recognized the real me all right.

the peculiar, ancient taste in my mouth, and I felt the warm mus-

"Whether it happened or not, you seem to believe it happened.

tiness of that room around me....

That's going to have to be good enough for me."

And then the "A."

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The Keepers

Falling Fast

By now, I knew what I was going to do.

ing, but I just kept at it. Then those blurry images changed and Letting my anger override my fear, I concentrated. Care-sharpened,

and abruptly started looking like two policemen....

fully, with my finger I sketched out that alien symbol for A, just Then another blurry change and they became two military as they seemed to want me to do.

soldiers. I could see what was up, and it didn't get to me.

"GOOD."

"Sorry!" I yelled inside my head. "You're not frightening The word appeared on the alien screen.

me. That's not going to stop me!" I was just whistling in the dark.

I was dead frightened. Still I knew instinctively that I would hang Simultaneously, that's just the way I felt—good. The fear onto this consciously by putting up a great big stink with my will.

left, the pain left, and a blessed relief poured through my veins—refreshing and pure. I think, there in that Somewhere They changed back into their previous big-head, skinny elfish bodies again.

Else place I actually smiled grimly to myself.

"Hey," I thought to myself, "these guys can be distracted."

"I've got you figured out! You bastards are trying to brain-wash me!"

I continued my finger banging. I almost felt triumphant—

for about a second or two.

I was feeling pretty smug, and I didn't really think they'd respond. But they did respond and quickly.

Then a wrenching sensation passed through my whole

"NO."

body. It particularly throbbed through the right side of my gut with deeply reverberating pain and anxiety.

The word appeared on the screen. Simultaneously, it reverberated in my head, and wiped the smile off my face.

I felt a distinct tingling in the right side of my head, and I felt a presence just out of sight—a powerful, significant presence. It It didn't keep my mouth closed though. "Sure, that's why was very strong. I'm not sure why, but I had the feeling that it was you're doing this. Admit it! When you make me feel good, it's a male presence. For some reason, I think of most of the Visitors just like some scientist rewarding a laboratory mouse."

as being male.

Now, I was still almost completely paralyzed, but my hand I stopped my ruckus.

was free enough to do the drills they wanted. I rapidly tapped my right forefinger on the table screen, hard as I could. "No!" I The energy radiating from this being was so strong that I shouted. "No! No! No! No!" For the first time I felt I had some can't really find the words to describe it. Overpowering? Over-sense of control. Suddenly my mouth became paralyzed. That bearing? All this and more. I guess the nearest comparison I didn't stop my brain though. If I could hear them telepathically, could make would be if I were strapped in a chair while some maybe they could hear me as well. "No! No! No! No!"

Tyrannosaurus Rex was sniffing me, thinking about whether it was hungry or not.

I continued to tap my finger emphatically on the table screen.

I could sense this being leaning down. I could feel its head no more than three inches from mine. I couldn't quite make him Suddenly, in my field of vision two of the creatures I'd seen out directly, but I got

the suggestion of an outline of a face and a before scurried in. I got a fuzzy, blurry impression of them at taller body.

first, and I knew they didn't like what I was doing. They were about to use screen imaging, which is something like shape shift-3 4

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The Keepers

When this "learning machine" perceived that I was profi-Chapter Five

cient at tracing the symbols for the letters "A" and "B," the word GOOD appeared on the wall screen. Just like a lab rat, I knew it was time for my reward.

Then, on the wall screen the word LUST appeared, with the alien symbol for the letter "A" beside it. Just to the right of LUST appeared POWER and the symbol for the letter "B."

Life Fal s Apart

Okay, I thought.

If I write down the letter "A," I get some kind of reward that has to do with lust? I write down the "B" I get a reward The lesson continued there in that twilight world, in that associated with power?

screen room of strange beings. It could have been on some Again, I just wanted to get all this over with, but the notion ship, some distant planet dimension... or in an abandoned of pleasurable rewards was a sight better than the pain part.

warehouse in Brooklyn, for all I could tell. I learned, I suffered, I sketched out the alien symbol for "A." Instantly, floating and I was rewarded. Time after time in that strange and for-before me, appeared a full-sized hologram of a beautiful, dark-eign place, my mind was mauled by pure alienness. It seemed a haired woman.

"Bizarre," I thought. On the wall screen the word continuum, a permanent time/space platform.

FASTER appeared. I drew the symbol again, faster. The hologram It seemed as though time stood still in that place. Perhaps it moved and the woman began to teasingly disrobe. This was the did. Generally it was warm and humid there, although at times reward session, and I sensed that I could fulfill any fantasy. The weird, cool air would filter in from somewhere.

woman was beautiful, and my manhood wanted more. I couldn't The aliens experimented with emotions, and it seemed give in to this. I couldn't let them have anything on me.

there were other things about humans that particularly inter-

"No," I said. "I don't want anything to do with this any-ested them—things like individualism, war and uniforms.

more."

I always gave them their money's worth in those early The hologram disappeared. I thought it odd that they years when it came to emotions.

should honor my demand on the pleasure part.

In real life, though, things started falling apart. I was an Then, I heard that low-pitched whirling sound again, spin-emotional mess. All the things that keep a normal life function-ning faster and faster. The pitch slowly got higher, and the whirling—friends, family, business, and personal life—began to ing sound began spinning. My heart began to race.

disintegrate. People began to suggest to me that I seemed to be Thus, was I taken home.

having some sort of psychological difficulty. I knew that I had the desolate feeling that I would return to that dreadful already—they just didn't know why.

place again soon. There were so many letters yet to learn.

In mid-March 1989, the strain was too much. I was on the verge of losing my mind, and I felt like a pressure relief valve about to blow. Should I confess to Teresa? I was still con-38

3 9

The Keepers

Life Falls Apart

"Pulled" was the word I started to use with myself to cerned that it would frighten her and maybe wedge something describe the transition between here and there. The previous between us. I knew nothing about people like Budd Hopkins, or night I'd been "pulled" into the alien school experience.

alien abduction support groups at that time. You would think I'd go to a library and research. All I can say was that I just didn't I'd just called Reverend Ed, and I was feeling slightly relieved, realize that other people could be like me. I just wasn't media-but I was still exhausted. Doing the real estate work I needed to do connected—and besides, I guess I just wasn't thinking straight.

seemed impossible.

Several years prior to 1988, I did charity work for a local I was just sitting in my easy chair in the living room just trying church. Though I'm not much of church person, I had enjoyed to grab a spot of safety amidst this whole mess. All at once I felt helping the sick, poor and old people in my spare time. I respected as if I were surrounded by a field of static electricity. I looked the pastor of that church, whom I'll call Reverend Ed. He around, stunned. Dust balls and lint were

sticking to my skin! I seemed to be an intelligent, wise person, with advanced college started to wipe them off, when I caught a whiff of a foul smell, degrees. I'd never asked him for anything before, except to have sort of like rotting eggs or sulfur.

him marry Teresa and me, but I called him.

Then, out of nowhere, three marble-sized balls of green I told him I needed help with a strange problem.

phosphorus light materialized. They hovered five feet in front of me, right over my coffee table. They formed into a triangle, and

"What do you mean by strange?" he asked.

in the midst of this triangle a projection flashed into existence—

"I'm having experiences... with strange beings.... They're an owl—a perched owl—stared at me with hooded eyes.

forcing me to learn some kind of alien language." I gave a few

"Leave me alone!" I cried. I was never excited about the more details and he listened patiently.

prospect of school, especially so soon after the last episode. But in

"Well, Jim," Reverend Ed said, "judging from what you're the afternoon?

telling me, if it's okay with you, I would like to bring someone The owl disappeared. From the corner of my eye I caught a else along who perhaps would be more qualified to consult with glimpse of two figures. When I turned my head to face them, nothing on this matter."

was there. Then I heard what sounded like footsteps coming from my I'm not sure if I felt better after my call to the pastor, but I attic. "Why can't you leave me alone?" I cried.

felt I was doing something positive. I almost wished I was crazy at the time, so I could get treatment from a doctor. Maybe that's I still felt electrically charged. I jumped up with anger—and where the pastor and his friend would direct me. I probably some knickknacks flew from the coffee table. I seemed to be charged should have headed straight to a shrink, but as I said, I wasn't with some kind of an electromagnetic force.

the most rational of individuals at that time.

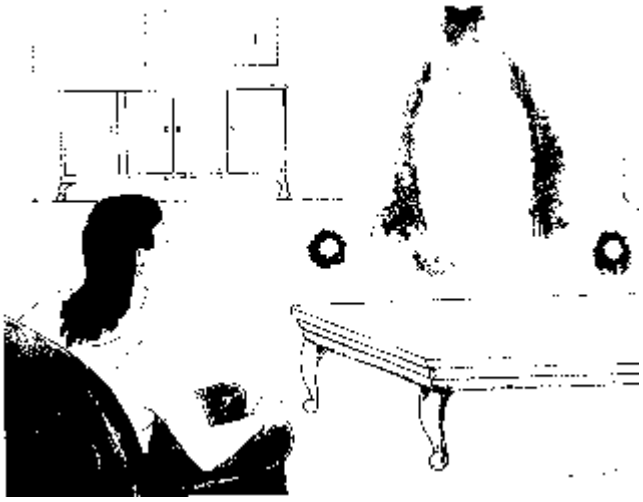
"Okay," I thought, amidst my alarm, "comic book times."

Yes, I was still thinking sarcastically from time to time.

Besides, the core of me knew the truth. The core of me was quite sane, and it was that part that was clinging to the memo-But truly, from the very earliest stages of my abductions there ries of my experiences. They were reality. They were happening.

were side effects involved. I now call the electromagnetic stuff and I wasn't crazy.

its ilk all part of "the residual effect." There always seemed to be something clanking about in the house after one of my abductions, which I tried to ignore, and oddly enough so did 40



The Keeper s

L i f e F a l l s A p a rt

transport themselves or others (including, alas, me) quickly and efficiently, just like the transporter on Star Trek, only without dematerialization.

This was also about the time that, despite my ragged state, I was beginning to perceive other strangeness, and I began for-mulating a theory—namely that these things, or creatures, may not be from another planet so much as from another dimension.

I'd noticed that when I saw them in this world, they only seemed to be partly here. Also, I would see these Visitors walking through walls. My dimension theory would explain this, since it would afford them the ability to work in our dimension, and yet be in theirs at the same time—a kind of phasing effect, if you will.

Anyway, that's what I was starting to think, and future experience bore me out. This business with the dancing knickknacks in the house was the result of my interaction with the field. The more I got abducted, the stronger this residual effect

•FIG. 8: OWL APPEARS IN MY LIVING ROOM

got. The paranormal activity, I discovered later when I got involved with researchers and groups, happens to most abductees, as do Teresa. Now, though, my theory is that it's all involved with the precognitive activities, which I'll discuss later.

kind of technology they use.

So, on a Monday, I got a trip to School again—this time in Previously, I had thought that what I had been experiencing midday. Another session with my schoolmasters certainly didn't dancing knick-knacks, etc.—was odd poltergeist activity, but help my mental state much, and I had to wait until Friday until I now before me—here in my own house, away from that twi-could meet with the pastor and the *qualified* guy he wanted me light zone computer screen room—was physical evidence that to meet. The emotional trauma affected my eating and my something real was happening.

sleeping. I was losing weight and maybe getting one or two I'm no rocket scientist, but I have enough education to hours of sleep a night. I avoided my wife as much as possible. Teresa deduce that all that was going on wasn't supernatural. It was science-could tell I wasn't myself, and she asked me what was wrong. I fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke who said, "Any sufficiently advanced told her I was just worried about business. We were both inde-technology will appear indistinguishable from magic." So if what pendent sorts—single-minded people. She had her projects, and I we had here was advanced technology that involved magnetism, had mine. We required our own spaces, so it was natural for us electricity and light, then perhaps I was feeling the after-effects of to avoid each other from time to time. Therefore, Teresa seemed whatever field they used. I've learned over time that they use this to accept my excuse.

field for all sorts of purposes—invisibility for instance. They can Thursday night before my meeting with my pastor, I fell render any form of matter invisible. They can into a deep sleep. At 3:30 A.M., that phosphorous ball showed 42

The Keepers

Life Falls Apart

up again. I was so exhausted. I looked at it, knew it was "Time

"NO," said the Voice.

for School," and then I fell back to sleep.

"What do you mean, no?"

Acceleration.

"OUR NUMBER SYSTEM IS BASED ON THE SIX."

I guess they had to pry open my eyes this time.

That upset me for some reason. Maybe it was the resent-

"Hello, assholes," I said.

ment I'd stored, going through those numbers for them like a The Voice said, "THIS IS NOT PLEASING TO GOD."

good little slave. "The hell with your base six number system! I like mine better."

"To God?" I was incensed. "To God, you say? How dare you say that? Do you think for one minute you're going to trick I drew out the number 7, my style. It disappeared from the me into thinking you have anything to do with God? I'll tell you screen. I traced it out again. It disappeared again, like a shaken Etch-what, turn me loose

and I'll squeeze your big heads off your a-Sketch. This happened over and over again, and I got a perverse skinny little necks. So do it! Turn me loose! Because I can't hurt sense of enjoyment. This was probably aggravating them! After God, can I?"

a while I stopped writing the number 7, I shrugged and went back over the alien symbols for 1 through 6. I did well From the corner of my eye I could see two of the workers.

They were staring at each other. They had no expression, of

"GOOD," came on the screen, and the Voice sounded it in course, but I could tell they were stumped.

my head as well. I got that pleasant rush of euphoric reward.

That was the last time the Voice presented itself as God,

"TIME TO COMPETE."

and I wondered if other prophets had heard the same thing.

Mild euphoria turned to anxiety. "Compete with whom?"

It seemed as though they'd try almost anything to weaken

"LOOK!"

my will, in order to get my cooperation. What happened next I was able to turn my head, so I looked around. To my didn't get my full cooperation, but it sure got my attention.

right was a corridor, through which I could look into another We were moving along in that alien alphabet by now. I'd room. I was so shocked by what I saw that I almost fainted.

passed "D" with flying colors, so I figured that "E" was next. So The room was a duplicate of mine—tool, screens, every-we spent the

first part of the session with me proving my skill thing, but, instead of me sitting on the stool, it was my wife!

with those first letters. I was tired and I needed that positive feel-

"Teresa!"

ing of euphoria, and they gave it to me, whatever it was. I per-She turned her head slowly and then stared straight formed admirably. Instead of "E," though, the number 1

through me, as though I weren't even there.

appeared, then 2 and so on upward to the

number 6. 1 cooperated, and traced out the

"TIME TO COMPETE. GO!"

symbols for each. Slowly I was becoming

Quickly, Teresa turned her attention back to the screen. She acquainted with their writing style, which

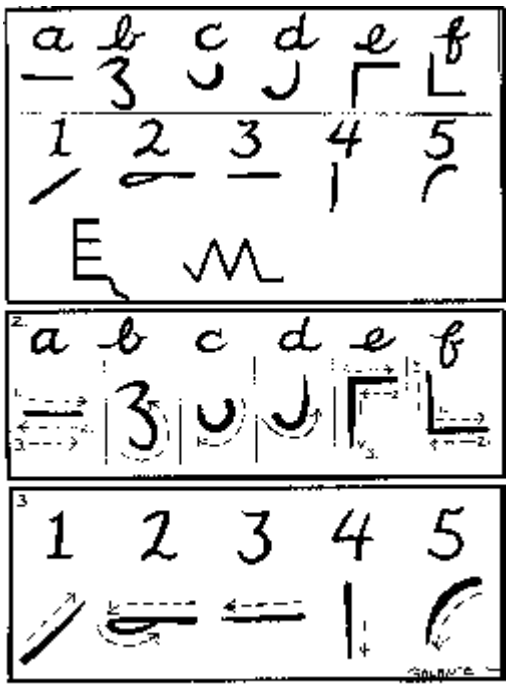
started writing the complete alphabet on the screen—symbols I made it faster and easier to learn. They

hadn't seen yet. She was fluid and fast, as though she'd been stopped at the number 6, and then I

doing this for years.

said, "Okay. What about 7?"

"COMPETE! COMPETE!"



•Fig. 10: Alien alphabet[1]

The Keepers

Life Falls Apart

"She doesn't belong to you or anyone. Teresa is my wife."

"I can't keep up with this!" It was such a heart-rending sight, seeing Teresa there. "Stop! Stop! Please stop!"

"NO. SHE HAS ALWAYS BEEN OURS."

"SHE'S GOOD, ISN'T SHE?"

I cried out, "She's mine! That's my wife!"

"That's my wife! You bastards have my wife!"

"LOOK."

"SHE'S NOT YOURS. SHE'S OURS. ALWAYS HAS

Straight ahead of me, three or four feet in the air, a scene BEEN, ALWAYS WILL BE."

appeared like a projected holographic movie. It was a hospital room. A child was being born. The scene faded into another scene, this one showing a four or five-year-old child sleeping in a bed. To my disbelief, I realized it was Teresa as a child. Then the next scene was Teresa as a teenager, making out with her first boyfriend. This was some sort of chronological representation of different periods of Teresa's life, right up to our marriage.

"Enough. That's enough. Now I understand. I don't like it, but I understand. You've been keeping track of her all her life. Me as well?"

"YES."

"Why?" I asked. No response. When I asked again and still got no response, I said, "I hate you more than anything I've ever hated in my life. You have invaded me to my core being. From all I can tell, nothing is sacred to you. What a pathetic existence you endure! Sure you have the technology, but you're like robots—

empty and hollow. I'd like to kill you all."

No response.

"You don't have emotions. Do you? Answer me! Do you!"

Nothing.

Suddenly I just felt empty. I almost felt sorry for them, and I almost apologized for my desire to kill them. In any case, they certainly were getting full value from this particular abductee!

"Teresa!" I said. "Teresa... is she okay?"

They said nothing. They were as silent as the spaces between the stars.

The terrible whirling of acceleration drew me back to an Earth life that was growing stranger than my alien school room.

1. The complete alien alphabet can be seen on page 230.

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The Devil or Drugs

work or still controlled by those beings somewhere in the Twi-
Chapter Six

light Zone, maybe reading alien Dick and Jane books already.

But there she was—my wife—still sleeping snugly in our bed, looking pretty and untroubled.

And safe! Thank God she was safe!

However, as soon as I got past my relief, I realized that The Devil or Drugs

what was before me was something rather odd. Usually Teresa is up every morning by 6:30 A.M.

Calling her name didn't wake her. I shook her.

"What time is it?" she mumbled.

Home.

"Past ten, dear. Are you okay?"

I can see it now, the pretty Italian tile in the entry way, the oak railings, the high ceilings in the living room with sun She nodded and blinked. "I feel weak. I must be getting a windows, the fireplace, the large color TV and Teresa's excel-cold or something."

lent housekeeping. Even at the worst of times, she always made

"I'll call your work for you and tell them you're sick."

sure that our house was clean.

I made us some coffee. It was time to talk.

I could tell by the softness of the couch below me, the aroma When I gave her the coffee the way she liked it, she seemed of last night's dinner in the air, and the familiar smell of the a little more awake. I told her I'd make her breakfast as well, if heating system that I was back on my couch.

she wanted it, but we needed to talk first.

Nonetheless I couldn't move. More than that, I was in some

"Teresa. Who are those strange creatures that have been kind of haze. A timelessness hung over me, and I felt a drowsiness taking us away?"

that I couldn't shake. All I could think of was seeing Teresa in Her brow furrowed as she sipped at her hot drink.

that alien school. Was she all right? What did this mean? I was

"What creatures, Jim?"

tortured by worry and doubt, all wrapped up in one great big ball of helplessness.

I looked away and thought for a moment. How should I I had awakened in the dark, and it seemed to take a very deal with this? She had an evasiveness about her. I decided that I long time for light to come. In between I fell into some kind of needed to be stern.

glazed half-consciousness, filled with sluggish nightmares.

"You know what I'm talking about. Who are they, Teresa?

When I finally was able to move, it was fully light. The You seem to have been around them awhile."

clock claimed it was ten in the morning. I couldn't believe that She still seemed a little addled, a little confused, and she so much time had passed. I didn't waste my ability to move. I said, "What, you mean my Helpers from Heaven?"

rolled off that couch and rushed through the hall to our bed-Helpers from Heaven?

room, half expecting to find Teresa gone—either gone to A whirlwind of thoughts flashed through my head. The creatures had tried to convince me they were from God, but it 48

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The Keepers

The Devil or Drugs

didn't work. However, they'd conned Teresa into thinking they Finally, I just threw up my hands and went off and tried to were *Helpers from Heaven.* Then I thought back to days of old, take care of myself. That one time was the only time that Teresa to ancient man, thousands of years ago. The minds of that day, ever acknowledged our mutual experiences, but the fact that she seeing everything religiously, would think the Visitors were refused to discuss it was almost a confirmation.

either from heaven or hell.

The aliens had her intimidated, and I really can't blame her *Helpers from Heaven* was an odd name for them, but that that much. We've all felt fear, some more than most, but can you phrase still rings in my ears, and I was so grateful. It meant that I imagine yourself

experiencing these "things" with their slender wasn't alone. Moreover, I wasn't losing my sanity.

unearthly fingers on your deepest instinctual triggers?

"I don't think they were *Helpers from Heaven,* Teresa. I'd No, I didn't blame Teresa, but I guess I wish we'd been a bit say they were aliens! Don't you remember seeing me last night?"

less independent and had the kind of bond that not even unfeeling creatures from beyond understanding could break.

"No." She was suddenly alarmed, as though fully realizing who was talking to her. Her eyes flashed darkly as she stared up Despite Teresa's declared intention to follow party lines, I at me. "We're not supposed to talk about it."

was determined not to.

Yet more relief.

I was going to get to the bottom of this, no matter what the Here was someone that was acknowledging that yes, Jim cost. Oh yes, and there was a cost—a cost most dear.

this hasn't been a warped dream. Everything that has been tear- After getting some breakfast for us, I sighed.

ing your mind apart has really and truly been happening.

"Look," I said. "I'm sorry you don't want to talk about it, On the other hand, this was a vital matter. We were not but I asked the pastor to come over to counsel me about this.

only husband and wife, we also shared this experience. Why He's bringing someone he says might be qualified to help. I respect shouldn't we talk about it? I desperately needed to discuss it!

how you feel... but could you at least say something helpful... I mean, so that they won't cart me off to some institution?"

"What do you mean?" I urged.

She nodded. "I'll try." She had the kind of stony expression I

"We're not allowed to discuss it."

recognized in her from five years of marriage—a look I'd see I shook my head. "Even between us?"

many times again.

"Yes."

It was almost 11:00 A.M., the time when the pastor said Well, they sure never told me that, but then maybe they fig-he'd arrive. I didn't have time to shower or shave. So I just went ured pretty quickly that it would be worthless. Maybe they even into the bathroom to splash some water over my face and run a instructed me to discuss it with anyone and everyone.

comb through my hair.

"Come on. You just admitted we were both there in that...

I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror after doing what I that... place. You've seen them," I said, straining to get the could to fix my appearance. Staring back at me were puffy, red words out. "Please. I need to know what the hell is going on!"

eyes peering out of a tired, pale face. My pants kept sliding down She turned away from me. Her words turned cold. "Don't ask because of the weight I'd lost.

me any more, because I won't talk about it!" I implored The doorbell rang. It was the pastor.

her, to no avail.

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T h e D e v i l o r D r u g s

Reverend Ed is a short, stocky, strong, middle-aged man of

"I almost wish this were so, fellows! But please believe German descent with blond hair. He's gentle but strong. Beside me... these aren't devils. Look. I'll get Teresa. She's more reli-him was a short middle-aged man with glasses whom the pastor gious than I am. Maybe she'll convince you."

just introduced as "Tom." They both gave me firm, concerned When Teresa came out, she looked at me in a funny way.

handshakes.

She'd brushed her hair and put on her dressing gown. She gripped a I did my best to get them refreshments, and then I sat down Kleenex and still claimed she had a cold.

with them, feeling a little relieved to be able to get help, but also

"I was telling the pastor about what happened last night, suddenly wondering if I'd called the right people. Tom looked about the creatures who kidnapped me, and about you being stiff and uncomfortable, and he had the attitude of a man who there too," I said.

had already made up his mind about what was in this universe She gave me a look of sorrow, then turned to the man who and how things were supposed to run.

had married us. "I have no idea what Jim is talking about."

"Now, Tom, before we jump to any conclusions, let's let I felt devastated. I snatched at straws. "Okay, Teresa. What Jim share some details," said the pastor.

about the people you call your *Helpers from Heaven?"*

I took a deep breath and jumped into my story. I gave them She shook her head. "I've never said anything like that, and I a 45-minute summary. I included the fact that I'd seen my wife have no idea what you're talking about, Jim."

on board the craft, or whatever it was. I mentioned my recent

"Is Jim taking some kind of prescription drug or illegal conclusion that she'd been influenced by these aliens for years, if substances?" the pastor asked.

not her entire life.

"Not here," Teresa answered, "not that I know of, anyway.

Well, I held their interest. That was for sure. They seemed entranced, but when I finished my story, Tom said, "Without a I'm not sure if that's the case when he goes up to North Carolina doubt there is demonic activity taking place here."

on business."

I had to fight for control. Inside, I was raging with frustra-

"I completely agree," said the pastor, nodding gravely.

tion. I was asking for help and understanding here, and getting

"The ways of the Devil are confusing."

patronizing preconceptions. They weren't dealing with me as a

"The Devil!" I shook my head. "I'm not talking pitchforks person. They were doing just what I've seen so many people do and barbed tails or horns! I'm not even talking evil... I'm come at things with prejudiced world views.

discussing a possible starcraft. I'm talking about amazingly So I had a choice, according to them, this could be either the advanced technology. We are not in the middle ages! These are Devil or drugs! Quite peeved, my Italian anger lashed out. "Drugs!

aliens!"

That's it. You figured it out. Thank you for your expert opinion The pastor sighed. "I'm sorry, Jim. If this isn't satanic on the matter!"

work... well, then I'm afraid you must be taking some kind of They told me I should go into rehab and get professional drugs."

help. I promised to consider that, thanked them for coming and Tom nodded smugly. "In my experience, drugs and evil suggested that they leave.

spirits are always linked."

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The Keepers

"I'll get the phone numbers you can use," promised the pastor. "I'll call you back."

Chapter Seven

When Teresa and I were finally alone, I confronted her.

"Why didn't you tell them the truth?"

Aloof and defensive, she said, "I couldn't. I didn't want them to think *I* was crazy." Crazy, or in my satanic cult, or shooting drugs with her hubby.

Nowhere to Hide

Well, whatever. From then on, I never pressed my wife for answers or even support. In fact, from then on she would get hostile if I were even to mention or hint about the subject. Her Sleep is important stuff. Some people resent it because they way of coping was denial.

can't go out and earn money or play or whatever, and scientists I can't tell you how isolated I felt, how alone, how aban-still don't understand it totally. What they do know is that while doned. I'd reached out, and I'd been handed presuppositions and you're sleeping, things get fixed inside your head and body, platitudes.

and maybe most important of all, the chemicals that make life I had to regroup or I'd be totally lost. After that dreadful bearable—like dopamine—get manufactured and released.

meeting with the pastor, I went for a walk.

I don't have to be a scientist to know that getting too little I sat down on a bench in a park. I knew they could proba-sleep in that period of my life was doing me no favors. I felt bly "pull" me back from anywhere, but daytime abductions wretched. I would try to sleep, yes, but it would be a fitful sleep.

were rare so far. I didn't feel safe necessarily, but I felt I had some I had a plan, yes—and I knew that even if I got abducted I'd come space. Again, my indignation and anger was what kept me back. That didn't help the incredible instinct-level fear and pain going. I would make a plan, I thought, managing to steel myself.

that the experiences caused in my head. You can tell your core I outlined the pattern of the abductions in my head. Okay.

self that everything is going to be okay—but you are still going to 3:30 A.M. Awaken. Strange lights. Holograms. Symbols. Terrible have terrible emotions if something terrifying is happening.

fear. Static electricity. Despite all this hoopla, though, immedi-And if someone knows those pain-and-fear circuits and ately after the dramatic prologue, there was always an overwhelming where exactly to hit your buttons to get the responses they urge to go back to sleep.

want... some people would call that torture.

Next time, Jim—3:30 A.M. Lights... camera... action. No I'd call it my life in 1989.

back to sleep, guy. Jump out, get in your car and drive as fast It was 3:20 A.M., two weeks after the last encounter, to the and as far away as possible.

day. Somehow I'd managed to fall asleep after the requisite tossing This was a pretty simple plan, but it kept me together over and turning, and when I saw those numbers on the digital clock, I the next two weeks. True, I wasn't totally myself. The nights pretty much knew what was up.

were still hard, but I had a plan. I knew what I was going to do.

In April, 1989, my tormentors came for me again.

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The Keepers

Nowhere to Hide

A glowing, green ball of light suddenly emerged from the She said it quietly. But her voice and what she said unnerved living room wall. It shimmered and spun, like something from me. She didn't ask me what we were doing or where we were Industrial Light and Magic Cinema effects, only immensely creepier.

going. She didn't request that we go back.

The ball of light changed, wiggled and elongated. Slowly it I ignored her and if anything sped up.

described what looked at first like a figure 8, or maybe the sign Louder, she said it again.

for infinity. Wobbly. Phosphorescent.

When I didn't respond, she did something I never thought Unaccountably I muttered to myself: "Time for an experi-she might do; it was so out of character. Teresa's generally a ment."

prudent and cautious person, the type that looks all ways before she Even as the words escaped my lips, I had no idea how I knew crosses the street.

this. It felt like a fact, but I don't remember ever being told this

"Pull over!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. She grabbed before.

the steering wheel and tried to wrench it from my grasp. The car The familiar fear struck, and with it came adrenalin, which swerved wildly,

the lights from our headlights bouncing all over sparked memory.

the place. I was so alarmed, it seemed like I had no other choice. I My plan!

veered to the shoulder, right by a large cow pasture. The odor of The urge to fall asleep again rolled over me, but this time I manure wafted through my open window. It was pitch black fought it off. "No way," I snarled.

beyond our lights. There was no one about for miles.

"Why did you do that?" I demanded.

I managed to force myself off the sofa and lumber back to the bedroom where I threw on some clothes. Teresa was in bed, Instead of responding, she just fell back on the seat. Whether sleeping. The way I felt about her betrayal had made me think I she passed out or fell asleep it was hard to say, but she was out could just drive off without her. Now, though, I realized I simply and wouldn't wake up even though I shook her.

couldn't abandon her to these whatever-they-weres.

As though that sleep was contagious, a tremendous wave of I woke her up. I threw her robe on her. She was groggy but weariness passed over me. I felt so drowsy, the prospect of driv-compliant. I led her out to the garage and our car.

ing along a back road seemed ludicrously dangerous. As my exhaustion increased, I realized I had no choice. I turned off the At the time we lived about 35 miles southwest of Houston engine and lights, and leaned my head back. Just for a moment...

in a subdivision called Pecan Grove Plantation. I sped the car I promised myself. I'm going to close my eyes for just a bit and away as quickly as I dared, just putting as much distance as pos-then I'll feel better. Then came....

sible between me and that glowing twist of light. I'm not sure why, but I took the first turn I could.

The sensation of something near....

Unfortunately, there were no lights about, no houses, and The crunch of gravel as though through cotton....

no other autos on this road.

The feeling of being moved....

Smart, I thought. A dark and lonely road, but I pressed on, My eyes fluttered open. Just beside me was my car—the still trying to gain that distance.

outside of my car.

Teresa said, "You need to pull over."

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The Keepers

Nowhere to Hide

"How did I get here?" I thought and then I realized that ence, right there on the table. And it was a perfect circle! I couldn't something was holding on to my right arm. I was standing up, see what was keeping the bull ant right on the border of the walking like some kind of zombie. I was guided through the field circle.

that stretched out beyond my parked car. I don't know how long The Voice inside my head said, "EXPERIMENT."

I walked, because everything was disjointed and wavering. But As soon as the word registered with me (and fitted into my then I saw

something like a dome rising up high from the ground interpretation of that twisted coil that looked like a figure 8) another outlined by trees.

word bloomed in my head.

Some sort of craft?

"KILL," said the voice.

The fog just drifted over my brain, heavier, until it envel- Simultaneously, a symbol I knew must be the alien term for oped me. The next thing I knew I was exactly where I'd been try-

"Kill" flashed on the screen, noting that it would be easy to duplicate.

ing to avoid—the alien schoolroom, with its hard bench, screens and I had an uneasy feeling about all this....

grim schoolmaster included.

The Voice said, "DRAW THE SYMBOL TO KILL THE

I had the presence of mind to conclude that the dome I'd ANT."

seen, the vessel-like thing, was where I had been taken. Even as I

"No!" I said loudly. "I won't kill."

sat there, feeling the familiar feelings and getting ready to take my instruction, I realized that without the awful acceleration that They didn't like that.

seemed to tear my cell structure apart at its seams, I wasn't quite I got the increased air pressure treatment.

as angry, as usual, nor in exactly the same terrorized state I usually

"KILL!"

suffered.

"No!" Again, the air pressure upped again. My beating If the other way of getting to the room was the hard way, heart shifted into overdrive. It felt like there was some kind of then this was the easy way.

heart attack coming on, but I managed to snarl out through grit-This was the way I started to view my arrivals here.

ted teeth: "You will never force me to kill."

Needless to say, over the years I experienced both ways many All I had to do was to draw the symbol and my pain would times. And although it might be concluded that I prefer the easy cease. I tried to rationalize the fact that I wouldn't actually phys-way of abduction, it's no treat. It's disorienting, and confusing.

ically kill the ant, but I realized that there was cause and effect You get wrapped up in that interdimensional field and sometimes here—so it would be the same damned thing.

you think you've left vital parts of your soul behind.

"Killing is wrong," I said.

So here we were again, having come in via a different portal This was the most tormenting moment so far. The agony just to what I came to think of as alien boot camp.

got way up there. Desperately, I tried one last tactic. "You bastards And I had company now, other than your friendly neigh-will have to kill me first because I won't do it! Go ahead. I'm not borhood gumby workers and supervisor.

afraid to die!" The last bit was a total lie. Somehow, despite all There was this ant. It was a big red ant, and I recognized its I'd been through, I still had the will to survive.

type immediately. It was a bull ant, or perhaps a farm ant. It was I watched the supervisor approach. Well, were they sick of crawling around in a circle maybe eighteen inches in circumfer-this? Were they just going to put me out of my misery? But then 58

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The Keepers

Nowhere to Hide

I could feel some kind of probing, mental fingers pushing She didn't know? "I was tired. I pulled over." It seemed through the fibers of my mind, searching for a weakness.

pointless to explain.

Suddenly, a three-dimensional image sprang before me. I

"Emergency?"

saw, in this video-like image, my brother in a hospital room,

"Teresa, how long do you think it's been since we left the clutching his heart, his face red, clearly at death's door.

house?"

The implication was clear. I had to draw that symbol, or She blinked. "Just a few minutes."

my brother would die.

Well, just a glance at the clock told me that we'd been gone a The pain I was experiencing was one thing, but the thought couple of hours.

of harm coming to my brother was more than I could bear. I

"What did we leave for in the first place, Jim?"

broke down and copied that symbol.

I was far too gummed up in my head, too upset and con-
Coincidentally, my brother did have heart trouble ten months fused to try to explain everything. "I needed to take a ride, and I later, but he recovered fully. Nonetheless, right there, right then, wanted you with me," I answered, lamely.

the big red ant curled into a ball and was still. It died. At the same time, the discomfort ceased.

"Jim, I think you need help."

Yes, I needed help.

The supervisor alien backed off, turned and left. I just sat there. Tears came to my eyes. Weeping, I said, "Why did you do But I knew that I wouldn't be getting help from my wife.

this to me?"

"WE HAD TO BE SURE."

The whole of the next day I was numb inside both mind

"Be sure of what...?"

and body. "Damn!" I was thinking. "Those things can get you anywhere!"

"THAT YOU'RE NOT A KILLER. YOU'RE NOT."

However, over the next few weeks they left me alone.

I completely blacked out. I was put back in my car—a door handle. A wheel and gear shift. A glove box. Pine fresh I tried to open up, talk to friends—but they just looked at deodorizer.

me oddly and patronized me. No help there!

Slowly, things phased back in for me, resolving into a familiar I tried to get my life and my business back together. In May scene. My car. I was sitting in the driver's seat of my car. There was of 1989, I devised a strategy. All my problems were centered around a kink in my neck. My head was twisted back onto the seat in an the whole abduction experience. If I could get somewhere where uncomfortable position. I gasped but couldn't move. I was able to I couldn't be whisked away, surely then I could concentrate on make out a dim form next to me—Teresa, slumped on the seat beside getting the rest of my life—and my work—back together.

me.

I found a hotel—the tallest building in downtown Houston.

Slowly the power of movement flowed back into me. I just Surely here I would be safe!

wanted to get out of that place, so I turned on the ignition. The I asked Teresa to come along with me, and she agreed to sound of the engine rolling over woke Teresa. "Why did you turn give it a try.

off the road?" she asked.

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The Keepers

Even as I checked in, I felt better. It was a nice room, and *Chapter Eight*

although home is always nicer, home lately had been a place of terror. I managed to eat a decent dinner, and I took a long bath. I promised myself that tomorrow would be a full work day.

I woke up in the middle of the night. The room seemed cold and strange. The clock read 3:00 A.M. exactly.

Something fluttered on the other side of the bed.

Abandoned Home

My heart in my mouth, I turned and looked over Teresa's form, asleep beside me.

Hovering overhead, like some ghost, was a translucent owl.

I was falling into a deep depression. My hair had grown Time for School.

quite long, and I wasn't showering. My fingernails were long This time, I didn't bother to wake Teresa. I hopped out of and dirty. I was drinking a great deal of alcohol. One evening I bed and grabbed the suitcase I'd left packed for just this sat in my easy chair with a fifth of Smirnoff Vodka, drinking possibility. I rode the elevator down to the garage, got my car straight out of the bottle. My right hand gripped the neck of the and headed for another part of downtown Houston.

bottle and my left hand held a .357 Magnum cocked and ready As I pulled into the parking lot of another hotel, I thought, to shoot, as my right forefinger massaged the trigger. I was going to shoot anything and everything resembling aliens—even sardonically, "At least they can't get me while I'm driving."

holograms.

Rousing the clerk, I requested a room smack in the middle of the hotel. No windows, please. How long would I be staying?

Part way into the bottle a loud thump sounded on the roof. I was certain a small scout ship had landed on my roof. I

"The whole night," I said. "I hope."

waited, feeling my hackles rise and perspiration growing on my When I got to the room, I threw down my suitcase and forehead and underarms. Then I heard shuffling footsteps in the flopped into bed.

attic and then another noise. It sounded as though those things Surely I was safe here! Surely they can't get me here! I were moving my boxes around up there. I tried to pinpoint the fell asleep immediately.

exact origin of those sounds and tracked them with the muzzle I don't know how long I slept, but it seemed like no time at of the gun. My finger tightened on the trigger. My heart was pounding and I was sweating like a racehorse. I closed my all. The next thing I knew, I was being swept away again, swept eyes—but didn't shoot. "No, not yet," I thought. "Wait until away with that low-pitched whirling sound to the place where I they come into the living room."

did not want to go.

Acceleration.

Moments later, the waiting seemed unbearable. "Why don't you freaks walk through the walls like you usually do?"

A few seconds later two of the aliens walked from the

"Oh, God!" I whispered. "Is there nowhere to hide?"

hallway into my living room, their big eyes shining. They looked so odd as they entered my living room, like curious 62

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The Keepers

Abandoned Home

children. They examined my belongings, played with the lamps, fessionals wanted me to take prescription drugs and talk about

walked into knick-knacks like clods, and knocked things over.

my mother, while religious therapists wanted to throw holy One of them was moving the ashes around in the fireplace. The water on me and pray that my demons would be cast out.

other kept staring at the TV.

I'll get to what happened between '90 and '94 soon, I Trigger cocked and barrel pointed at the back of his bul-promise, because those years contain much of what I learned bous head, I took a large gulp of vodka, began to squeeze the from the aliens, about what I was supposed to do and say as I trigger, and yelled, "Pretty pathetic! You walk through walls and went out and spoke to people about them.

travel the universe, but you can't figure out how to turn on the One of the best things I did was move back to the Ft. Myers TV! I'm going to kill you!" But even through the alcoholic haze, Beach area. My family probably did think I was more than one I heard what they had recently told me, "WE KNOW YOU ARE

card short of a full deck, but they were caring and supportive, NOT A KILLER."

and I'd decided that South Florida was where I should be.

The sentence sounded through my head, and I knew they I guess that South Florida is a lot more free-thinking about had been right. I lowered the gun. The creatures stayed in the things, since it's a mixture of people from around the world. In house until daybreak. When daylight came they were gone.

any case, two significant things happened as soon as I moved If the Visitors, or whatever you want to call them, want to back.

get you—there is nowhere to hide. In 1989, I thought there was Number one, I started to hear more about the whole UFO

no hope—no help at all. As those things whisked me away from abductee phenomenon. Call me unattached to media, if you like, that hotel room, I didn't know if I was going to be able to sur-but I didn't get much of that in Houston! In South Florida, how vive—at least as my full self. However, I did survive. Whether as ever, there's a lot more talk of such things. Maybe the Visitors my full self, I don't know. Maybe I lost something in these work there more, or more likely, people are willing to talk more experiences, maybe I've gained something. I just knew the whole about it.

while that I had to understand what was going on!

In any case, soon enough I learned that there were others In the years that followed, even stranger things happened, who had had abduction experiences. I was still pretty mentally and I became more and more convinced of the absolute reality of disturbed about the whole situation, and so it took me a while to what was happening to me—that I was being instructed by the get up the nerve—being at my wits' end was an incentive.

aliens for a reason. It took me a long time to understand that, In any case, the news filtered down to me: In Florida there but I learned. I also learned that I wasn't alone.

was something called the Southwest Florida Abductee Support In 1994, I took a step that would change my life and put my Group.

contact with these other beings in a totally different perspective.

The founder and leader was a man named Tim Wilson. I In that year, I found real help.

called Tim, nervously. I was used to dealing with people who Believe me, Houston, was not a good source of compassion regarded me as an escapee from the loony bin. This seemed to be for someone who claimed the things I did. Neither, for that my last hope for understanding, and I do confess I was perspir-matter, was North Carolina. Both are pretty much set in their ing somewhat, and my

hand shook a little as I rang him on the ways, and those ways are generally either secular or religious. So, telephone February 24, 1994.

pro-

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The Keepers

A b a n d o n e d H o m e

Tim was wonderful. He listened patiently and asked just trees growing together in a clump. Still, the closer I got to the the right questions.

motel, the more uncomfortable I became.

"Look," he said. "I know this has been rough on you. You I'd been used to ridicule, but I didn't think I could take any need to talk about it. I want to assure you, you're not the only more. Was that what was in store? Or worse, was this some sort one who's had these kinds of mind-breaking experiences, and of plot—reel in the UFO experiencers, track them, get their sto-believe it or not it really helps to share and compare notes and ries, and then control them through these groups? These and far support others as you are supported. Most of all, it's great to wilder thoughts crossed my head, like, "Were these the aliens listen—and to be listened to—without judgment. We have a meeting themselves in disguise... testing me?"

the last Saturday of every month, which means there's one this The motel was nice—one of those cottage-style motels, Saturday evening. Why don't you come? I, for one, would love to tucked into a relaxed, wooded setting. When I pulled into the hear your fascinating story."

macadam parking lot, I noticed the sign immediately: At first I was elated. Yes, I would be there! Tim Wilson's THE MEETING.

family owned a motel, which was the site of the monthly meetI followed the arrow below the words to an open door past ing.

which I could see people. I half-expected wild-eyed lunatics, but After my agreement, however, I was worried.

they looked absolutely normal—the sort of folks you'd see in a I began to think of some of the things that had been hap-middle-class mall somewhere.

pening in recent years. Most prominent were the experiences I A guy stood up.

had had with men who would come to my home in Houston,

"Hi. I'm Tim Wilson."

after my talk of aliens and abduction, and explicitly tell me to be Just a guy. No antennas. No ray gun.

quiet. Then I would see them following me. Suffice it to say, it had a two-edged effect. For one thing, it made me realize that

"Hi. I'm Jim," I said.

others took me seriously, even if only "Men in Black." But it also Tim introduced me around. Tonight we had a nurse present, a made me quite paranoid about others who considered abduc-warehouse manager, a geriatric care-giver, as well as a wide tions serious business. Perhaps this was one of the reasons I range of individuals in different vocations—and all just people—

hadn't worked as hard as I might to seek out this kind of people.

normal people.

I got into the car and made the trip to the meeting. Oddly

"We usually have about twenty people at these meetings,"

enough, I lived only a mile from the address that Tim had given said Tim. "It's a smaller group tonight."

me, so it wasn't hard to get there physically that Saturday night.

"There is just one rule here," Tim explained. "To attend Still, I was upset and hesitant as I drove, and I tried to let the these meetings, you have to have had alien-abductee experi-beauty of the scenery absorb some of my anxiety.

ences."

Southwest Florida has a unique mixture of foliage and It didn't take long to realize that Tim was intelligent and wildlife, particularly the birds and trees. It's one of the few friendly. He was a person who went out of his way to make oth.

places where you'll find coconut trees, pine trees and orange ers feel comfortable, and the way he dealt with everyone in that room showed me that he was firmly committed to helping peo-66

ple involved in this phenomenon. He too was a victim, and he I remembered, for instance, being pulled from that hotel made no secret of that fact. Tim had a calming effect on me, and room in downtown Houston and set back into that awful room I was glad that I had come.

to face an experience I never would—never could—forget.

A few people spoke. They had anxiety, a sense of some kind of abuse, psychological disturbances, and maybe a few

"H."

vague notions and images, sounds and smells, but no one That was the problem letter.

recalled their abductions as vividly as I did. I almost envied That was the letter that hung me up,—the alien version of them.

the letter "H." I just couldn't get the stroke down right.

When it was my turn to speak, my relaxation crumbled. My I paused and looked up. The two workers were standing chest began to tighten and my heart raced. This wasn't just an there, placidly staring at me as usual.

ordinary fear of speaking in front of a group. I'd felt that before, and I knew the difference. No, this was a feeling that was much

"Can't do it. Sorry. Maybe I could use some help."

more familiar. I knew then that as I shared my story, I would Suddenly my arm and hand felt like a long glove that some relive the trauma.

one had slipped their fingers into. My right forefinger began to But these were good people, and I knew that they would do move on its own, drawing out each stroke of their symbol per-their best to understand. I told them a short version of my expe-fectly. Amidst my fright at being controlled, I also felt riences, and although it wasn't easy, neither was it as difficult as astonishment.

I feared.

"Thanks," I said.

Later, it became much easier, and I became a regular attendee After going through the paces before, I had gotten tired, at the meetings. Tim Wilson, bless him, also met with me and I appreciated this new kind of attitude toward me.

regularly. We hashed out my experiences, and he helped me

"What are you creatures that you can do something like interpret them.

that?"

Through Tim and the others, I got to know about people The energy they radiated was not a bluff. I knew they were like Budd Hopkins, John Mack, and others who worked with going to give me a truthful answer.

people who had experienced alien abductions. I still felt that I

"WE ARE STAR PEOPLE."

shouldn't read about this subject for fear that it would mar my

"Okay. So you say, but what exactly is that supposed to personal understanding and detailed recall of the events in which mean? Star people. Like, you're from another star. Okay. But I had participated. Now, though, through the group I could actu people? Look, humans are people. And you're not human, cer-ally learn more, and I did not feel as though my interpretations tainly."

would be tainted.

They had no response to that.

I discovered I had similarities with the group of people, but there were also big differences. I remembered.

But I'd been thinking about something else, and as long as they seemed to be listening to me, I figured I might as well let go I

remembered just about everything.

with it.

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The Keepers

Abandoned Home

"Okay. So you're from another star. Which means you get Then on the table screen a letter appeared. With my right back and forth in some sort of starship. So, if I wanted to go forefinger I drew one of the new symbols that I had learned.

with you—you know, travel the universe—would you take me?"

Instantly the ball began to roll slowly across the table. I noticed right away that it would move to the rhythm and direction of my

"YES."

forefinger. When I moved my finger to the left, right, up or down, Much time passed in thought because I knew they meant the ball would roll accordingly. In order to keep the ball's what they said.

momentum going, and to control its direction, letters and sym-

"If I didn't like it—would you bring me back home?" "NO."

bols would intermittently appear on the table screen. These were Clearly, they could do what they wanted with me at any there for me to duplicate. If I copied them wrongly, the ball time. They'd proven that. Nonetheless, I sensed that they were would stop. On the other hand, if I duplicated the symbols cor-telling the truth. They would take me away if I requested it, for rectly, I then had more power or control.

whatever reason. They were actually responding and listening to I don't think this was an experiment. They were teaching me, and I found their offer intriguing. Then I began thinking, me something.

"No more hot dogs, hamburgers, steaks and, Oh my God, no After I felt I had mastered the ball's movement, I telepathi-beer!" Plus the smell of cut grass that gave me a warm feeling.

cally heard the word THINK and at the same time it appeared I contemplated this for a moment, then said, "I love the on the table screen. "Think?" I thought to myself. Then I said Earth, and as much as I'd like to go, I'd better pass for now, but aloud, "What do you want me to do, use psychokinesis to con-just for now."

trol the ball's movement by thought?"

As I ponder the first years of my interaction with the aliens, I

"YES."

can't help but consider that, somewhere between the fear and I stared at the ball. I concentrated. To my surprise the ball the pain and the disoriented feelings, there were good moments.

slowly began rolling back and forth. When it became what I'd This was one. I felt a real sense of two-way communication here, have to call a mental struggle to move the ball, a previously learned and although I turned down that trip, I might just take them up symbol would appear, so that when I drew it or duplicated it, I on it some day.

would have more control or power over the ball's movement—

After this interchange, there was no time lost on getting me mental control.

back to letters.

After mastering this assisted mental ability, I began to con-As before the words LUST and POWER appeared, and next centrate my efforts on the cube. This was a much more difficult to each word was a symbol for new letters I had just learned. There task because the only way it would move was end over end or by was no fight left in me. I decided to go along with their agenda.

sliding. This took much more effort than just rolling a ball. As However, instead of picking LUST as before, I chose POWER. I before, the more efficiently I traced out those previously learned briefly lost consciousness. When I awoke, I found three items symbols, the easier it was to mentally turn the cube end over before me—a ball, a cube, and a pyramid. Each was the size of a end. In fact, from time to time it would slide across rather quickly, large marble.

completely out of my control.

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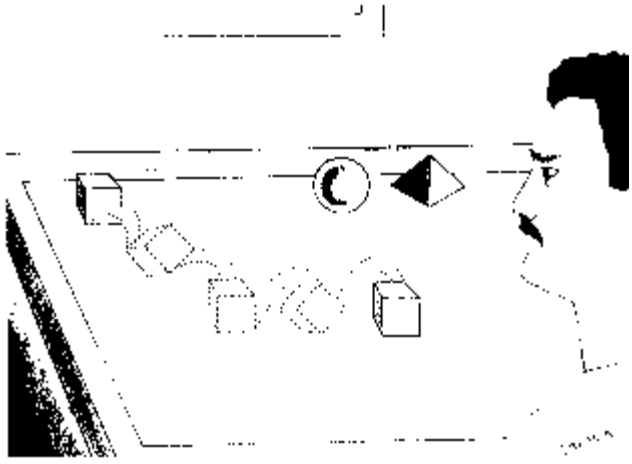

•Fig. 11: Learning mind control over a ball.

The Keepers

Abandoned Home

I then worked with the pyramid, which was extremely diffi-It took me a few moments to reorient myself. But as soon cult. I got the hang of it, though.

as normal reality kicked in, my previous urge and inclination

"This review isn't about power, is it? You're teaching me returned. I wanted to get away from those things.

Maybe getting away from Houston, totally, would do the trick. They hadn't found me in North Carolina. Maybe if I were away from this vicinity, I'd be safe.

At that point, I no longer cared about my marriage, business or my personal well being. All I wanted was for them to go away and leave me alone.

There was another thought in my head, though, that upset me even more. In some odd way, despite the fear, and the crazed feelings—all this was getting interesting. Mental powers to move things. Telepathy! Aliens! An offer to tour across the universe....

That was too much. I don't know why I was feeling this way. I just had to point my car in a direction and drive, drive, drive.

Weariness eventually took over on my highway journey. I found a small town off an exit, and I turned into the first available motel.

It was well past dawn, and I knew I looked rather rough.

how to use an elementary form of your thought-activated tech-The hotel owner looked quite leery of me, but I had plenty of nology! That's what you're doing, isn't it?"

money and flashed some credit cards as well.

No response.

The motel room was small and dingy. I was drained.

"Isn't it?" I demanded.

I did have the smarts to get some breakfast. I hadn't been I got no response, but I kept asking the question because, for able to keep much down, but I needed something. I went to the the most part, the aliens don't like to answer direct questions.

vending machines, got a candy bar and soda and brought them They answer in riddles. But I can somehow tease the truth out, and back to my room. I sat on the bed, flipped on the TV and manI can feel whether they're telling me the truth or not.

aged to get the candy and soda down.

I never did get a response. Then or ever.

A little revived, I shook my head and began to think a little more clearly.

What I got was unconsciousness. When I came to, I found myself nose to bedspread on that downtown Houston hotel bed.

How had they been able to find me in those hotel rooms?

I had the sensation of travel....

Well, they had advanced technology. More advanced than ours, certainly. What was comparable?

Acceleration....

I woke up, expecting to be in my usual situation—bench, The only science courses I took were in high school, but I screens, letters, and symbols. Instead, I was flat on my back.

watched enough TV to know that homing devices can be attached I lay on a hard, cold surface that I could feel through my to animals, to track them in the wild. Was something like that paralyzed body. The only thing I could move were my eyelids, happening to me?

and that wasn't easy. When I pried my lids open, I could see a I started to mull this over, energized by the sugar I'd con-white glowing ceiling. The light in this room was a soft white, sumed. One thing I had noticed about the aftermath of each which seemed to be emanating from everywhere.

abduction was that I'd always return with a variety of cuts and Something was missing here....

marks on my hands.

Then I got it. What the hell? This was the most upsetting Implants?

position to be in yet, and I wasn't scared.

For all my squawking about remembering so much, I sure Metal clanged. It sounded sort of like silverware rattling around don't remember watching them put anything in like this, but in a tray. I knew I was on board the same craft I'd been on later, when I got to know more about the phenomenon from before, but somewhere altogether different.

experts, I learned that this is indeed what happens.

Something murmured in my head. I could hear talk—tele-Musing on this, I watched a movie on the television. It put pathic talk, only it wasn't that one Voice. There were, rather, me to sleep, fortunately, because sleep was just what I needed.

Voices.

When I awoke it was dark again. I felt queasy and lost, and I It was a struggle to make out what was going on, but I managed struggled to turn over and look at my digital clock. No digital to make out three or four aliens standing near my head. They clock. Not at home.... The shred of memories pieced themselves seemed to be conversing telepathically with another group of back together again, and I realized I was in that seedy, nameless aliens who were standing by my feet. I couldn't tell if they were motel room, and the TV and lights were off.

workers or supervisors, because I could only make out skinny torsos But I had left them on!

and arms. It must have been a mix of both. At that point I did not I felt a presence. With a gasp I flopped over. There on the sense the strong energies I'd felt before from the supervisors.

other side of the bed was a transparent image of a stick man with How come I could understand their communications? Had I large round eyes. Immediately, this faded away, replaced by a started learning their language? Or was this telepathy not in language symbol I did not recognize.

as such, but in concepts which translated in my head to English A mumble passed through my lips: "Time for medical pro-because of what they'd drilled into me?

cedures."

In any case, I could understand what they were talking

"Okay," I thought. "Where did that come from?"

about, and I didn't care for it.

I felt frightened, but simultaneously that urge to sleep passed They were talking about extracting semen from my body.

over me. I slumped back down into the motel bed and was gone.

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T r y i n g t o L o s e M y s e l f

"Look, for one thing I couldn't do it with you standing there and *Chapter Nine*

staring!" They stopped speaking and turned to me.

"THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM," they said in my head.

Immediately, I was blinded, and I got angry.

"Do you bastards think that just because I can't see you, that will make a difference?" I got no response. All I could Trying to Lose Myself

do was lie there. Again, the telepathic buzz:

"WE WILL DO IT NATURALLY AND ARTIFICIALLY."

What could they mean by that? Again, that clanging.... Several pairs of hands grasped my right shoulder and waist.

Later, of course, when I met other alien abductees, and They turned me onto my left side—and gently at that. I'll heard researchers, and other counselors speak—I allowed never forget as long as I live what that felt like—those hands myself to hear what others had experienced. I heard about grasping me. The fingers were strong and bony, and although alien surgical procedures, anal probes, and alien reproductive they were not rough, they were certainly not human.

experimentation, or "abuse" as the case may be. However, I I lay on my side for awhile, when suddenly my sight was have no memory of anything like that before this experience of restored. In front of me was a metal table, like a gurney, with mine. At that point, as far as I knew, the aliens only wanted to some sort of gadget on its surface. One of the aliens was pushing kidnap me, terrorize me, and make me learn their language.

it towards me, so I strained to see what this machine could possibly You can understand how this talk of semen extraction was be. A supervisor arrived, complete with powerful, emanating a shock and an upset. It was bad enough that these strange-looking energy, which impacted me tremendously, blurring my vision.

gnomes wanted to fiddle with my gray matter, but my privates?

Things were cloudy for a moment, but when they cleared I As they buzzed telepathically in that group around me, they were realized there was something beside me, or rather, someone—a discussing whether my semen should be extracted artificially or woman. She was lying on her side and she wore no clothing.

naturally. By inference, I got the gist—should I be milked, or Her back faced me, and she was curved as gracefully as a aroused and manipulated. This is definitely something you don't cello. She was on a table beside me. I could still add two and normally talk about in public—according to my upbringing, two, so I knew what she was there for. She turned over. She anyway. But I want to get everything down here. I feel I owe it was blonde with blue eyes and she was quite beautiful. It all to myself and to the world of my fellow human beings.

seemed academic, though, as I couldn't move any limbs, and After my shock, I started wondering how they expected certainly not the one they wanted to work. I told them I to extract anything from me naturally. How could I be aroused, knew what they wanted, but I couldn't perform—sorry, no way.

under these circumstances? As I was lying there, I tried to Then one of the supervisors came forward with some sort speak vocally with no success, so I tried to move my mental of dark metallic or plastic rod. He touched my testicles with muscles and speak telepathically. I pretty much told them that it. I felt a tingly electric warmth pass through my groin. Almost I thought what they had planned seemed unlikely.

instantly, to my astonishment, my penis became erect.

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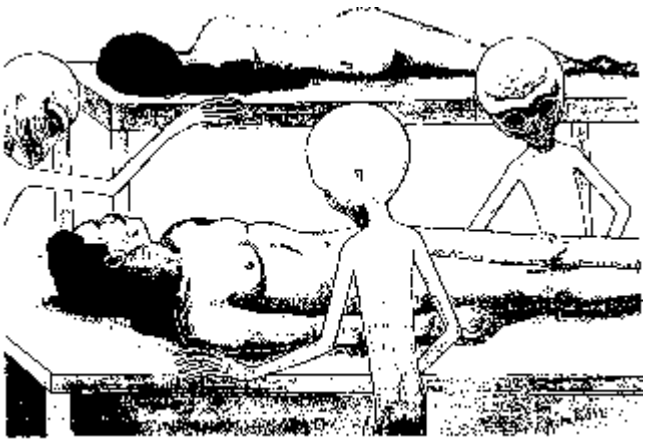

•FIG. 12: THE SCREEN IMAGE WOMAN

The Keepers

Trying to Lose Myself

I was back in the hotel room. I could see, but it took a few moments for the paralysis to wear off. Dawn was breaking and the TV and lights were still off. As I lay there, troubled and exhausted, I thought about all of this.

Pardon me if I'm getting a bit ahead of myself here, but I think this topic is important enough to elucidate now. During many reward sessions, the workers and supervisors from time to time would bathe me in sexual energy. I believe that this energy also rewarded the

workers in some way. It's hard enough making clear how unusual these cultures are. However, it seems pleasure is still important in these advanced races.

On many reward sessions I had the choice between what I term "Power" and 'Lust." Sometimes "power" would be the privilege of playing with the aliens' thought-activated technology. At times I could obtain any sexual fantasy I wanted, which would then appear in hologram form, just hanging in the air as the aliens looked on. Around this hologram, different (previously learned) symbols would appear.

Two workers pushed her on me. I felt no womanly warmth As I traced each symbol with my right forefinger, stressing or comfort. Everything was mechanical, as I was forced to mate direction, motion, feeling or sounding it out in my mind, the with her. Within five seconds, they got what they wanted.

sexual hologram slowly became more vivid. As each symbol was As they pulled me away, I couldn't help but notice that traced to perfection, the hologram took on depth and color. As I some of the smooth lines of this woman seemed squarish now.

proceeded, it would take on motion. At this point, the workers She was decidedly less organic. I sensed that "she" wasn't really and often the supervisors would mentally aid me in the process.

a woman at all, but rather a machine—some kind of apparatus When this occurred, I experienced ecstasy beyond compare.

that the aliens used to extract semen. Using their skill of illusion, I must say it was rather odd. There was never any physical of masking and "screen imaging" they'd been able to trick my contact. My whole body, though, at these points was in senses enough for their purposes. There's more to this process, I euphoria. The aliens would then somehow capture this sexual found out quickly enough, than their simply taking semen.

energy and pass it around. They would add to it and take from I'm sorry to say that this experience was only the first of it. They would create symbol patterns. Each time it came back many times that I "donated" sperm in this manner, and there to me, the whole experience was amplified. At times I would pass was never much joy or pleasure in the process, believe me. This it to the hologram, which seemed to take on its very own life.

first time, I lost my sight again and I just lay there, enraged, feel-This was a truly amazing experience, and I suspect that I don't ing used and manipulated.

have the necessary vocabulary and command of words to express what happened to me, but I wonder if anyone truly does.

Then acceleration.

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The Keepers

Trying to Lose Myself

Peripheral phenomena also occurred—disturbance of elec-while. Try not to worry, and I'll call you tonight. I love you." I tronic items like the TV, lights, even my dining room light. One gathered up some extra clothes and left for the airport.

time, a few weeks before, I had left the dining room light on. I When I arrived in North Carolina, I notified my friends Jim could see the switch from the couch in the living room. It wasn't and Peggy. After renting a car, I checked into the hotel where I an on-off switch, but rather one of those dial-operated rheostats usually stayed. I was still pretty rattled. I deposited my suitcase that adjusts the level of illumination.

in the room and headed for the small restaurant and lounge area.

After waking up from a deep sleep in the middle of the The whiskey was a pleasant amber color—a good Kentucky night, just before one of my abduction experiences, I sat up. The whiskey—and I listened to the ice tinkle as the bartender poured the light in the dining room was fading. I looked at the switch and jiggers into the clean, clear glass.

noted that it was turning on its own. The switch was being It smelled and tasted strong, and I finished half of it in a twisted to the off position by some invisible force.

gulp. My hand was shaking. Slowly, it stopped shaking. I finAs I mentioned, there's some sort of electromagnetic field ished the drink, and ordered another one. Two whiskeys blended associated with what the aliens do, and it affects electronics in into three. Three slid into four. After some nice mellow music the vicinity. I'm convinced also that there's a residue on me that from the jukebox, and five or six drinks, I was thinking I had no interacts with electronics, and I was wondering how much that friends. I had nothing but the booze. Things became kind of affected the TV and lights there in that motel room. Later, of jumbled, and I remember thinking "I'm falling fast," before I course, I found that other abductees reported the same kind of actually managed to pick my butt off that bar stool and haul it to thing going on in their waking lives.

my room. I fell onto the bed and passed out.

When I regained my motor functions, I felt defeated. I sat In the morning, my head spun and ached, and my mouth up, slumped and just ran my hands through my hair despair-was sour and grim. The hungover face that stared at me from the ingly. I might as well just go home, I thought. It was no good try-mirror didn't look like Jim Sparks at all, but two aspirins, a hot ing to hide—at least here in Texas. Texas—that was where they'd shower and a leisurely shave made me feel physically better and been taking me, so I'd go to North

Carolina, of course. I had not happy. Yes, happy. I had not been abducted during the night!

been abducted even once from there! Yes, I'd spend some time I went down and ordered breakfast—sunny side-up eggs, in North Carolina. I was just together enough to be able to figure Carolina bacon and Virginia ham, along with hotcakes and this out, and I knew I needed some kind of relief. Everything was juice, toast and hash browned potatoes, with some green pep-still emotionally turbulent, and I needed space. The notion of pers in them, and sweet milky coffee. This was the first solid escaping to North Carolina gave me fresh hope.

meal I'd eaten in months. I felt groggy afterwards, despite the I needed to go home first, to talk with Teresa, despite my coffee, and I had nothing planned, so I thought I'd just relax a urge to just hop a plane immediately. When I got home, she wasn't little more. I ended up napping most of the day, and it was a there, and I felt relieved. I guess I really didn't want to face her.

good nap, because I don't remember waking up in fear once.

I dashed off a quick letter: "I know you don't understand," I Later I woke up and watched some TV. As evening rolled wrote, "and perhaps you think I'm crazy, but I have to do what I along, though, anxiety teased its way up my spine. "Well, so far have to do. So I'm going to North Carolina for a I'm okay," I thought. But I remembered that I'd felt absolutely no anxiety after that first drink, so I figured I'd try that again.

As I'd left a nice tip the night before, the bartender was You know, since I've gotten to know some of the people very friendly and quite generous with the whiskey. Most of the who are brave enough to not only confront this concept, but to way into my first one, some of the fog lifted, and I felt as though also seek it out—those brave souls who work hard to bring out I had a space in which to try and sort this all out. Alien crea-the truth from the past, from now—for tomorrow—folks in MUFON, tures? Come on, Jim! But I couldn't deny it. It was all just as real writers like Whitley Strieber, Jacque Vallee, Stanton Friedman, and as the rest of my life. I went over it all from the dream-state of many more who actually accept that we are being visited—the the first encounter to the stark reality of the most recent event. I more I agree with what they say about why authorities who know drank more. As the booze swam through my head and numbed about this, who have evidence of alien contact aren't coming out my concerns, it seemed to be my only true friend.

with it.

Finally, when I felt up to it, after I had enough drinks under Here's the truth, the bald reality that I was facing there in my belt, I got around to calling Teresa. Pleased was not the word that hotel, floating in a cushion of booze: It's too much!

of the day. Nonetheless, she did not give me a hard time and told The concept is hard enough to deal with, but the actual me to take care of myself.

experience itself is simply mind bending. The average person

"What were these things doing?" I asked myself. "Why me?

can't deal with it. How well do you think you'd deal with someThis was the strangest form of contact.... Why not go to the thing like this happening to you? Do you think that the people in President or someone else and make them learn? Why not come your community, church, synagogue, or whatever, would believe out and show yourselves?"

you if you claimed that little people were shuttling you off to learn their alphabet, to test and play with you? I don't think so.

There are speculations and possible answers to all of these out there in the respected community of scientists and psychia-And I think that anyone who's in charge knows this. In ret-trists who think about these things. In that motel, with the help rospect I realize why all this is shadowy and secret with the mill of Dr. Jack Daniels, I was coming up with a few of my own.

tart', the government, and the people who actually could prove all this is happening. I don't think average folks could take this.

I was thinking, "It can't be just me! This must be happening somewhere else, and there has to be a logical reason for it."

They'd do about as well as I was doing then in that hotel room, quaking and quivering. I don't think regular people are I sure wasn't handling all this well. To tell you the truth, I'm ready for the kind of dissociation all this brings, and the reality glad I was drinking while I was reflecting on all this, because that we are not in charge. Societal boundaries could crumble; although I knew that behavior was wrong and it went against people might not function; things could fall apart.

my grain, it kind of kept my mind from breaking. I was certainly no drunk, and it was the only comfort I had.

Mind you, as the years have progressed since the advent of the atomic age, and ideas such as star travel and alien life have Aliens! It's one thing for an average guy like me to go see started to get out, general society has been adjusting. But look at

"Star Wars" or "E.T." or play "Space Invaders." It's quite what happened to me! A modern businessman in the late 20th another to meet the otherworldly and bizarre, to confront some-Century, successful, well adjusted—look at what happened to thing from far beyond the confines of our safe reality, face to me. What would

happen to you? Believe me, our minds and our face. No—mind to mind.

lives are more fragile than you think.

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The Keepers

So this is why it's taking a while to disseminate this knowledge, this truth. In my heart of hearts, maybe even then, scared *Chapter Ten*

out of my mind and drinking a lot, I realized that I was part of something huge.

Now I think that there's a strong possibility that everything's about to change on a worldwide basis. I believe that not far from now, things will be so different that we can't totally The Boss Wants to See You

comprehend now how different.

I believe from my experience that the world is being geared up for direct contact—contact that no one in high places is going to be able to deny. Contact that will be just so definitive You know the part in Alfred Hitchcock's "Vertigo" where that nothing will ever be the same again.

James Stewart is falling? Twirling, whirling, grabbing for a hold, terrified?

How well you pay heed to my story, how well you let this assimilate in you, could well be an important factor in your That's kind of what it feels like to be "pulled" during the survival, in your coping... in your understanding. That's one of the acceleration process. It's this carnival ride you want to shun; it's messages I have here for everyone, so listen closely.

a kind of falling up into insanity.

Believe me, you don't want to grab a bottle of Jack Daniels One moment, I was woozy and boozy in North

and head for a North Carolina hotel!

Carolina—numb and feeling safe—the next I was transported from my room onto that ship again.

I discovered it did no good to hide my head in the sands of whiskey in another state, because it turned out I wasn't safe in Right down onto that same seat. Right in front of that North Carolina either.

same screen. This time, there was not even the hoot of an owl to get me prepared.

The Visitors knew exactly where I was, and eventually, they came and got me.

There, of course, to either side of the screen were Mutt and Jeff—the two alien drones, skinny and almond-eyed. I don't know what they did, but the alcohol got kicked out of me. I was stone-cold sober, there in that grim room.

I immediately launched into my lesson—as though nothing had changed—and started to learn more as though my mind were some kind of machine that they'd just turned on.

During this drinking period, there were times when they would wait hours for me to sober up—all night long if need be—and get me just before dawn. However, this was also when the time dilation effect truly reared its head.

The Boss Wants to See You

Sometimes they would take me and let me sober up in the next to it the alien's version of "A," then next to that a short cell before beginning my lesson. Ten hours would pass in the hand version of the letter "A."

learning chamber, but only two would have passed when I was Then another page appeared with one single symbol on it returned to bed. These creatures are not only able to traverse about the size of a fifty-cent piece. After looking at this symbol, I dimensions, but distort time as well.

almost fainted with amazement. This one single small symbol After the lesson, I guess I was sort of expecting—maybe that I could read in a matter of a few seconds, housed twenty even looking forward to —the reward part. They had me pretty pages of detailed information in English. [See Fig. 13, page 88.]

well trained by that time.

Incredible!

Instead, on the screen before me flashed pages upon pages of Thinking back on it, it seems impossible. I don't know quite text. Not alien text, mind you. Paragraphs upon paragraphs in how it works, but it does. Were there other aspects of this language quite legible and understandable American English. Maybe twenty that I had not picked up on yet? Dimensional quirks and pages worth, I'd estimate.

symbologies? Depths and intonations only telepathic mental I began to read. It didn't take long to realize that I was processing could properly decode? I honestly don't know. All I reading a story about the life of a close friend of mine. I was knew was what it must feel like to a kid when he not only learns enthralled. The text described intimate details of his life I'd not to read, but when the words fall away and a magical story appears in known. It began with his name, where he was born, where he his head.

went to school, his childhood likes and dislikes, his teenage years A Voice sounded in my head, "YOU WILL LEARN THIS."

and so on. I read page after page right through to the present.

"You mean you want me to learn the short version of your The story didn't stop there, though. It continued into the alphabet?"

future, adealing with it as though it had already happened.

"YES."

I was pretty amazed, but I was even more stunned with

"Why?" I got no response.

what happened next.

"WHY!" I demanded.

After I had read all the pages, two more pages appeared on I guess by then, the conditioning kind of let loose. Up until the wall screen to the right of the pages I'd just read. These were then, I was just absorbed in the experience. However, I'd had enough not in English, but in the alien language I was learning. The freedom in North Carolina to regain some of my mental stunning fact was that I could comprehend what the alien sym-independence. The true me, a rebel at heart, got into the game.

bols said.

"Why? Why me! I demand an answer, you bastards!"

"Wow!" I couldn't help but shout. "WOW!"

My mouth froze. They'd paralyzed it.

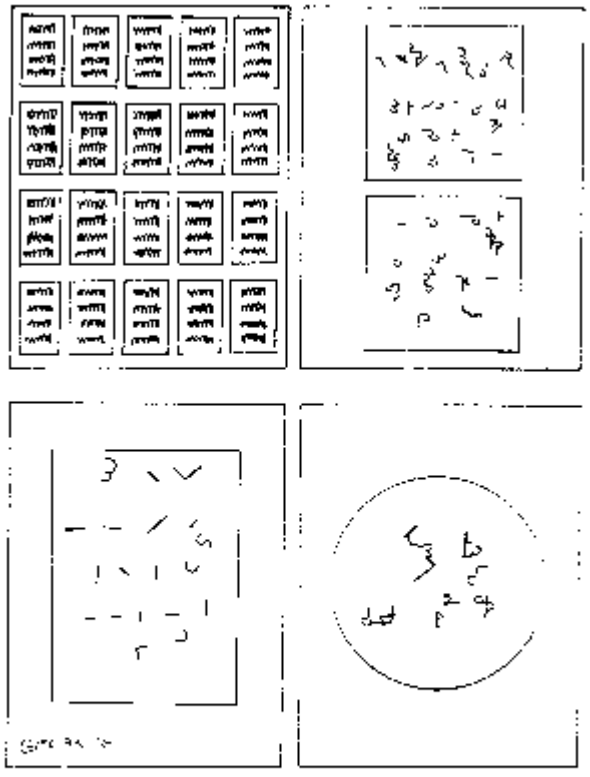
Moreover, this alien text described the exact same informa-For all the good it would do!

tion I'd just read about my friend in English. Instead of twenty pages, though, it took only half a page of alien script. Then another

"Why me? Why me? Why me!" I screamed the outrage again, page appeared.

blasting with my mind. Yeah, sure, they could lock up my mouth, but hell if they could shut down my mind. They'd have to kill me This page had the alien alphabet in what seemed like a first! I was furious!

shorthand version. For example, it showed the letter "A," then 86



•FIG. 13: CONDENSING 20 PAGES INTO ONE COMBINED SYMBOL

The Boss Wants to See You

And I knew they could hear me, because they read my mind and I think I was learning telepathy as well.

"Why me? Why me?" I tapped my right forefinger hard and loud on the table screen and continued my mental scream. Suddenly, the two alien drones morphed into large American-style cops. No riot gear, just your garden-variety blue uniforms, polished shoes, cap and scowl, all-American police officers. I don't know what they're thinking when they do this. Tapping into my sense of authority? Are they trying to manipulate and control me with my cultural conditioning? It was almost laughable—about as subtle as a sledgehammer in an egg house.

So these alien cops were glaring at me, and I could hear one of them bore into my brain with a telepathic command, a constant repetition of "NO." I've always tried to be a law-abiding citizen, and I do respect officers of the law. Clearly, though, these were nothing of the sort, not really. I honestly wished they were!

I'd ask them to arrest the damned supervisor for kidnapping!

"You don't scare me!" I glared right back. Again a morphing, this time into a couple of military policemen of the nasty, ham-shouldered Marine persuasion, complete with generic crewcuts.

I shook my head. "That doesn't scare me." I think I even managed a chuckle. Again the images wavered, then transformed, this time into two fully dressed Army generals laden with medals.

"Bullshit!" I blasted at them with my mind. I just kept on tapping that finger, and thinking, "Why me? Why me?" Every few seconds, I thought, "Hey, you bozos! I'm just going to keep on tapping and asking 'Why me?' until you answer!"

Nothing. Mexican standoff. This didn't last too long, though, because very soon indeed I felt an overbearing mental presence swarm into

the room. The thing almost smelled of power, of swelling symphonic music, of a mighty and dominant presence. You get that feeling sometimes with strong, charismatic individuals, and I certainly recognized the telltale signs of this thing.

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The Keepers

It was the supervisor. I didn't see him right away, but I sure could feel him. I could sense him staring down at my head and I *Chapter Eleven*

thought, "Damn! You are powerful!" I could feel him probing through my mind. I stopped the tapping.

"WRITE YOUR QUESTION OUT THE WAY WE

TAUGHT YOU. ONLY THEN WILL WE ANSWER."

I wanted that answer. I wanted that answer very badly.

Family History

Still, there was a part of me that wanted to resist. I could feel my mouth loosen. I could speak again, and speak I did:

"Now let me make sure I understand this. If I were to write I'm afraid the aliens' answer to that fateful question left the question in the style you taught me, you'll answer my ques-me with even more questions.

tion?" I got no response, yet I could sense his strong presence lurking over me in an overbearing, demanding fashion.

Why me?

"Okay," I thought. "Someone's got to give. I'll try it." I Why had these creatures from some other star system, or placed my finger on the screen. I framed my question in my some other dimension, at least from somewhere else far beyond my head. I allowed my finger to move. To my astonishment it began comprehension, zeroed in on Jim Sparks? Why had they focused to write out my question.

in on an ordinary real estate dealer for their obscure and, quite frankly, bizarre purposes?

"WHY ME?" Only it didn't come out like that. It came out in alien hieroglyphics. I recovered and made my demand again.

I guess that's what I meant when I said, "Why me?" and I suspect that unless you're a NASA official or George Noory,

"Okay. There it is. You promised to answer my question."

King of Nighttime Radio, you'd be asking that question of They answered the question, all right, but not in the way I aliens as well, if you'd found yourself in my position.

had expected.

I had a burning need to know, though, even sitting there, uprooted from my North Carolina booze binge. I guess that question was the over-riding thing in my mind.

The aliens did not answer the question with language or telepathy, writing or anything symbolic.

I'll describe what happened next in the best detail I can remember, so you can draw your own conclusions.

"Tell me!" I demanded again. "Answer my question, like you promised. I've written it out, just like you wanted."

Now imagine you're sitting there with me and right out in front of you is empty space—air and alienness, fortunately breathable and

temperate enough for survival. This air just *90*

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The Keepers

Family History

kind of frizzles and grows opaque. Then it lights up, with a Cripes! This guy looked like me!

black border. I guess you can imagine what it's like when you're

"No way!" I thought, but as I studied him closer as he watching something like this in a movie or on television and argued with a Nazi commander, I couldn't help but see that chin, you're thinking—cool—these are some great special effects! But that nose—those dark eyes and eyebrows—they were formed when you're actually there—believe me, it's nothing like anything just like mine! The hair was even curly in just the way mine is, cinematic.

only shorter. He was my height, my weight, and the way he was It's like a portal opened up in that room—a large passage-wagging that finger and using his arms was just like me!

way into somewhere else.

I wondered what my captors were trying to say with all A holographic scene appeared, complete with full motion this? As you know, I'm from Italian stock, but why were they about three or four feet in front of me. It was rich in detail, com-sticking me in a World War II scene?

plete with dimension and color. Yet there was no sound and the scene was faintly transparent.

It looked like a World War II scene. I say that because it was definitely a war scene, with humans in military uniform.

Why do I say WWII?

Well, I may not have had any media exposure to extraterrestrials, but I have seen pictures of Nazis before.

These Nazi officers wore dark uniforms, and there were soldiers posted at the doors of a room. The group, I came to see, was not merely Germans—there were men in Italian uniforms as well.

Maps and clipboards were strewn across the table, along with cups of coffee and espresso, and these officers were talking and pointing. The Italians were speaking animatedly with lots of gestures.

I sat there in that alien room, staring at this scene suspended in the middle of the room, and a slow shiver went up my back.

This scene was hauntingly familiar. I felt *déjà vu* stronger than I'd ever felt it before. It was definitely as if I'd been in this place before.

As I studied it carefully, I could almost taste the espresso and smell the stale, male sweat from those uniforms. My gaze

•FIG. 14: JIM FIRST SEEING THE *WW* II STREET SCENE

fixed on one of the Italian officers and electricity ran up and down my back.

Surely this couldn't be an actual historical scene. It had to be some kind of visual trick, just like that morphing of the 92

drones into human cops.

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The Keepers

Family History

ted past. The scene tightened in focus and the viewpoint moved in closer. From what little I know of historical costume, I'd say that the scene was placed in about the mid-nineteenth century. Again, although the scene was vibrantly colorful, and I could almost smell

that smoke. There was a translucency about the image, and I could vaguely make out the details of the corner of the room through it.

Why a Victorian factory?

Again my eyes were drawn to a figure in the scene. It was a man, again, who looked like me—only dressed in a black suit, a shiny black top hat and muttonchop whiskers! He had a bluff and proprietary sense about him. I sensed that he was the owner of the factory.

Yes, this guy looked like me, I thought, but he sure wasn't me!

•FIG. 15: DETAILED IMAGE OF THE WW II HOLOGRAM

Still, as I watched this military meeting, I couldn't help but have strange emotions indeed. World War II? These were some of the darkest days of the 20th Century! While looking at my image working with the Nazis, thinking about all the death and destruction, I started feeling implicated somehow. I started feeling guilt and shame for being a part of the human race that would inflict that kind of horror.

I had to forcibly remind myself that there was no direct involvement on my part. I was born years after the end of WWII, right? Why was I being shown a guy in a uniform that looked like me?

This suspended scene dissolved, to be replaced by another scene fading into view—the gates of a factory.

Surrounding them were the ornate hallmarks of Victorian masonry. Beyond the gates I saw smoke stacks and a dark grim haze of clouds. A group of men in long coats and hats stood out-

•FIG. 16: Jim's IMAGE AS A VICTORIAN-ERA FACTORY OWNER

side this factory, talking to one another. A horse and buggy trot-94

T h e K ee pe rs

F a m i l y H i s t o r y

More quickly this time, as though realizing somehow I was

"Have you been following my physical family line?" I getting a grip on what was happening here, this scene faded and wrote.

another took its place. The new scene depicted a small village on As soon as I finished scribbling this out, I got an answer.

a green hillside, which was a pleasant place along a seashore.

"YES. LOOK."

Gulls swooped on a breeze. From the style of the houses in the village and the total lack of technology, my best guess was that As the village scene faded away, another scene appeared, this time period was around the 15th or 16th century. The scene this one depicting the interior of a medieval inn. Men and women swerved, and I noticed a man and a woman in a field, working a surrounded a large, roughly built wooden table drinking what crop with crude farm tools.

looked like wine from pewter goblets. I'm no history expert, but the time period seemed earlier than that village scene—perhaps Again, there was a familiarity to the looks of the man, anywhere from the 6th to the 12th century. And yep, there at the although nothing as similar as that World War II scene.

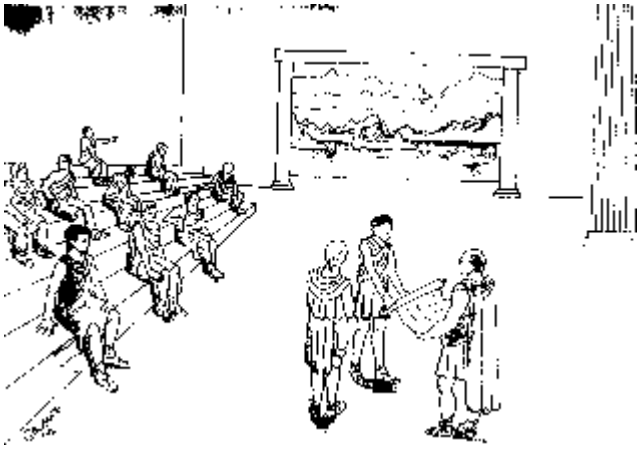
table was a guy that had a resemblance to me.

Or at least I felt a kinship to him. Maybe these *resemblances* were more of a visual translation of a sense of genetic kinship, or maybe this was the way the aliens were highlighting individuals in these scenes. I find this to be a more logical explanation.

•FIG. 17: JIM'S IMAGE IN A 15TH- OR 16TH-CENTURY FIELD

I had another question. Rather than go through the rigma-role of vocally or even mentally requesting an answer, I just went straight to the screen. Again, I got a thrill as my fingers seemed to know the proper characters to express my question.

•FIG. 18: JIM'S ANCESTOR DRINKING AT A MEDIEVAL INN



The Keeper s

F a m i l y H i s t o r y

The guy that looked like me was wearing some kind of some were sitting side by side on multi-leveled benches or bleachers.

cloth or leather hat, which was slightly pointed and drooped to These men seemed to be having a debate of some sort, and from the side. He was drinking lots of wine and laughing.

their facial expressions I could tell the topic was important.

I can't tell you how bizarre this was. I couldn't help but I examined the men's faces, and sure enough, there was a laugh, and it felt good to have laughter come out of my unpara-guy that looked like

me. He was just sitting and listening to oth-lyzed mouth. Our shared laughter sounded odd, echoing in that ers speak.

alien room, but it was a human sound, and I cherished it.

I shook my head and then put my forefinger down to the The medieval scene disappeared, to be replaced by another.

screen. Again, in the written alien script I wrote out my question:

"Have you really followed my family line that far back?"

"LOOK."

When these Star People communicate, they don't waste words.

Another scene took the place of the Roman senate. This time I saw an African savannah with patches of trees. I could almost feel the heat, and smell the stink. The scene pushed in to

•FIG. 19: JIM'S ANCESTOR LISTENING IN THE ROMAN SENATE

I saw buildings, white buildings with classical lines. Buildings of a city on a series of hills. I knew it was early Rome!

The scene shifted to one of columns, steps and beautiful statues.

This scene seemed to be of the Roman senate. A large hall or reception area was populated by about twenty men wearing

•FIG. 20: JIM'S ANCESTORS LIVING ON THE SAVANNAH

togas or white robes of other sorts. Some were standing, and

focus on a group of apelike creatures—and as the picture cleared I could see they were actually closer to humans than *C h a p t e r T w e l v e*

apes.

Thank God none of them looked like me!

Just because I didn't see a temperamental Italian didn't mean I didn't get the message.

My anger flared.

The Watchers in the Lincoln

"Bullshit!" I shouted. "Bullshit! You guys are trying to tell me that you had something to do with human evolution?"

I got no response.

Getting pulled into a lesson again was no easy thing for I was so pissed, though, I sure didn't feel like writing out me, and as soon as I woke up back in my North Carolina hotel the question. I just sat there and stewed.

room and thought, "I'm not safe anywhere," I crawled right They seemed to sense my rage, and they left me alone for a back into the bottle. I stayed in North Carolina two more little bit. I was clear-headed but angry.

weeks—drinking. When I got back to Texas I continued drinking Then, instead of answering any questions, they made their about three more months, but then one morning I woke up after presentation again, though this time in written form, in their lan-an abduction, and I thought, "That's it." Drinking alcohol is no guage. I watched it and found that, again, I could comprehend it, solution. I knew I wasn't an alcoholic. I didn't need the booze and it all underlined their message:

physically—I was just trying to escape. So there and then, I made a decision: I have to face all this cold sober—stare it down—live

"WE'VE BEEN AROUND FOR A WHILE. WE'VE BEEN

with it. It was an important step. Drinking was probably hindering WORKING ON YOUR PERSONAL FAMILY LINE. WE KNOW

my ability to cope. I don't feel guilty about resorting to alcohol, I YOU WELL. HUMANS ARE OURS."

just feel smarter now. My advice to my fellow abductees is—

Then acceleration, and I was whooshed back to North alcohol does not help you, drugs do not help you, running does Carolina.

not help you—only other human beings can help you. Getting understanding and compassionate people around you is what helps. I guess that's true with everything, and I guess that's what I was looking for then, but I sure wasn't finding it.

When I got back from North Carolina in June, 1989, 1 was a wreck. Teresa was gone. She'd taken a leave of absence from work and simply wasn't around. I thought this was probably a good idea. I thought it may also have been a leave of absence from our marriage, which was good. I needed to work all this mess through, figure out what was happening and learn 101

to deal with it. You may be thinking at this point that all this When I finished I asked the golden question, not knowing was deadly serious and without a shred of humor, but it wasn't.

what to expect: "Well? What do you think?"

As soon as I got home, I shocked the local security guard

"I believe you. The same thing happened to my cousin."

and mailman, and I don't blame them. I'd weighed 160 pounds You could have knocked me over with a feather. "Are you the last time they'd seen me, and I was probably down to 130 or serious?"

125 pounds. I was haggard, unshaven, and scruffy as hell. I probably

"Not only am I serious," Larry said, "but I can help you."

looked a little like Howard Hughes in his last horrible years in

"What do you mean by, 'Help me?'"

Las Vegas. As I was getting my mail, my neighbor, a gregarious guy named Larry, came out and took one look at me and just stared,

"I know how to make all this stop," he announced.

with his mouth open. I looked back at him.

"How?"

"Aliens," I said. The ludicrousness of the whole situation Larry smiled. "Don't you worry about it. I'll take care of it.

was juxtaposed against my suburban home and the everyday I'm off duty at work just before dark. When my shift is over I'll arrival of my mail, so I just told him the reason, pure and simple.

be back, and I'll take care of your problem."

"What?"

I think he patted my back comfortingly. I was open to anyI shook my head, astonished at myself. "Never mind."

thing but still it sounded too simple.

Larry was the accountant type who enjoyed conversation

"Just like that?"

with me because I was more of a chance taker or rebel than he

"Yes, don't worry. I know what to do."

was, and he was curious. Our first conversation had been short, I just sat there, stunned, thinking, "Could it be this simple?

but it didn't take me long before he craved conversation with me Have I actually found someone who could put an end to this?"

to learn my skills of marketing and selling.

As the day wore on, I made listless stabs at trying to get my

"Really," Larry said, "Tell me what's going on!"

business back into order, periodically wondering if maybe Larry

"If I tell you, you're just going to think I've gone crazy."

was humoring me. Maybe he was off to get a paddy wagon and

"No I won't. I promise."

professional mental experts. On the other hand, he was a pretty reliable, steady guy. He'd always been a good subdivision secu-I shrugged, too tired to object.

rity guard and had helped me out before. Larry was a police

"Well you asked for it! Come on in and I'll make us some officer and a good one, the kind you could trust. So maybe he iced tea." I figured after about ten minutes of my story he would really meant

what he said. And if he came back with a good probably leave. I filled his ears with 40 minutes' worth of sum-shrink—well, I was open to just about anything.

marized alien abductions. I even walked him into the guest room Thirty minutes before dark, Larry the cop was knocking at and presented one of the featured props, the guest room window the door. I opened it, and he was there, smiling sympathetically, that the aliens walked me through. I went into some detail as to alone. In his arms he held a carton of eggs, a cloth doll with a how the acceleration worked, and how it felt. Larry honestly crucifix around its neck, and a bottle of water.

seemed to pay attention and accept what I was saying. Most people either got frightened or got a "Yeah, sure, goofball" look

"It's always best to do these things just before dark on a in their eyes. Not Larry.

Sunday," Larry announced as he brushed past me.

"What things?" It didn't look like things I'd like much, but window. Now if they are still determined enough to somehow you know, how can you say no to a burly, cocksure cop?

get in, they should leave right away because they can't stand the

"First of all, Jim, take me to your guest room window,"

holy water."

Larry said confidently.

I didn't want to offend Larry, so I acted interested. I asked

"What for?"

him where he got the idea to do something like this. He told me that his family heritage was Mexican Indian. These sorts of

"You'll see."

remedies, he claimed, had been in his family for generations. Well, So, I led him to the guest room. He set the doll on the win-I'd said "aliens." Obviously, he interpreted "aliens" as manifes-dowsill, facing it and its crucifix toward the outside.

tations of evil spirits. If I said that they were "extraterrestrials"

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

now, he probably would have just nodded his head sagely and

"To ward off the evil spirits coming through the window,"

said "Of course they're extraterrestrials! They're from Hell!"

he said with a determined "Of course!" emphasis.

Now mind you, I have no intention here, or there with I'd pretty much figured that Larry was up to some kind of Larry—or anywhere for that matter—of demeaning anyone's voodoo hoodoo, and the thought of what my drones and super-beliefs, because I realize how important a person's spiritual phi-visor would make of all this kind of struck me as damned funny.

losophy is. On the other hand, I don't have a problem with disI wanted to burst out laughing, but I managed to contain myself.

tinguishing religious entities—including superstitious critters—

Larry was so sincere about this, that I was sure either I would and ETs. I'll tell you, humans would far prefer to believe in any-hurt his feelings if I laughed, or maybe even get him angry.

thing other than the fact that there is advanced non-human intelligence secretly interacting with us! Still, just because I knew my

"What's the little bottle of water for?" I asked.

tormentors were extraterrestrial didn't mean I was dealing with

"It's holy water," he explained.

it particularly well. I must say, I got a chuckle out of Larry's per-Larry started sprinkling that water all through the house.

formance, and more than that, I appreciated his help.

As this ceremony proceeded, I just stood there thinking that I Maybe those eggs did keep the evil spirits away, at least for was witnessing an example of precisely why extraterrestrials just two days. Then a disturbing thing happened that did not feature don't land on the White House lawn and say, "Hi! We're here!"

extraterrestrials, but had everything to do with them. If you've So Larry drenched the house with water. Then he grabbed read other writings about UFOs or aliens, or even if you only see that carton of eggs. "Let's go outside," he said. I followed him, movies or have watched "X-Files," you'll know about the Men not saying a word. On the lawn, he walked around the perimeter in Black. Well, let's just say here that I've met some guys that are of the house placing eggs one at a time right up against the walls.

awfully similar! Two days after Larry put his strange barrier blessing Can you picture this? We're talking about a guy who looks like on my house, I was looking out of my window. It was morning, and

"The Night of the Living Dead" warmed over, following a cop for some reason I had a strange sense that there was something placing eggs—eggs—around a house!

out there.

Then Larry said in a serious, confident tone, "The eggs should Parked across the street from my house was a late-model deter evil spirits from walking through the walls. The doll with Lincoln sedan. Two men sat inside. I had the unsettling feeling the cross should stop them from coming through the that the two men were watching my house and watching me.

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The Keepers

T he W a tc h e r s i n th e Li n c o l n I immediately caught myself. "Whoa, guy!" I thought.

They were crew-cut middle-aged men in dark suits, and they

"You're getting kind of paranoid here, aren't you?"

didn't even wear sunglasses! Both of the guys seemed thirtyish.

Still, I felt uneasy. I went back to trying to get my business One of the odd things, though, was that they didn't seem to take back together, but I looked out every hour or so to see if that car breaks. I didn't catch them eating once any of the time I checked.

was still there. It was. Eight hours after the first sighting, the car Toward evening, I heard a car starting. I peered out the was still there, complete with its men, and I still felt weird about window. Their Lincoln was just pulling away and heading down the whole thing. I mean, just because I was paranoid didn't mean the street. In its place, though, was a white sedan, with two more these guys weren't

after me, to paraphrase a joke. I figured that if different men. A change of shifts! I got little sleep that night, because these guys were really here for me, the most logical thing to do I was determined to keep watch on the new car. I checked every hour next would be to go to the store to see if they would follow.

or so, but all it did was sit there! (I always wondered why the Sure enough, when I got in my car and headed for the store, neighbors didn't notice and call the police.) they followed, hanging about a half a block behind. I went to a In the morning, I was tense, worn out, and agitated again.

store, which I figured would be a safe place. I went in and Maybe if they thought I was about to run for it, they'd do some-bought some groceries. Back outside, I saw the car again. The thing and I'd be able to understand what was going on. I found men were definitely watching me. Being on edge didn't help me, the automatic garage opener. I opened the garage door, but I and I shouldn't have let my temper get the best of me, but I guess didn't go out. Sure enough, that got a response. There was a I just snapped. I walked right up to the guys.

knock on the door. I guess I panicked, because instead of answering

"What the hell are you watching me for?"

the door, I went out the garage. I didn't get in my car, I just looked around to see who was out there. The two guys from the They didn't answer. They just looked at me, as though they day before stood on my front porch. As though he knew I was were studying me, and taking mental notes. Exasperated, I watching him, one of the men turned and stared straight at me.

cursed, spun on my heel and went back to my car. The men followed me back home. I thought about calling the police, but

"Jim!"

were these guys doing anything illegal? Besides, calling the cops

"Yes," I found myself saying.

wasn't how I'd find out who they really were. They'd probably

"Look. We know what you're going through," he said in a planned for that and would either split at the first sign of a bub-reasonable tone. "But you have to stop talking about it."

ble top or, worse, already have the police in collusion.

"Who are you? How do you know my name?"

"No," I thought, *"They have me where I want them."*

They just whispered to each other, which got my goat.

I would watch them, too. What with the outrageous things

"If you're not going to identify yourself, I'm going to call happening to me in the past year, this was just another oddity the police," I threatened.

that I could add to the list. They'd make some sort of move soon The other one spoke in a low voice. "Jim. You have to stop enough. Calmed down, I took careful notice of the car. It was a talking about these experiences of yours, or we'll have to make it white four-door sedan. It had Texas plates, but the car was unmarked so you can't talk at all."

in any other way. They didn't look like what I thought your prototypical government men should look like.

"Who the hell are you?" I demanded. "And how do you know what I've been through? You want to explain what I've *Chapter Thirteen*

been through? Hmm. That would be great, because I sure would like to know myself!"

My anger bolstered my courage, because I walked right up to them. They just stared at me. "If you don't stop talking about it, we will hurt your wife and family." That did it.

Graduation

"You bastard!"

I grabbed the guy and pushed him against the door. The guy did nothing to defend himself. The other did nothing to help Yes, I was upset. Again, though, my anger focused me. Was I his partner out. Seeing red, I snarled at the guy I was holding, "If foaming at the mouth? Maybe. Fuming and wanting to kick you even so much as touch my wife or family I'LL KILL YOU!"

something? Perhaps. As the sight of those guys driving away Believe me, even though I have a good bit of Italian temper lingered in my head, I tried to calm myself. Nonetheless I was in me, I'd never behaved like this before. I was like a maniac.

thinking clearly enough to be aware of something—something Shocked, I let the guy go. He just nodded to the other and they important. I was crazy mad, yes, but I wasn't crazy.

started walking back to their car. At the car, they stopped, and The fact that these guys—government goons, alien pawns or the guy I'd manhandled spoke.

whatever—spoke to me about what was happening to me, was

"You must stop talking to others about it!" he said.

an acknowledgment that something bizarre *was* happening to me, even when everyone I knew would not accept that what was happening to me was real. And the fact that they did this in broad daylight, in the consensus reality of cars, a suburban neighborhood and a food store, meant someone was confirming to me the reality of these abductions!

In a strange way, even though these fellows fell far short of being friends, they were doing me a favor. Men in black—princes of paranoia—whatever the hell they were, they'd given me a gift. Even though I had no answer to my question, I was somehow less alone, to say the least.

A couple of hours later, a couple more guys in a white sedan showed up. That was enough. I decided that I should do something.

I almost liked this particular mystery. I looked up the closest address for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I couldn't do much in the matter of my alien tormentors, but I sure could do something significant in broad daylight! I was 108

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The Keepers

Graduation

going to go to the authorities, to the people sworn to protect the spur of the moment I devised a plan. I called myself Bob common Joes like me. I wasn't sure what would happen, but at Jones. I told her I was being harassed by a religious cult.

least I could see if they'd follow me! More than that, I'd be able She seemed to take this in stride. I don't know—maybe to see how determined they were to keep tabs on me!

they get people every week who claim to be abducted by aliens So into his car goes Jim Sparks. Out goes Sparks into No *Man's* and

then followed by guys dressed in black—but at least they *Land* determined to see just how determined this new batch of wouldn't think I was nuts if I told them this. I'd get to talk to guys were! Sure enough, it didn't take long to find that white someone. I wouldn't get brushed off with a form and a "Please sedan in my rear-view mirror. First I sped down some farm roads call this number if you see these aliens again."

at 80 m.p.h., and that white sedan just kept up with me. Back to Politely, she asked me to sit down. She'd get me an official.

the highway went I, back to the highway went they. Onto the Sure enough, soon a man came out, conservatively dressed, with freeway I led them, driving like a maniac, passing and twisting and close-cropped hair. He was obviously an authority—but a relaxed turning through the traffic—and they paced me.

and very kind authority. I explained that I thought my wife and I Miracle of miracles, I wasn't stopped by cops. Maybe I were being targeted or stalked by some sort of cult members. I tried would have been eventually, but we hit a major traffic jam, the to sound reasonable and logical—and above all, sane. His bumper-to-bumper variety. Everything indicated an accident up response was simple.

ahead—nothing uncommon on this freeway. As I sat there, smelling

"First of all," he said, with a gentle but firm tone, keeping a the exhaust and feeling the anger and uneasiness accumulate sincere eye contact. "Religious cults are perfectly legal, unless of around me on a hot Texas highway, I thought, "Let's see how course they break the law, in which case you would have to take serious they are!" Without giving any warning, I floored the gas that up with the local authorities. Then upon the authorities'

pedal and turned onto the shoulder. With tires screeching, I request the F.B.I. could take action."

kicked up lots of dirt and gravel back onto their car. I felt clammy He was considerate, but didn't spend much time with me. I with perspiration. The guys were still on my tail! I sped down didn't get any kind of sense that he or the F.B.I. was involved in the shoulder about half a mile and drove through a shallow any kind of conspiracy with me as its subject. I felt a bit deflated.

ditch onto the service road that ran parallel to the freeway.

I'm not sure exactly why I didn't tell him the truth and then run I found my way out of that mess and navigated my way out and point at those guys in the car. Maybe I thought he'd just back toward the address I'd found for the FBI. That sedan fol-have me locked up. Or worse, if I dragged him out, the guys lowed me straight there. Sure enough, the place looked official might be gone. I thanked him for his help, and he showed me to enough: a government-style building, with a chain-link fence and the door.

parking lot. I pulled up in front of it, stopped and looked. They What happened next I've shared with very few people, but weren't behind me. They'd stopped a bit back.

I feel I should mention it here in my book. Those guys in the

"Okay, Jim." I asked myself. "What now?"

white sedan weren't gone. They were still parked outside the Well, I was here. Let's see what would happen. I went inside fence. I was about to point them out to the FBI man, but the that F.B.I. building into a standard issue *Reader's Digest* and direction of his gaze indicated to me that he already knew who cheap furniture waiting area, smelling of floor wax. Behind a was there. Moreover, as he spotted them he lifted his hand—and glass partition was a woman. I wasn't sure what to do, so on waved to them.

The Keepers

Graduation

I almost fainted, I was so scared. Was this my imagination? It The following experience explains exactly why it's so hard certainly opened a whole can of worms! Although the FBI cars in to pin these creatures down with the rules and laws of everyday the outside lot were different from this one, it would seem that reality. You'd think with the UFO reports coming down to us for the agencies were working together. I tried to say something, but fifty years, the general populace would have enough evidence by nothing came out. I'd lost all my fighting spirit. I just let them now to know if this was really happening or not. Well, the truth follow me home. I was bone tired, with this and the abductions, so I is that much of what happens simply doesn't fit the day-to-day, just decided to let them watch me sleep for a while. I managed to nine-to-five, car in every garage reality that we live by. There's so sleep over ten hours.

much interaction that's reported about the Visitors that's so When I woke up, I peered out the front window—the men dream-state-like and confusing, but I experienced all this in a and their sedan were gone. It would be several months before I waking state—and I remember it exactly.

would see any other sign of them. To this day I have never solved It's late 1989. I'm lying on my sofa at night, sometime between this piece of the puzzle. Had my visit to the F.B.I. discouraged 3:00 and 4:00 A.M. and I'm feeling a little jittery—anticipating them? Had higher authorities pulled them off my case? Or was it something. The air just has that metallic taste... the atmosphere...

all arbitrary? And, who were those men?

that creepy feel.... I'd just been awakened from a deep sleep.

All this happened in mid-1989. For a while things were quieter, Usually I have the overwhelming urge to go back to sleep. Then,

save for strange noises and thumps and odd lights. Teresa would acceleration... whoosh... disorientation... Lesson Time with my check on me from time to time, but I encouraged her to stay alien buddies.

away. I tried to keep my business going, and make some money, but This time, though, it was different. I fought that return to even so, I still was not in the best mental shape.

sleep. I wanted to be consciously aware of exactly what hap-In the last four months of 1989 I was abducted four to six pened. Difficult stuff. However, as you may have concluded by times a month. Always I found myself in the same room, always now I'm a willful bastard at times, and I clung to consciousness.

being taught—but now I could communicate with the creatures The sitting position helped. I concentrated hard—the first thing I better, clearer, and much faster. The reward sessions became noticed was a crackling sense of static electricity all around my more complex and interesting, and the semen extractions much body. Fear jabbed me hard. My heart started thumping, and my more pleasurable. The Visitors seemed extremely interested in breathing got labored—then paralysis took over. My head started to sex—my sexual drive and my libido. Oddly, I started to build a pulsate so hard it felt as though my brain were going to burst sense of trust with the creatures. I saw that they didn't want to out of my eyes. Then the sights and sounds of acceleration hit kill me, and some of my instinctual fear was dying down. Still, me. "If you don't have a heart attack," I thought, "you might be on a regular basis I would request to be allowed the freedom to able to tell someone about this—so don't have one!"

move around and explore. This request was always denied or The living room furniture started turning transparent. My ignored. I knew in my heart that it was really my fault. I still felt television, chairs, sofa, then the walls themselves started to fade a lot of animosity towards them. They felt this, and they didn't away. I discovered that I could turn my head to the right, left, up trust me. During this time, I also noticed other aspects of the and down. The whirling sound became so loud I almost blacked phenomena, and I experienced it

directly. I began to understand out. I could feel the soft fibers of my carpet against my bare feet.

the whole nature of the interdimensionality of these things.

I could also feel my rear end sinking into the foam rubber sofa 112

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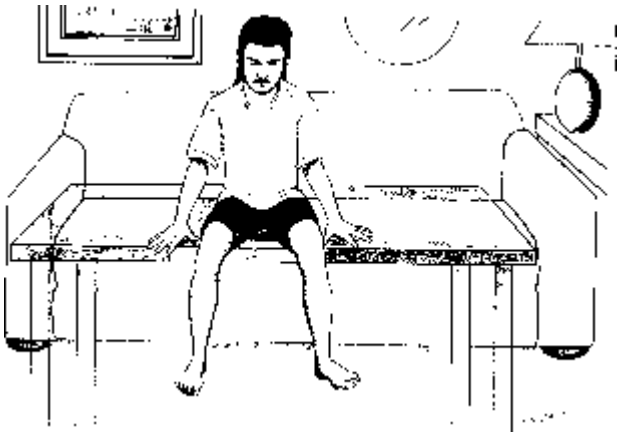

The Keepers

Graduation

cushion. Slowly my feet began to feel cold as though they were dangling in the air. At the same time I could feel cold hard metal under my butt. I looked down. My feet were dangling in the air as if propped on a hospital table. Yet at the same time I could see my feet firmly planted on my living room carpet. How could this be? Then I glanced down at my lower torso. I could see and feel myself sitting on a metal table, yet at the same time I could see and feel myself still propped on my sofa. Somehow, at the same time I could feel the cushion of the sofa at the same time that I could feel cold hard steel under my rear end.

"Damn!" I said. "I'm half here—and half there...."

But where was *there? I* certainly didn't seem to be on the alien craft. All about me were my furniture, my walls, my television, lamps, and

pictures of my living room, yet they were almost invisible. As I continued to stare I could see that I was in a large facility. The walls were painted white. The ceiling was much

•FIG. 21: HALF HERE-HALF THERE - AWARE DURING ACCELERATION

higher than normal, perhaps 30 feet high or so, and there were no windows. I recognized fluorescent light fixtures. On the Visitors' craft in one of many rooms separated by dividers. The divider to my the lighting seemed to spill from everywhere.

right was clear—glass or plastic. I could see activity—humans, Around me now were human military guards with their not aliens. These humans wore white lab coats with ID tags.

backs against the wall, spaced about 20 feet apart. I couldn't tell They were too far away for me to read their ID tags, but perhaps their service branch, but they looked like military police. Now, they were some sort of radiation detectors, because as they got this could have been some sort of trick or screen imaging—or the closer I could see there was no writing on them at all. I also interpretation my brain made of what was going on. However, noted that they were of different colors. I tried to shout, but the fear had left me. I could tell their magnetic field or whatever was nothing came out—paralysis.

still buzzing me—my heart thumped, electricity fuzzed all over A military officer approached the entrance to one of the lab me. My living room was completely gone now. Jim Sparks was rooms. Somehow I felt I knew him. As he stood by the entrance, 100% elsewhere... but where?

the men and women in the lab coats filed out one at a time—

It looked as though I'd been allowed to transfer consciously...

maybe 30 of them. My head cleared of acceleration effects. A but instead of putting me in front of their teaching tools, I was in man

from the group stepped forward and stood about three feet some sort of underground facility. I say "underground" because from me. He was of medium build, about five feet eight with it had that bunker feel, that subterranean texture. The walls dark hair and glasses. He was definitely oriental.

looked like something humans would construct, only higher than He held up what looked like a high-school graduation cap, usual, and, as I said, the lighting seemed fluorescent. From my with a tassel and all. "Congratulations."

perch on that metal table I could see that I was 115

Graduation

I could suddenly talk again. "For what?"

ing back into place around me. Everything was the reverse of the previous experience—but holding in that half-there, half-here

"You graduated."

moment. This time, no fear—just fascination as I experienced the

"Graduated what?"

blending shift of dimensions. There was something wondrous and I had *déjà vu.* Big time. I somehow recognized the guy, but amazing about the experience—I guess I could compare it to a I didn't know how the heck I could have known him. It wasn't caveman's first flight on a 747 jumbo jet.

like any memories came along with the recognition. Nonetheless They kept me in between for several minutes. I liked it. It my emotions were swinging from fear to comfort. I say comfort was

peaceful. Yes, this was strikingly different than the accelera-because somehow I felt safe with my own kind—and people I tions I experienced before. I was in slow motion. It felt good, knew who wouldn't hurt me. Nonetheless, I felt anger at being euphoric, as though someone had a hand on a rheostat control-kept in the dark.

ling pleasant feelings inside me. Then, after about a minute of

"I know you!" I blurted. "I don't know why, but I know holding this freeze in transit, the underground facility faded out you!" I was excited, and when I'm excited it's hard for me to and my living room came in stronger, bolder—filling out into keep things close to my chest. I looked over to the others and got reality. The rooms and hard hospital gurney where I'd been sit-the same associated feelings. "I know you. I don't know why I ting faded totally. Slowly, the whirling sound subsided and my know this, but I know."

heartbeat slowed. I sat back on the sofa, totally exhausted. At They all smiled. Then, one by one, they came up to my first my muscles were wound tighter than a rubber band; then table and congratulated me. Not a one looked at all alien. This suddenly they relaxed.

was bizarre, yes, but although it had a dream's bizarre logic, it I looked around. Home sweet home. Funny thing though.

sure didn't feel like a dream. When the last one was finished con-Usually, after this sort of trip I feel disoriented and traumatized.

gratulating me, I asked again, "Congratulations for what?"

This time I just felt exhausted. I took a few deep breaths, and got No answer. They all left, save for two or three. They stood off the sofa. I paced and I thought. What did all this business there whispering to each other, but I couldn't understand what mean, then? This just made it stranger. Who would believe me? I they were saying. These people seemed as amazed as I was at the almost wished those guys in the sedan were around. I'd ask them.

fact that I was there—as if I were some successfully conducted

"Look, tell you what. I won't tell this to anyone, but you have to experiment, the results of which they were very happy with. Oddly explain to me what the hell is going on!"

enough I felt a strange pride, as though I'd somehow helped Was that last incident an indication that I was part of some them. All sorts of thoughts passed through my mind, most as human experiment? Had some previous Jim Sparks volunteered, usual leading to more questions than answers.

agreeing to have his memory taken? Or—and I was leaning toward Then as one of them waved good-bye, that familiar low-this more heavily—was all that just an odd fabrication set up for pitched whirling sound sprang up again, and my heart began to me by my alien abductors to confuse me or to see how I would race. Acceleration! Heart pounding, breathing difficult, I none-respond?

theless kept my focus. I stared at the oriental man, who had the But I seemed to know those people!

friendliest feel. Again, no blacking out—and the walls, rooms and Questions, questions, and damned few answers.

lab equipment slowly faded, and my living room started fad-116

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My Daughter

In came the Supervisor, and he froze too! A queer feeling came
Chapter Fourteen

to my gut as the light in the room began to dim. My head and eyes seemed pulled to the left. Five feet away was a hologram: a tall, quite steep, jagged cliff, rising up to a sharp peak. The light that projected from this hologram was intense, its clarity astounding. An

intimidating figure appeared, perched on the peak of the cliff—a magnificent sight! It radiated power and **My Daughter**

shone with glory. It was a birdlike figure, but not just any bird. I recognized it from pictures, though it outstripped those pictures.

It was the mythical phoenix, glorious in gold and silver In late 1989 I took stock of myself: One thirty-something plumage, with flashing blue, blue eyes. I was awed and over-Homo sapiens of Italian descent, caught up in something he whelmed. There was something terrifically spiritual about the didn't understand. Feisty, but overpowered. My mirror did not thing that just pierced me. My pulse pounded, and I stood lie to me—I looked rough. However, this latest experience gave transfixed as this phoenix spread its large wings, almost as me a better sense of control. And the fact that I'd stopped though ready for flight. Just at the point that the blinding light drinking —made me feel like there was still hope.

was too much to bear, and the bird-thing seemed poised to fly I wasn't going to let this thing get the best of me. I started straight at me, with a sharp implosion, the thing was gone.

to eat regularly, exercise, and take every opportunity to sleep.

Normality returned. The teaching continued, the workers moved, Yes, the abductions continued, and yes, I was not a smiling Jim and the Supervisor left. I couldn't continue interacting with that Sparks— but my physical health improved and my weight shot machine. I was just emotionally drained.

back up. Plus I probably smelled a heck of a lot better, too.

"What the hell was that?" I asked them. When they didn't Still, I didn't socialize. Teresa checked in on me and even stayed reply, I got some of my angry emotions back. I yelled at them for periods of time, but I didn't want her at the house long. My and called them mindless drones. "You have no souls!" I father would call me from Florida. "Hey Jim," he'd say.

screeched. The magnificence of the thing I had seen fed the

"Come and visit me and your Mom." He didn't exactly buy rebellion in me. The workers turned. In those almond eyes my aliens story—but he thought that getting out of Texas for a shimmered what seemed awareness. It was as though the phoenix while might do me some good. Dad was convinced I was sick.

plus my outburst had knocked them toward an attempt at I'd refuse, but something deep inside told me it might be a good examining their own existence. This made me wonder again if idea and one of these times I might just do that.

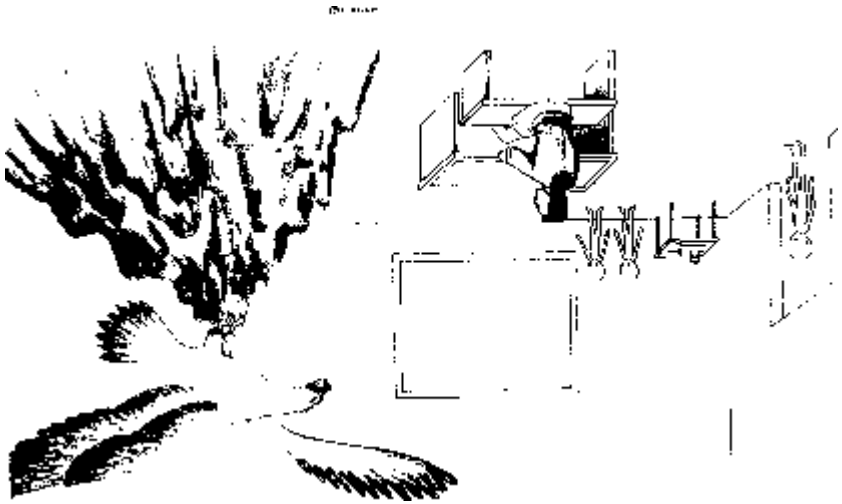
these workers weren't artificially constructed. Then I felt the presence The abductions continued. I won't bore you—they got to of the Supervisor. I turned and sure enough the boss was there.

be a routine—but around this time something else happened

"DON'T SAY THAT TO THEM."

of note. I was there in alien zone, sitting with the teaching Somehow, I felt guilty for a moment, but then my outrage thing. The workers were working, and the lesson was spinning returned. I wrote out my question, as they'd requested to get along—then everything halted. The machine went black, and responses. "What was that bird?"

the workers froze.



•FIG. 22: THE PHOENIX HAS EVERYONE SPELLBOUND

My Daughter

No direct answer. Nonetheless, an image formed in my mind. It was an outline memory of my classroom in elementary school. I saw myself as a child standing among my classmates, gazing at the American flag and reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. I got it.

That bird symbolized whatever their society or government or alien equivalent was. They were paying some sort of respect. Why it had shown up then was hard to say—maybe it was part of my education. All of this the aliens neither confirmed or denied, but I was satisfied that this was the case.

I felt a twinge of remorse. Maybe I should not have shouted such abuse at my captors. I had every right, and these angry spoutings were helping me to keep sane, but still, I had a twinge of guilt—

they were showing me something of themselves. In a sense, the experience with that phoenix bridged a small gap. Recognizing and respecting the symbol of one's nation—for us, the flag, for them, the phoenix—was something we had in common. They seemed somehow a little less... alien.

After the phoenix experience, things were quiet and I recovered physically, if not totally emotionally. Larry the cop dropped by a few times to see if his anti-hoodoo was working. I told him it must be helping some. The other neighbors, and the other friends ignored me.

As for my business—all I can say is thank God for Jim in North Carolina who took up the slack. I paid him a fair commission, but he went above the call of duty. I'm sure Jimmy thought I was on a major drug trip, or I had just lost my mind, but if it weren't for him and his wife Peggy—both excellent real estate brokers—I would have gone completely bankrupt.

At this point in my life the only thing that seemed to matter to me was to survive this abduction phenomenon. Christmas of 1989 was

around the corner, and Teresa was coming home to spend it with me. My relationship with her was distant at best, mostly because although there was a three-week lull in abduction activity, the paranormal stuff continued—strange lights, noises, and things flying about the house. If not for my alien *120*

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My Daughter

experience I would have thought the place was haunted by a I began to understand. Could this be a tool in communicat-poltergeist. Worker aliens appeared in transparent state—not to ing messages between extraterrestrials and humans? This could abduct me but to observe my daily activity. At other times they even be an experiment to see how much we could actually com-would make their appearance more obvious, in which case I municate. One thing was

certain—the only way I had any hope would yell a few obscenities at them. Mostly I was tired of fight-of getting answers to questions was to address them with writing ing and just allowed them their odd communications.

in their symbols. This understanding gave me incentive to learn because it was easier to interact with them. It helped make my The aliens seemed to be extremely interested in spontane-abduction experiences go a lot faster and more smoothly.

ous human reactions and emotions. I got the impression that In the midst of this lesson the word "LOOK" appeared on they were somehow recording or storing the information. Some-the table screen. Beside the table screen was a girl—a human times I would even hear them when they got into solid mode, girl, I thought at first —and then I had to look closer, because I bumping into things or knocking things down. In 3-D reality, wasn't so sure. She was young, maybe twelve or so. She just they were clumsy guys! They were masters of their spacecrafts—

stood there, staring at me, and not one time did she blink. A real but clods in Jim Sparks's house!

cute girl—frail, with a slightly pointed chin, thin short, dirty-They had me happily sequestered in isolation. No one believed blond hair. However, by human standards her nose was too my stories... and they knew it. However, I was thinking clearly small, her lips were too thin. What stood out the most were her enough by now (thanks in large part to the return of my health) eyes. They almost looked like human eyes, but rounder and that there were others besides Teresa and myself who had larger. I wasn't frightened. I couldn't stop looking into those encountered them. Did they have the same residual effects as eyes. I sensed love and at the same time a mental strength. My me? Did they feel as though their dormant telepathic muscle was impression was that she was half human and half alien, but there being worked? I now longed to meet these people, but when?

was something else. Something hauntingly familiar. Then it hit Teresa and I had a relatively nice holiday and fell into the me. She was my daughter.

easier-going aspects of a relationship. Our bodies and minds

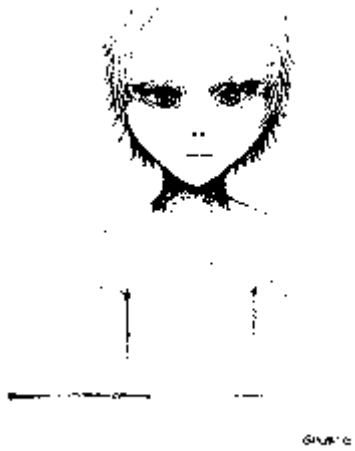
"She's mine!" I found myself saying. Of course, I had no were, after all, ultimately used to each other's company. The daughter I knew of, but I couldn't deny that some of her features traditions of the season helped lull us into the illusion of were similar to mine, though definitely blended with the alien normality. Then, just a couple of days before New Year's Eve, I was characteristics. Before I could think too much about this, one of

"pulled" the hard way. There, before that teaching machine, I the new symbols flashed. Next to it "TUG OF WAR" appeared.

felt I'd hardly left—as though my real life were the abnormality.

I thought to myself, "TUG OF WAR? You mean, like the camp On this particular trip I was taught a lesson on some rather game?" Then the girl's eyes started to move. The symbol was complex symbols that were difficult to learn because as I dupli-duplicated, and I could tell that the girl was doing this with her cated each stroke I could feel motion from the stroke throughout mind. I could sense her telepathic activity with my own newly my whole body. For example, if I moved my stroke to the left, I acquired ability. Only she was doing it wrong. I tried to tell her could feel that same flow move through my body to the left. The this, with my mind—and she seemed to understand, but she ignored same sensation applied for up, down, angles, circles and so me. Once again on the wall screen the words "TUG OF WAR"

forth. I got the sense that I was learning the basic principles of appeared. I formed the symbol properly for her, with my telepathic communication.



•FIG. 23: JIM'S DAUGHTER

The Keepers

My Daughter

finger—repeating it to

off to the store. I had a good feeling inside of me, as though I'd her with my mind.

reached a turning point and maybe the rest of the way on this She didn't like

strange journey would be up. Outside though, who should be that. Struggle

waiting for me but the guys in the white Ford sedan, just sitting showed on her face as

there watching. I recognized them, all right, and my benevolent we went forth in a

mood vanished. I lost my temper and screamed toward them and kind of tug of war

immediately canned the expedition. They'd follow for sure and indeed, altering the

I'd be so pissed off I'd do something like run into them. I headed symbol. Oddly at the

back into the house. Cereal and toast would have to do for breakfast.

same time during this

I also came to a decision.

game I felt I was

As we ate, I told Teresa about my father's invitation. I told communing with

her that I wanted to accept it—and sincerely asked her, in the my newfound

interest of our relationship, to go along with me. We didn't have hybrid daughter.

to stay long, I promised, just long enough for me to get myself The experience was

back into order. She didn't have to think long. She could see I almost like hugging

was really struggling—but succeeding. She knew that maybe a child, yet without

this would be the best course for me. She agreed. In fact, when I touching. I caught

told her that, as she was still on an indefinite leave of absence, I the meaning pretty

thought maybe she should leave a few days ahead of me, to get quickly. It was a

my parents ready for me—and to get our living arrangements game. I could feel the

set up. I checked with Mom and Dad. "Yes, certainly," they said.

radiation of strange energy from her.

"The sooner the better."

Had this been the destination of my sperm? Was she a When Teresa was ready, I drove her to the airport, but I reproductive hybrid of me and some extraterrestrial biology?

didn't point out to her the guys following us in the white sedan. I Anyway, the tug of war was oddly enjoyable, once I realized it didn't tell her anything of what was going on—just that I was was a mental game, and I got involved with it. I drew a new symbol, working hard on getting better. I kissed her good-bye and for a one that I'd just learned, and we went back and forth with that.

moment, as I held her, there seemed to be a moment of a brighter It was an interesting interplay, and I felt a kinship—a bond. Then future. I might not be able to shake the Visitors, but maybe I I could sense it was time to go. Acceleration. Living room... sofa, could shake my flesh-and-blood trackers. I didn't particularly paralyzed, of course. I sat there, thinking about the implications of want to encourage those guys in the Ford sedan to find out the little girl I'd just been with—my little girl? Yes, I was sure of where I was going. Yes, they probably could, but it was worth a it. It was unsettling, yes, but I also wasn't as upset as I usually am try to avoid them. Instead of sleeping at home that night, I checked after an abduction.

into a downtown hotel. In the room, I thought about the past two years. I was through running away trying to seek denial and I got some sleep. In the morning, I decided to make break-oblivion. I was

onto something new. I didn't really fast for Teresa, who was sleeping in. I needed eggs, so I headed 124

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The Keepers

consider going to Florida as an escape. The Visitors surely had me tagged in some way—they'd proven that. No. In Florida, fortified *Chapter Fifteen*

by family, a relaxing by-the-sea climate, and a resolve to understand, I was going to face what was happening to me.

When I woke up the following morning in the hotel room, I was pleased to find that I hadn't been abducted the night before.

After washing up, I packed my belongings and headed for the Beach Puzzles

airport. Sure enough, waiting for me outside were my two "friends."

I stopped at my house long enough to grab a few more things.

My buddies followed me. At home I just hoped that going to Florida would shake these bozos for a while. As I packed, I felt in a I was born in the Miami area and lived there until I was way I never could have before that I could see a future—and it eighteen, when we moved to the west coast of Florida where I was a future in which I would never live in this house again.

spent a good deal of time The humid air, sunshine and palm Alien-gifted precognition or simple gut feeling? Who can say?

trees, and fetid smells was *home,* but now Florida seemed far, As the two sedan boys followed me to the airport, I had another far from Texas or anywhere else in the United States.

feeling. Anger. Paranoia. Tears stung my eyes. But almost as This was a good thing, I thought, as I got a smack of tar-though I was calming myself, I had the feeling—the strong mac smell in my face, and an urge to put on some shorts as precognition that even though they probably had the wherewithal to soon as I got off the plane. Certainly the first thing I should do follow me, going to Florida was the best way to ditch these was to buy some sunglasses. A Florida winter was a lot goons. I was sad, too, because I loved Texas. I loved the home brighter than a Houston winter!

I'd built and the sense of place. But I had to move on. I just had My father and mother had turned out to greet me along to. It was the right feeling.

with my younger brother. It was good to see them. The kiss Since that day I've never again seen any of the guys who from my mother, the hearty handshakes from my father and watched me from those white Ford sedans. Although I never brother felt good. Their presence made me immediately realize knew exactly who they were, I didn't really care. That was a I'd done exactly the right thing.

mystery I didn't want to work on.

Teresa was at the house when we got there. We didn't say I had other mysteries to concentrate on.

too much to each other—there didn't seem too much to be said.

I was glad to be there, though, and looking around the comfortable house all I could wonder was: How long before the Visitors come for me again? And how would they go about it, what with a house full of people? I had almost made up my mind at that point not to talk about the abductions. This was not the time or place for traumas, but it seemed reasonable now to venture out a bit. I mean, they were my family, right? If

Beach Puzzles

The Keepers

I was here long enough, they'd be able to see I wasn't drinking was for sure, the thought of going back to Texas scared the day-and didn't show any effects of drug abuse.

lights out of me. More and more I felt that I might never return So after I got settled in and the small talk got a bit strained, I to live there again. As time went by I got even more of my men-asked Dad to go with me on a long walk. As the wind blew off tal and physical strength back, and my confidence returned.

the Atlantic and fluttered the palm leaves, we walked along the I was stronger all around. What's more, I was ready for the beach and I tried to tell him what was happening to me. He just Visitors when they returned for me, and I felt further abductions kind of shut me out, as if he simply didn't want to hear it.

would not waste me like the previous ones had.

When I approached my mom—she was sympathetic but Also, unsympathetic ears simply were not worth my words. I she couldn't grasp any of the concepts I was dealing with. My decided to wait until I could find the right person to tell every-brother simply figured I'd flipped my lid. These people had always thing to. Otherwise it was a waste of breath.

considered me to be stable, logical and down to earth, but this Four months had gone by, and it was April *1990.*

out-of-this world Jim just didn't fit them.

I was still at my parents' house and I was getting restless.

However, my sister-in-law, Janet, did believe part of what I Although I wasn't ready to go back to Texas, I felt it was time to was saying. She told me about a friend of hers who had gone move on. When I was eighteen, my first apartment was on the through almost the same thing, with a few slight differences. My island of Fort Myers Beach, off Florida's west coast. Those were ears perked up, and I asked her for specifics.

good days. I saw no reason why I shouldn't move there again.

"I have no idea where she is now," she said. "She moved So, I headed out there for the weekend and put a deposit on a several years ago and we didn't keep in touch."

rental apartment about a hundred yards from the beach. I was scheduled to move the first of May. I was excited about this Janet considered this friend stable and intelligent—so she move because I always did like the beach. When I got back to thought it was worth listening to me, remaining open. It felt so Miami, I informed my family about my plans.

good to have someone who didn't think I was three engines short of a jet airliner.

A few days after I got back from the Gulf Coast, I was sleeping alone in my parents' guest room. I woke up. The clock I settled down some, and everybody seemed to approve.

said 3:30 *A.M.*

Jim was becoming his old self again.

9 Hooray.

The owl was hovering in the room, in phosphorescent shimmer. Time for School.

The move to my family's home in Miami slowed down the I thought I was ready. I wasn't.

abduction scenario. In fact, month after month passed with no sign of the things. Were they leaving me alone because they were I jumped out of bed and scurried into the kitchen. I had giving my mental faculties a rest? Probably they didn't really made enough noise to wake the dead. The house was dark and I care. They hadn't shown any consideration before. Why now?

was banging into things. I disturbed no one. I even went into Maybe my living with a bunch of people slowed them down.

their rooms and shook them. They just simply couldn't wake up.

Still, I had my own private room. No one had spotted them in I felt that strange yet familiar static electric buzz around my the hotels they whisked me from. Were they finished with me?

body, and the overwhelming urge to go to sleep. I fought this Probably not. I wasn't sure what the reason was, but one thing urge and the willfulness tore through my automatic reactions.

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Beach Puzzles

The Keepers

Wait a moment, I said to myself. Remember. You've been through disrupt me, but not as much anymore. I can't tell you what an this before. "Take it in stride," I said out loud. "Why do you important step that was for me.

bastards come for me in the middle of the night? You know it Teresa and I moved to the West Coast of Florida to the scares me!"

apartment I had rented. Staying with my parents had been extremely I got back in bed, still tasting fear. Sleep came, then the helpful—but we were ready to be on our own again.

acceleration. Again, the familiar yet alien environment loomed I liked my new place. Here was the beach life, a relaxed before me. On the screen was the last symbol I'd been working and—thanks to the income from the business—an almost carefree on—as though I were there yesterday. I had plenty of questions, life. A complete turnaround from the hell in Texas. It wasn't and I knew not only how to ask them but that the style of my easy for Teresa. She missed Houston's bustle, her old home, asking would please them. But I thought it would be best to just even her job. She frequently mentioned wanting to go back.

go with the flow to see what was in store.

Although our differing attitudes toward the abductions had put a Something new was in store this time. After a few new sym-wedge between us, I wasn't upset by much since my mental bols, I got puzzles—a combination of alien symbols, numbers faculties had returned. "Sure. Go back if you want," I said. I and memory. I had to place symbolic combinations together into guess the leisure, sun, and surf had its charms for her too, for she a certain form. I got the feeling that if I functioned well on this, decided to stay for a while and make the decision later.

they'd be more than happy to answer any questions. Over time Our income was low, since mine had lowered and hers had the puzzles became more difficult, but once I got a grasp of the stopped, but things didn't seem to cost so much here and the basics, the more complicated symbols were easier for me to put price was worth it to me. In Florida, for some reason, the abduc-together. This whole learning process seemed easier this time. I'd tions had reduced in number. And the laid-back relaxation of adopted a new attitude of acceptance, although sometimes I still sun, shorts, and sunglasses certainly was balm to my nerves.

felt animosity and had to check my anger.

After living in the beach apartment for several months, we I was still curious, and I wondered if I stayed cooperative moved to a beach house. The place had gotten developed since and docile, would they turn me loose to see the rest of the ship?

my former days here—I wanted to be in a little less congested You have to understand that when I was in that teaching posi-area. Isolation didn't seem so scary to me now. If the aliens wanted tion I was at the very least partially paralyzed and it would be me, they could get me anywhere. In 1990 I got abducted far quite nice to be able to get up and have a look around.

fewer times than in 1989. Why was this, I wondered idly? Some Reward time. This time I got strange projections of a possi-sort of base in Texas? Hard to say, but mostly I think what I had ble future—whether it was a forecasted future or a look into an at first was "Alien Boot Camp"—and the training helped me actual future, I couldn't say. In any case I don't remember the deal with my new life later on.

scenes per se, but I do remember the pleasure and contentment.

Nothing happened out of the ordinary—if you can count The lab rat gets its cheese.

regular programming in alien symbols ordinary—until early Then—wooosh!—back to the guest room. It was almost 1991.

daylight and instead of being traumatized, this time I was calm. I And when it did happen, it was pretty bad.

slept. I awoke late, but refreshed—and with a sense of moving forward with the whole experience. Sure, the abductions would 130

 success in a big way, Daved's smart and sharp as a tack. He is *Chapter Sixteen*

a very caring guy who has made a real difference in my life.

Two years after my rough experience in 1992, I found support in that group for my grief and shock. A couple named Courtney and Steve Wood had had a similar experience. They were a good-looking couple with Southern drawls in their mid-forties .

An Adventure on board

They were both in the banking business—very responsible, solid folk. Courtney was blonde and lovely, and everything about Steve spelled strength—physically and emotionally.

The bad thing for Teresa and me was that while we still This relaxed time probably made me less eager to search were married, we were not as close as we had once been. In out other contactees and abductees. Probably I was just recov-early 1992, she missed two periods. Now this was odd, ering and lying low for a bit. In any case, when I did finally because while we did have sex, it wasn't that often. Plus, when we start going to the meetings in 1994, I realized I could help lots did get intimate in this way, we used birth control. Pregnant?

of people with fragmented memories simply because mine Surely not. Still, she went to the doctor, and it didn't take long were pretty complete. Conversely, I found people there who to determine that yes, indeed, she was expecting. My first could help me with my experiences. There were solid people in thought was that she must have been having an affair. As we had this group—people like Don Watkins, a law enforcement state serious marital problems, I almost half-expected this, but my Italian supervisor, and Daved Rubien, an engineer and investor.

jealousy was checked by practicality and compassion. She assured Don Watkins is a short, cocky guy—a muscular fellow in me, though,

that this wasn't the case. I must be the father, she stated his fifties who looks like a cop in every way—steely eyes, short

"Well," I thought, "I could always check the DNA later."

hair, and hard-looking. From the first, I could pretty much peg Still, with my having seen both Teresa and my "daughter" on his main fault. Don was the high-machismo sort the alien craft, I got a sick feeling about the whole thing. So I heavy on ego and personal power. However, around me he was just took it day by day. A part of me said, "Be cautious."

pretty much a puppy dog and we got along great. We both At the end of her third month, Teresa went for a check-up knew the alien abduction phenomenon was real. His memories and was just fine. That evening though, she woke up in great of it all were fragmented. Sometimes they were clear, but mostly he pain. I rushed her to the emergency room at Lee Memorial found in me a way to get in touch with what he couldn't remember.

Hospital in Fort Myers. I waited with her in one of the small He became one of my best friends.

examination rooms for a staff doctor. He asked me to leave so If God is the master of the Universe, Daved Rubien is the he could run some tests, so I waited in the hall. An hour later soul of the Earth. He's a tall guy, filled with health and com-he came out to say that Teresa would be fine. There was only one passion, love and comfort. I guess you could say that Daved problem though—while she definitely had been pregnant, with was the emotional stabilizer for all of us abductees. If we a fetal sack and all—there was now no fetus inside. He held up an called any time day or night, he was there for us. A financial ultrasound photograph with a uterus, a sack, and no fetus.

An Adventure on Board

The Keepers

He explained that although this was a quality picture here brought on board the easy way—that is, the way you or I might in his hands, the fetus might not be showing for some reason. It board a passenger jet. I was still pretty awestruck. I thought I had happened before. "If your wife was still in pain I would take would have been prepared, but I really wasn't. By now you probably more intrusive and extensive tests. These tests are a little riskier understand why, although I was frightened at finding an alien in and quite expensive. She seems to be doing just fine, so I don't human disguise making like Humphrey Bogart, I wasn't totally see the point in disturbing her any further. If the pain happens surprised. With the Visitors you expect the unexpected. But I was again, bring her back in here and we'll do other tests."

pretty shocked, I must say, that night at finding myself with free rein of the ship.

My stomach sank down to about ankle level. The baby was gone. I was convinced that the aliens had taken it. I was abso-After that walk to the beach, though, with all the sensory lutely sure that this was all a part of their plan for her. My wife aspects of reality—the breezes, the sea oats, the vivid sea had a miscarriage, sure enough, the next day in fact, and there smells—there could be no doubt that this was indeed all truly was no actual fetus in the expelled material. The doctor assured happening, including that ship hanging there above the sea. It me that this sometimes happened, that the body sometimes absorbed was real as real can be! As you may recall I was left alone in an a faulty fetus. The first trimester was the riskiest part of the examination room with the door open. I walked and explored, pregnancy span, and I researched the situation. Everything he and I was stunned at what I found in the room where I ended up.

said was true. It did happen. This could well be perfectly posI'd been hoping for just this opportunity for years. Now, sible, but I had a gut

feeling that the aliens had taken it.

though, with what was spread out before me, I wasn't so sure I Indeed, when I mentioned this feeling at the meetings I went should have ventured out into the ship. There were Creatures—

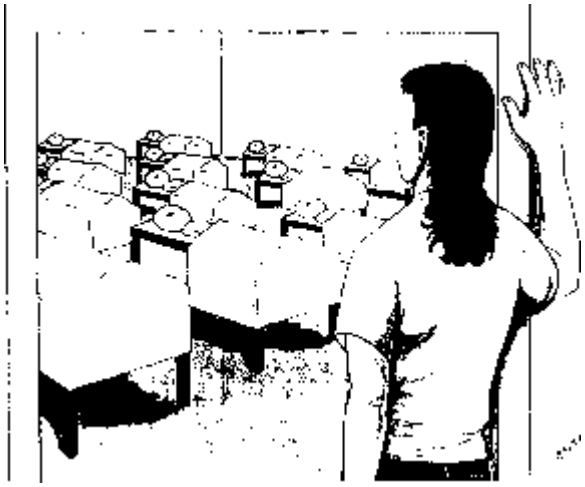
to during 1994, my friend Courtney mentioned that she'd had Things —fifteen or twenty of them. I don't know exactly the number, several pregnancies where she was positive the aliens abducting her because I was too shaken up to count. They were on the kind of had taken the child just at this point. Even as she declared this, examination table that I'd just departed, on their backs, covered another woman named Hillary said she'd had the exact same by thin blankets or sheets pulled up to their necks. They were experience. Another abductee, Shirley, said, "I wouldn't be like the worker aliens but a little more human, which actually surprised to find this is a common phenomenon among female made them all the more alien. Their heads were bigger than the abductees." In these cases as well, although there had been sex, workers'. They had no hair, no eyebrows or eyelids and smooth there was surprise at the pregnancy. I was heartbroken about the faces. I had the sense they were female, although they had no miscarriage. Although we hadn't planned on a child, the idea of breasts. They just lay there, not looking so much asleep or me being a father had not seemed to be a bad one at all. In fact, dead—as turned off.

I'd rather liked the idea. I felt a real loss—a real sadness.

I don't know what came over me—a surge of horror, and an Eventually, the pain for both of us wore off.

incredible realization of what I was involved with. Routine had Two years crept by, with only occasional abductions. Then turned into raw dread and fear. As soon as I got my voice, I on March 7, 1994, everything changed. That was the day I took started screaming. I backed up against the wall and just let it rip.

that walk on the beach with the alien in the 40's suit, and the day My terror was suddenly mitigated by the perceived presence of a I got my wish to roam about one of their craft, which is where I Supervisor. I could feel him behind me, and I almost welcomed started this book —on the ship, free to roam, having been the arrival of this familiarity. My body became paralyzed, and I 135



The Keeper s

A n A d v e n t u r e o n B o a r d felt a river of calm flow over me from the alien. Then, my reality I felt no paralysis. A thought occurred to me—I could just altered. Something reached inside my mind and —click!—a kick the bastard—he's so close. But it was just a whim—I real.

projection of a different view of the room developed. It was ized immediately that I wouldn't do such a thing on purpose.

screen imaging. It rippled over this screen image, and suddenly Although I was angry, I didn't want to harm anyone or the strange beings lying on the tables were beautiful women.

anything—and I sure didn't want to get myself in trouble with This image somehow relaxed me. They turned and looked at me, these things that had such power over me. I realized then that I but these

women I also thought were shut down or dead. They was naked, even as one of the workers put a too-familiar all had exactly the same kind of makeup and hairstyles—sort of apparatus over my groin. Oh, boy—semen extraction again. I ludicrously glamorous. One spoke to me.

was far from thrilled. It's difficult to tell you how abusive this feels.

The Supervisor sensed my apprehension and I could feel the screen image percolating. He looked over toward a doorway, and two very attractive young women entered the room, petite with beautiful dark hair and skin-tight blue jeans. The mere sight of them bore a shock straight to the old reptile brain of Jim Sparks. They were almost a parody of what I liked in beautiful women—clearly these beings could read every centimeter of my mind. One even wore the kind of silver and turquoise jewelry I find attractive on women. They seemed so real.... One of them ran her fingers through my hair and stroked my face. She turned to the other woman who was staring down adoringly at me and said, "My, isn't he handsome!"

Well, that proved they weren't real! Still, it was easy to fall into the illusion. They stroked me and gave me pleasure and then a warm mild electrical shock coursed through my testicles and I ejaculated. This shook off the spell, and the sense of abuse came over me again.

•FIG. 24: VIEWING THE ALIEN HYBRIDS FOR THE FIRST TIME

"This isn't natural!" I yelled.

"We're not dead, Jim," she said.

Almost reflexively, I jerked away and tried to get away, and my leg kicked up—hard—into the Supervisor beside me. This I was still frightened, but not in any kind of panicky way, startled me as much as it did him. The two women beside me and then, mercifully, I just blacked out. When I got back my con-vanished into thin air. I fell back onto the table, upset and maybe sciousness, I was on an

examination table myself, lying on my even contrite, but I noticed that all signs of any kind of reality back, propped up at a forty-five degree angle. A worker stood overlay had been smacked away. Gone were all the false images.

by, and a Supervisor stood right next to my leg.

The Supervisor suddenly seemed frail, atrophied. His large head was a mass of wrinkles, like those of some very old man.

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The Keepers

And I got an incredible jumble of thought beams projected *Chapter Seventeen*

at me from him! *How could you do that to me? You know better! You should have known better. I trusted you. You betrayed my trust in you. You betrayed my trust in you. You disappointed us. Did you try to disappoint us? You did this on purpose. You tried to hurt me. Why would you want to hurt me? Don't you know this is bad?* On and on in a gush, a stream, a mind-blast.

This Way, Please

A hundred of these phrases ripped out, complete with emotion. I felt and heard each and every phrase clearly—all in one second! I was numbed. Laying back on the table, I knew I'd never forget how those ancient, strange eyes had looked at me.

Pine resin. I smelled the sharp smell of trees and the bitter Acceleration. Why the hard way again? That, after all, was the taste of dead leaves, moss, weeds and ocean, with a touch of swamp.

way they'd brought me here this time. Onto the moonlit beach, I was in the woods—a deciduous forest of some sort, it seems, then

directly on board. Maybe they just couldn't deal with me.

with just a touch of a cool breeze. There were oaks and pines Back in the quiet pre-dawn hours at my beach home, I felt beneath an overcast night sky. I stood in a large clearing. What was exhausted, overcome and of two minds about this whole I doing here? I didn't recall at first... but then I remembered the experience. On one hand I was elated. I'd been able to explore whirl and rush of acceleration. This was an abduction, but I their ship a bit. I was moving forward. I'd had a different had been brought here instead of on board a craft. "Details," I experience. At the same time I felt depressed. Maybe I'd blown told myself. "I have to remember details."

the whole thing. Maybe I'd failed a test. Of course, even if I'd hurt By now, of course, I realized how important it was that I the Supervisor, it wasn't badly. And since they knew me through and cling to my memories, as most abductees I'd met had had a hard through, they must have known I didn't intend to hurt him. And time with that. If my experiences could help others, or accomplish even then they knew they were doing things to me that I felt something, then the pain of my experiences would count toward were abusive and I was simply reacting to them. Still, I couldn't others' learning—maybe even help humankind. This kind of shake the feeling that although there was a strong possibility I'd thinking wasn't actually purely altruistic. Frankly, it helped me taken a big step forward after six and a half years of confusion, keep my sanity. Okay. Details....

there had been a bit of a slip. The big relief at this point was that The clearing where I stood was maybe half the size of a it was 1994, not 1989. I had someone to share all this with football field. There was more than the breeze sighing through Tim, and the group. Maybe I'd share it with them later, I thought, as the tree branches, though. There was the dreadful sound of I eased off to sleep with those images of the creature things on the people crying and moaning. Alarmed, I looked down. There examination table fading away into dreams.

were maybe fifteen people sprawled on the ground around my

"I was taking these changes better," I thought, as I finally feet. I turned at another sound, and saw that there was also a fell asleep. It was still culture shock, yes, but something inside young man standing to my right. The people on the ground were me was tough now and trained to take this mental and emo-both men and women. Most of them were in their night-tional punishment.

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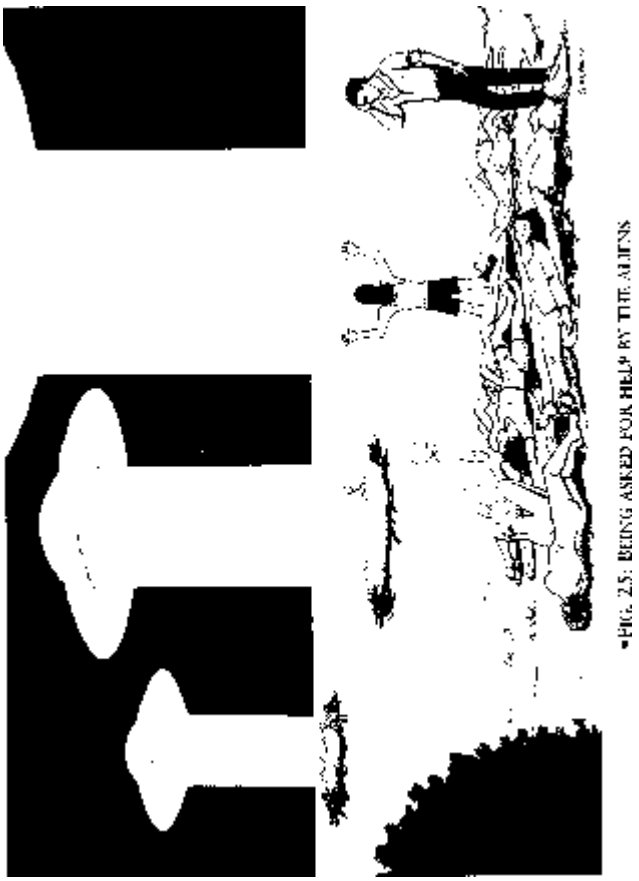

This Way, Please

The Keepers

clothes; a few were nude. The guy to my right, though, wore a short-sleeve white dress shirt, dark dress slacks and leather shoes. He had dark hair and medium build. Although he was standing, he was

paralyzed, except that he could speak. He was panicked, and he murmured: "The last thing I remember was driving home in my car...." The people on the ground had clearly been abducted from their sleep. They lay paralyzed, disoriented but completely conscious. There was an exception: a blonde-haired woman in the group was in fetal position, rocking back and forth on the ground and screaming uncontrollably, only partially paralyzed.

For some reason, I was calm.

As my eyes adjusted to the dark pools around me, I could see that about 20 yards to the left another dozen people were sprawled on the ground. Above them stood an alien. Twenty yards to the left of that group were another dozen or so people. Detail: Three piles of disoriented people in a clearing, barely dressed or naked. I was determined to remember this. The young man standing by me was losing control, shrieking terribly. An alien appeared beside me, and I heard his telepathic communication: "CALM HIM."

"Me?" I said. "Are you giving me a job?"

Again the alien said, "CALM HIM."

As he seemed truly bent out of shape and I certainly understood what that could be like, I figured I should at least try, although I doubted my efficacy in the matter. I grabbed his arm and said,

"You'll be okay."

"I feel sick," he said. "My stomach is... sick!"

"That's normal after just being transported," I told him, trying to sound reassuring. "It happens to me all the time, but it quickly passes."

"I'm so scared," he said.

"Yes. I know how that feels. The same thing happened to me—try hard not be scared. You'll be just fine. You'll be okay."

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I continued my soothing words. He began to calm down. I just such a moment. I tried to signal the ships in the symbology I was truly astonished that I could do this. The blonde woman on had learned, tracing it in the air. I blacked out.

the ground seemed to be even more distraught now, though, rocking When I awoke, I found myself in a large foyer. Beside me back and forth. Then the alien said, "CALM HER."

was the group of people I'd stood among, totally zombied-out.

I could move. I realized then what was happening—I was

"LEAD THEM."

being trusted again. I hadn't blown it when I'd freaked and There was only one way to go. I headed down a corridor kicked the Supervisor alien. I leaned over and placed my hand on and sure enough, these people followed. The hallway felt like the girl's shoulder. "You'll be okay. They'll take you aboard their something on a ship—it felt familiar. At the end of it was a huge ship and teach you things. A new alphabet. Numbers. Symbols."

room buzzing with activity. Inside there were rows and rows of

"NO! YOU ARE TELLING HER TOO MUCH. JUST

computer monitors, each fronted with seats and a work desk.

CALM HER!"

There were already some people in the front. Each of the moni-I continued to do my best to soothe her with calming tors displayed the same picture. It reminded me of a NASA con-words. As I talked to her, I heard others on the ground moaning trol room or a TV salesroom.

and crying in fear. I felt overwhelmed. One of the people cried,

"SEAT THEM."

"Look! The ships! They're coming!" I looked up. Above us were I did my best. It seemed automatic almost, the way I was three balls of light, glowing within the low clouds. One streaked familiar with this whole set up. These guys were a class of many, from the horizon to hover just above us, as though on cue. The though, and I'd always been a class of one. Even as I put them others followed. Then, majestically, one descended.

into their seats one by one, I noted the monitors going blank. It For all the stuff you see in movies or pictures, being there in was rather nice knowing exactly what I was supposed to do and the flesh makes all the difference in actually experiencing them.

performing my function competently. Soon my group was all seated.

This was the case with this vessel, this thing that others might As soon as the last person was down, I blacked out again. I call a UFO. Silently and gracefully it descended in gorgeous, reawakened to discover myself in a chair. "Gee," I thought, "all they magnificent splendor. Its beauty took my breath away. It was a needed to do was to tell me to sit, and I would have done it." Or large metallic sphere with a streamlined dome. The egg-shaped maybe not. I had been scanning the whole room, getting curious bottom, slightly out of proportion with the rest of the ship, low-again.

ered. I saw windows containing the silhouettes of humanoids.

On my screen and the screens of those around me erupted a Some figures stared down at us, others scurried about. The most color image showing a vibrant green forest with old-growth astounding thing of all was the light radiating from the bottom trees, backed by mountains in the background, with a clear, crisp intensely bright white with a bluish hue.

blue sky. All this was majestically beautiful, as were the followI was witnessing some sort of mass abduction in process. I ing images: a clear lake, a fantastic waterfall, a rain forest—set-have to say I was spellbound by the sight. I walked forward a tings of nature here on planet Earth. I lost my objectivity and became few feet trying to get closer. The second ship came down and mesmerized. I felt the intense fabulousness of it all.

hovered further down the field. The third ship did the same, It was like an amazing slideshow—we all got a few seconds hovering above the final group. I thought maybe I'd been trained for of each image and then it moved onward—a View Master 142

experience supreme. But then, the scenes began to repeat. Blem-accomplishment. I felt as though I had a place in whatever strange ishes began to appear in the scenes. Brown foam in the lakes and scheme was happening. Unfortunately, there was one problem: My rivers. Blackened waste in the forest. Skies became nasty and right eye was sore. I didn't remember bumping it, but that meant gray. I felt a depression weigh upon me. Then: dead fish, bloated nothing. I'd conked out a lot on this last abduction and could and floating in the turgid mess in a lake. Such was the change have hit a few things, but there were also those bright lights. My from elation to depression that I couldn't look any more.

next thought was about Tim, and how glad I was that I was going to be able to share this with him.

"YOU ARE KILLING YOUR PLANET!" said the Voice inside my head. "YOUR PLANET IS DYING."

My eye was still hurting when I saw him, but we were too At the bottom edge of each image was a symbol. To com-excited about this whole experience to discuss my eye problem bat the depression I felt, I started trying to translate these alien or go to a doctor. Tim was so thrilled with my story that he symbols—cataloging symbols, I supposed.

insisted that I let him hook me up with Budd Hopkins. "You have to meet Budd," he said. "This is much too important."

"NO!"

I agreed. I was starting to see more of how I fit into all this, I can't tell you how emphatic and truthful this environmen-and how I had to share with more people other than just the tal message was. I felt it with every fiber of my biology. True, so group. There was a reason behind all this. My eye continued to true, and yet I tried to deny it, focusing on the symbols as the hurt. I saw a doctor. He gave me eye drops, which helped to soothe images spun out their awful story. I blacked out.

and heal the eye in a matter of days. But I'll never forget his On the other side of unconsciousness I was in a smaller room, question after examining me.

rather like a locker room, complete with benches. My group of

"Has this eye been exposed to bright lights recently?"

people surrounded me, all naked, all showing fresh scars from surgical procedures, usually concave pieces of flesh removed from forearms or calves. These wounds, I remembered from the support

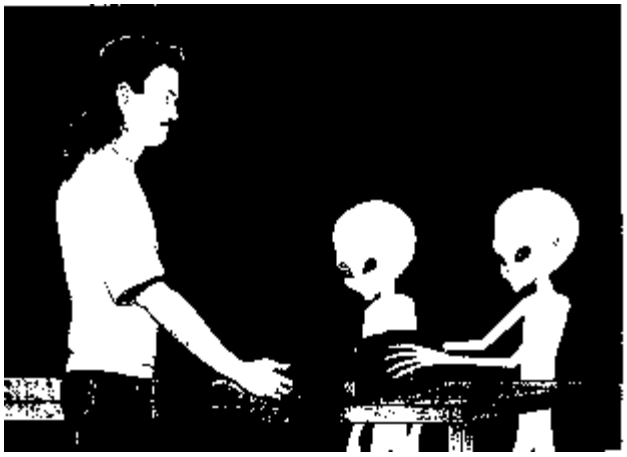
group and my own experience heal, often showing no lasting scar, but the people in the group were whimpering with terror. An alien walked in and told me,

"CALM THEM."

I did the best I could. but my words did seem to help. Then another alien entered. "FIND AND PUT ON YOUR OWN

CLOTHES." You'd think that, as orderly as the aliens are, the clothes would be neatly folded and stacked. Alas, no—they were mixed up and thrown all over, but the great task of finding and covering their nakedness helped put aside any panic. That was it. My job was done, and soon, after acceleration.

I was back on my familiar sofa, but this time I felt different even good. I felt an odd enjoyment of the experience, and an 144



This time, however, there wasn't a bit of me that was paralyzed,

and I was unattended. I made no effort to explore like last time.

I'd wait here to see what they had in mind. Sure enough, in a little while two Supervisors appeared, holding a black box—a perfect cube. The psychic radiation of their presence was a little upsetting, but I got a hold of myself and didn't panic.

The Gift

"LOOK. A GIFT FOR YOU."

One of the aliens took the black box and laid it on the table, and I noticed again how long and slender his fingers were.

"A gift?" I said. "What do you want me to do with it?"

I'd heard of Budd Hopkins, of course, from other mem-

"DO WITH IT AS YOU WILL."

bers of the group. I didn't read his books, as people suggested I might, because even then I had the sense that I had a unique They turned and left me with that box. I remember that mission and view of the whole alien scenario—one that I was although I was free to move around, I did feel a little foggy-just working out. I honestly feel —and still feel to a lesser extent—

headed. I had no sense of danger from the box, and I was curi-that reading too much other material will sully and confuse my ous, so I tried to open it. Alas, it seemed to have no lid. I tried to memories. Mary Anne, one of the members of my alien support wrest it open, but no luck. I thought about banging it against the abduction group agreed with Tim that I should talk with Budd.

table, but I didn't want the aliens to think I was tearing up their More than that, she knew an easy way to contact him. She had a summer home in Cape Cod, close to where Hopkins spent the month of August each year. She knew him well and invited me to stay with her and meet Budd there.

Hopkins had spent 17 years studying alien abduction phenomena and had figured importantly in Whitley Strieber's exposure of the whole business to national media attention through *Communion.* He had written the best-seller *Missing Time.*

When I agreed to go, it was fairly quiet—summer of 1994 saw no abductions. Rather than compromise myself totally, though, instead of actually reading it through, I just perused passages here and there to get the gist. I must say, even this reading process turned up some amazing similarities to my own story—

well, maybe not so amazing, since it merely confirmed to me the veracity of my own memory.

A few days before I was to head north, though, I was

•

pulled. I found myself in the same teaching room as before.

FIG. 26. BEING GIVEN THE GIFT

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ship. After pushing and pulling didn't work, I just put it on the mixed with blond. My chin seemed pointier. My image had no table and stared at it. Then I realized the one thing I hadn't tried eyebrows, and my moustache was gone. My eyes were slightly was a gentle exploratory method. Sure enough, I gently grasped larger, and my body more frail.

the lid and played with it, pulling it toward me. It slid off. Well, I

"What is this all about?" I asked. I got no answer, and I just hope that wasn't an intelligence test, because I probably didn't push it. Baffled, but happy to know that I'd be able to talk scored pretty darned low!

about this with an expert like Budd Hopkins, I just paid atten-I noticed a foul odor rising. In the box were about 6 or 7

tion as best I could. Soon I was transported back. I found myself upright, long glass tubes. Each tube was about an inch back home, and the clock read 5:30 A.M., safe and sound. The and a half in diameter. In the bottom lay a thick, dark brown, whole thing had been somewhat of a gift—after so long, a refresher sticky, smelly fluid, about two inches deep. The alien returned abduction to remind me of details, just days before my trip to and stared. I broke eye contact, not because I was frightened but Cape Cod! I'd be able to report things absolutely vividly!

just to be safe. "What is that dark stuff?"

Cape Cod was gorgeous in August, with the Atlantic breezes

"IT'S YOUR GIFT. WE EXTRACTED IT FROM YOUR

smelling clean and the sun giving off a much more pleasant kind LUNGS."

of heat than muggy old Florida. Mary Anne was a splendid hostess

"From my lungs? This trash was in my lungs?"

and showed me the places in the area where she'd actually been abducted from her car. One of her abductions had been I really didn't know what to think. Could this really be especially harrowing—but in general she dealt with the whole true? It's possible because at that time I was indeed a smoker. I experience well, using them to help others cope. I learned that one didn't know what to say.

of the reasons she'd done so well with this whole thing was that

"FOLLOW US," one instructed me.

she'd had a very supportive family who actually believed her and They took me into another room and instructed me to stay. I did the

things to keep her together in the first harrowing just stood there in the dark—then I blacked out. When I awoke, I experiences. I felt a little bit envious.

was in another room, this one well lit. I could move, but only in Although my main purpose here was to meet Budd Hop-a kind of slow motion. Peripherally I noticed that there was kins, Mary Anne wanted me to talk to another contactee to another woman in the room. It seemed to be Teresa. Then, I was whom the aliens had shown their symbols. I'd shown very few aware of the slender fingers of an alien touching me and guiding symbols to my group and generally kept them to myself, reason-me to another part of the room, so that the woman was out of ing (perhaps faultily) that if I found another person who knew my range of vision. The alien—definitely a Supervisor—led me the same alien symbols without having me disseminating them to a wall. There stood a full-length mirror that seemed to be the before-hand, it would be 100% rock-hard evidence that my sort they have in dressing rooms.

experiences weren't just extremely vivid hallucinations.

The alien stood me in front of this mirror and said, Sure enough, the person Mary Anne wanted me to meet

"LOOK."

kept a meticulously sketched record of the symbols she was taught The figure in the mirror was me—only altered—and not during her abduction experiences. Mary Anne knew this, and distorted, like a funhouse mirror. My hair is dark brown, full thus linked me up with a terrific lady whom I'll call Sandy. We and thick. The image showed me with thin dark brown hair, met, and we were both quite excited about the symbols. She 148

invited me to her home so we could go over some of her experi-of that car ride is crystal clear—and a car ride would take much ences and view some of the symbols she had seen.

longer than a few minutes.

Sandy is very fastidious. Most of her experiences were kept

"This could be a case of missing time," Budd said. Although I in diary form, and any alien symbols she remembered, she kept couldn't quite see how it related to my experiences, it did pique logged and filed. We both became quite excited about one Budd's interest. He mentioned that in most cases, encounters with particular abduction experience in which the similarities were aliens begin in an abductee's childhood. He thought it would be a good idea to explore this further through hypnotic regression.

astonishingly similar to one of mine. I'll never forget the shock that The process could uncover gaps or lost memories. I was a bit coursed through me as I looked at two of those symbols—

nervous at the idea. I'd never been hypnotized before, and I exactly as I remembered them. It was emotionally satisfying, and didn't really need it to recall my experiences. I felt I was unique it made me feel so much less alone.

and wanted to keep it that way. Budd understood. He explained The next night I was to attend a meeting of alien abductees that there were myths about hypnotic regression. Debunkers from the New England area, where I would meet Budd Hopkins.

claimed hypnotists lead the individual into believing or recalling This was such a special meeting for me. Budd Hopkins is such a events the hypnotist is suggesting. He assured me that this pleasant gentleman. He's graying, avuncular, soft-spoken and wouldn't happen—he just found that the hypnotic state was a best of all—he listens carefully to you. An extra treat that night relaxed environment that allowed recollections to occur. Of was the attendance of David

M. Jacobs, author of the book particular interest to Budd was the "Gift" I had been given. "It's *Secret Life. I* shared some of my story and listened to others.

a fresh abduction experience," he said, and he wanted to work There were similarities, but also differences, all of which con-with that a little bit.

curred with my opinion of the wide diversity of aliens who are visiting. Afterwards, Budd invited me to come by and talk furI agreed to undergo the hypnotic regression. Budd led me to ther. Sipping cold drinks that next day, we focused completely on a small room, just big enough for a comfortable, single bed.

my story. He was such a pleasure to talk to, and it was gratifying Budd instructed me to lie on the bed while he sat in a small chair.

to see how amazed he was by my memory for detail. He asked if There was a small bookshelf against a window with several I'd had anything odd happen to me before 1988. No, I replied.

books atop the sill. I felt relaxed. Budd asked me to close my However, there was one exception...

eyes, to think of a place where I enjoyed being, one that made me feel good. For me, that place has to be on the Gulf Coast in One day in the mid-fifties, my mother and I were visiting the morning, when gulls are feeding on baitfish that chum the relatives in New York City. I somehow got lost. I remember a glassy water. After a few minutes of relaxation and soothing words, strange man in a suit who offered to help. He took me to his car Budd asked me to talk about my memories of childhood, between and we drove around for what seemed at least an hour. We the ages of three and four. I did. He asked me to linger there and found my mother, and all ended well. However, the odd thing stand in front of a mirror and tell him what I saw.

was that to this day my mother swears that I was gone only for a couple of minutes. She'd panicked, looked around for me—and I must say now that I had the totally wrong idea of what there I was, holding the hand of a man in a dark suit. As I told hypnotic regression was. Maybe I had visualized stage hypno-Budd, my mother was quite overprotective, and it's hard for me tists making people bark like dogs, I don't know—but there on to see how she had let me get lost on my own. Also, my memory that bed I was completely conscious and totally aware, and I 150

knew I could end the session at any time. Once I was ready, The gist was that they wanted me to take more responsibility Budd simply asked me to share the story again, the story of how when I spoke of them and my interactions with them to other humans.

I was lost as a child. Although I was under hypnosis, I pretty In other words, this was a duty—bearing the message of what I much said the same thing and told the story with the same detail learned to others. I understood, but I didn't like the tone or method, as I had before. However, there was one big difference. As Budd and I guess I was being a little stubborn. They left me in pitch black.

asked me questions, and I watched the whole thing unfold again,

"STAY HERE AND THINK IT OVER."

I described everything. I was watching people through the square They wanted to ensure that I would tell my story accu-window of the vehicle I rode in.

rately, not adding anything of my own, just what I remembered.

"What do you see?"

In retrospect, standing there in the gloom, this didn't seem unreason-

"I see lots of people walking on the sidewalks. I see cars and able. I suppose I reacted in that way because of my natural buildings and I can see the tops of the men's hats. I am saying to stubbornness and resistance, which had given them such a hard the nice man as I look at the women, "That's not my mommy, and time before—and in turn helped me maintain my memory.

that's not my mommy."

I told the rest of the story. Budd shook his head. He didn't Then it hit me! I almost jumped off that bed. I was viewing see that regression was really useful with me—I wasn't coming the city streets filled with people and traffic all right, but obvi-up with that much more. I remembered almost everything con-ously I was up in the air! I was looking down! We were moving, sciously. Down the road, I might want to retrieve a lost memory and I was in some sort of craft. The implication here was that with it, but for the time being it didn't seem that useful. My the aliens had been keeping track of me since childhood.

conscious memory aligned pretty well with my unconscious When the session was over, Budd and I discussed the whole recollection. Budd gave me his thoughts on the matter. "Let's go thing. I would like to emphasize that in no way did he plant this back to the beginning. First of all they gave you a gift. When they memory. It was just there. You have to understand that I did left you alone in another room, you felt you were being chewed remember the craft—it just apparently never occurred to my out or lectured. I would have to call this a 'good-cop, bad-cop'

young mind that I was flying.

scenario." Secondly, Budd said he felt the reason the aliens had me look in the mirror was to make me believe that I was also That evening at Mary Anne's house I had the chance to go one of them. I was surprised to hear that. "Why?" I asked. He over all this again. I

had a true feeling of discovery, achievement, thought this way I would feel more a part of them and be less and belonging. I felt good. I felt validated.

reluctant to take on the duties they were bestowing upon me. He The next day at Budd's we immediately used the regression seemed to have great insight, and I gained a great deal from it as therapy to get into the alien-gift scenario. And thanks to the hyp-we spent a little more time going over his investigations and theories.

nosis, I got into an area where I had previously gone blank. All Later that evening Mary Anne and friends dined with Budd.

of the business up to the dark room was the same. Then, instead When she returned, she told me that Budd said that in all the of losing consciousness (or feeling that I had) I lingered in that years he had worked with abductees, I was the individual with dark room for quite some time until I heard a voice in my head.

the most conscious recall. At first that had seemed a curse. Now, This voice—followed by other voices—lectured me.

it was becoming more—I hoped anyway—a blessing.

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Human or Alien?

In December of 1994, after a stretch of peace, I was pulled *Chapter Nineteen*

again. I lay flat on my back with the effects of acceleration still buzzing around my head. I had the sense of a large echoey space, and sure enough, this was not the normal room in which I usually found myself. I was on a hard table. I pried myself up and, although I

could move, it was slow. My eyesight was blurry and my peripheral vision limited, but I could pretty Human or Alien?

much tell where I was, as I pulled myself to a sitting position, legs dangling off the edge. I was in a huge rectangular room perhaps half the size of a football field. The walls seemed to be corrugated metal —in fact, it looked as though I were in the

"I believe that the aliens are embarked on hybridization interior of a jet hangar. As my eyesight cleared and I looked around, experiments," I told the group. "Semen and eggs are extracted I saw something I didn't like much—human military guards. They from us and, by utilizing alien DNA and biology, new beings were lined up, backs against the wall, spaced out at 20-foot intervals.

are created. I think the worker aliens are a product, and may Outside I heard the roar and scream of jets taking off and even be a commodity they trade in some sort of galactic busi-landing. I looked around. On the other side of my table was a ness. But there's more to the alien agenda, and much that I've rectangular platform—20 feet by 15 feet, surrounded by tiers of observed and theorized jives with what I heard from Budd Hopkins steps. On this platform stood two barrel-shaped transparent and other analysts I spoke to in Massachusetts."

containers—glass or even some sort of magnetic field, perhaps.

The Florida Alien Abduction Support Group listened These were maybe 15 feet in circumference, about 8' high.

carefully as I reported my new experiences, and the news from Each case held one male and one female human. The female my visit north. The group was growing—its membership gaining had a certain resemblance to Teresa, but I wasn't sure.

not marginalized folk, but solid, everyday, upper-middle-class Two men in lab coats appeared, walking with an alien. Humans citizens—Democrats, Republicans, bankers, lawyers—a cross fraternizing with

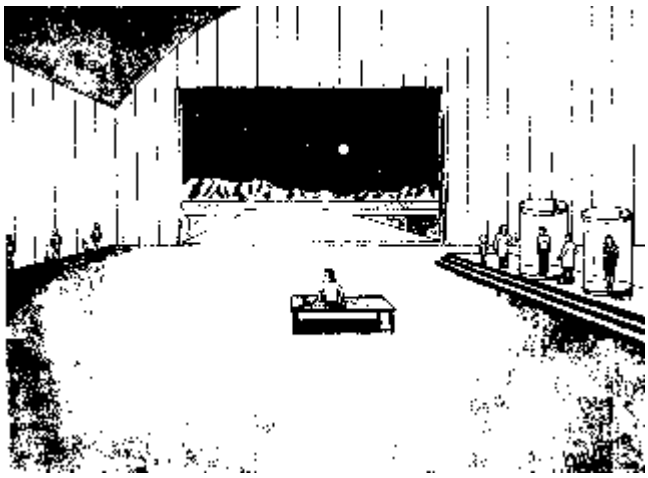
aliens on an equal basis was pretty upsetting to section of the community. Also, these people weren't just locals.

me, of course, but I had to remind myself that I'd seen humans Some had traveled several hundred miles—and apparently before who had been the result of screen imaging—aliens because it had been announced that I was speaking! I seemed to messing with my brain. Nonetheless, the longer I watched, the be gaining notoriety. Again, as I remember the woeful isolation I'd more I had the sense that these really were humans. I also felt all those years, I could see a reason for it now. I not only seemed to sense that these containers were some sort of transport could help others with their experiences, but it was also helping system—and that they were man-made. But if this indeed were me. So, I agreed to let Tim schedule a few speaking engagements a human facility, why was the alien here? Why was I here? Had I for me, hoping, as I do now, that I could help people. I also tried been transported here using one of these things? Was the U.S.

to do as the aliens requested—be as accurate as possible in my military in league with my alien abductors?

reporting. It was as though they approved of my spreading the word of their activities to those who would listen and be open to One of the men had some kind of metal rod or wand. The what was happening.

three turned their attention to the woman in the chamber who 154



The Keepers

Human or Alien?

was still too blurry for me to identify. He started prodding her. A

"I'll handle this!" he said right out loud, without telepathy in tremendous sense of outrage filled me. I felt I had to stop them good old brusk, American English.

from doing whatever they were doing because it was abusive. As He touched my hand with the rod, and Ouch! did that though in slow motion I struggled off the table and wobbled up sting! I yanked my hand away from the woman, but I was still the steps. They didn't hear me coming or expect me, so I was out of my head with anger. I tried to pull away again, but again that rod flicked down with unbearable pain. I staggered back, and things got very fuzzy. Then I was on the table again, with the impression that time had passed. The canisters on the transport platform were empty. I could see this as my head was tilted in that direction. I looked up. Hovering over me was a figure, examining me in some manner, and this figure kept changing back and forth between alien and human. I felt quite drugged.

Usually during these abductions I'm wide awake. This time I was filled with fogginess with only intervals of clarity. The human/alien was lecturing me in a fatherly fashion. I could comprehend

everything he was saying, yet my mental state was such that I couldn't retain the information. The sound of jet planes kicked up again. The man/alien left me. The jet activity stopped, and dead silence descended. Then there was a rolling sound of a giant hangar door opening! I looked up and sure enough, this door was slowly moving, revealing a night sky. I could see lights and runways, and past them the dim forms of a starlit desert.

•FIG. 27: THE BARREL-SHAPED CONTAINERS OF HUMANS

The smells and feels of cool desert night air rolled in, and I able to dart between them and grab the arm of the woman—

could smell the sage and the cactus. I recognized the sight and who I could tell by this time wasn't my wife Teresa at all.

feelings, and it felt like Nevada. There was every sign that I was in the Southern Nevada desert. I used to vacation in Las Vegas I pulled hard, and the zombie-like woman didn't budge. The several times a year, and I would always take trips out to enjoy alien stepped back. The images of the men in lab coats wavered and the unique air and sensations of the Nevada desert. That was they became aliens as well—but this seemed to me to be just a what I experienced now. Out on the desert landscape, I noticed, ruse to confuse or frighten me, and I was far too angry to be put on the horizon to my left, a bright stationary light—just hang-off from my mission. I heard the pounding feet of the guards by ing in the sky—a spacecraft! It did not make a sound, but just the wall, coming forward. Another rippling and the alien images hung there as though waiting for me. I sensed it was time to faded—again I was with a woman, an alien—and men in lab go—and not through the transport cylinders either. Realizing coats. The man with the rod motioned to the guards and they this, I felt relieved. Then, almost from nowhere, a man walked stopped in their tracks.

up to me. He leaned over the top right side of my head and began to

speak, telling me to read a book. He said it was *The Roman* by take it home, eager to see exactly what this book was about.

Mika Toimi Waltari and that it would aid my understanding.

The book was a 600-page ancient autobiography of a man who Then the whirls and whirs of acceleration began.

held tremendous power about 2,000 years ago in Rome.

I returned home remembering only this much and no more.

Remember the bloodline business I spoke of before? I was More startling though was the fact that I had many cuts on my convinced that I am descended from this man who claimed to get hand where the man had hit me with that wicked stinging rod.

his knowledge and advice from Godlike creatures whose dwell-Any wounds I'd ever received on alien abductions before usually ing was the "Stars." It seemed pretty obvious to me that I had healed amazingly quickly—the process almost finished at the end some sort of tracking gene, something that came down the ages of an encounter. These wounds were quite fresh—and didn't in my family, that the aliens could follow, manipulate and work look anywhere near healed. They weren't deep, but they were with. Even though this book helped me understand a good deal, quite painful. I didn't resent them though—they confirmed the I was still pretty unsettled with the business that took place in reality to me of what had just happened.

that hangar. But what could I do? Journey to Washington, D.C., pound on doors, and demand to know what exactly was going At the

next UFO meeting, my friend Don—the law enforcement on? I would just have to wait. Later, though, I got my answer.

guy—noticed the cuts, healing but quite red and obvious. We'd gotten close, and it felt good that he trusted me, because he didn't want it to be known to the community at large that he was a UFO abductee. I told him the story, and what bothered us most were the implications of collusion of the U.S. military with this whole business. Government officials have routinely denied any knowledge of UFO or alien activities—all the way back to the late forties and Roswell. Don just suggested that I not read too much into anything, but just roll with it, and let it play out. I hadn't mentioned the book I'd been told to read. I didn't even know if it really existed, and I was afraid to go to the library to look for it. Maybe I was afraid it was an illusion, that it would show that I'd been fantasizing all this—that my cuts were some sort of strange stigmata.

Maybe, though, I was even more afraid that the book might actually exist. Finally, my curiosity got the best of me. Almost three weeks later I was staring at a library computer monitor, typing in the title of that book and the name of its author. Sure enough, it popped right up on the screen, and there was a copy available. I was so shocked that I even started to faint. I grabbed onto the monitor and held on, as though to my sanity. When I recovered I did manage to check the book out and

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D i am o nd i n th e Sk y

The county-fair-like festivities take place on the beach just *Chapter Twenty*

a mile from my home. It was late morning as I walked there, a clear and beautiful day, without a cloud in the sky. I had such a good time eating and drinking and watching the people and the parades, that

time whisked by, and before I knew it I had less than a half hour before sunset. I wanted to be home before dark, so I started to walk down the beach to a more isolated Diamond in the Sky

area. That day though, a young man and woman were wading in the water, waiting to watch one of our gorgeous sunsets.

As I approached them, a strange thing happened. My heart I continued my work, sharing and helping others—con-began to beat hard and adrenaline began filling me.

tinuing to spread the word. After the hangar experience though, I

"Not here!" I whispered, thinking I was about to be started seeing things in a different light, particularly when I abducted again. "Not now!"

heard reports on UFOs and government reaction.

An extremely loud voice inside me said, "WATCH US

I continued to give talks to small groups from time to ENTER THE ATMOSPHERE." So strong was this voice that time. I attended various UFO group meetings, including the Tampa my entire body vibrated and swayed uncontrollably to every Project Awareness Conference, where I had the good fortune to word. I attracted the attention of the woman, and I managed meet Linda Moulton Howe. I was also invited to do a few to get a hold of myself. "You're about to see something radio talk shows, including the Mutual UFO Network, the fantastic," I said.

Kathy Fountain Show in Tampa and the Brad Collins Show on

"I know," said the woman. "The sunsets here are beauti-WINK 1200 AM in Fort Myers.

ful."

Initially, this widespread exposure made me nervous. I I felt sheepish. Why had I said that? But then as I turned to guess I really wasn't that comfortable with the idea of coming hurry away the woman cried out, "Oh my God! Is that a UFO?'

forward publicly with weird stories and open myself up for I turned, and for some reason I knew exactly where to ridicule. But then when I considered the things that I had expe-look. Right there, hanging stationary in the sky in broad day-rienced in the last years, I figured I could handle radio.

light was a diamond-shaped ship. It looked as though the sky I kept my story simple and down-to-earth (no pun intended!) had partially opened up to let it in because directly behind the After the first few shows I was surprised to find that the public ship was a streak of bright white light with a hue of blue. It was at large was more receptive than I had anticipated. In fact, I beautiful, just hanging there. We stared at the magnificent thing.

was astonished when the calls came in. Many shared abduction

"Remember what you are seeing here today," I said. "There experiences. Many respectfully just wanted more information. I are people who spend an entire lifetime investigating these was also amazed at all the UFO sightings!

things and never see one." Then, in a flash, it disappeared.

It was now March, 1995, and I had not been abducted

"It's not gone yet," I said to the woman. "Keep watching. It lately. I was feeling pretty good, so I decided to attend the annual will come back."

"Shrimp Festival" at Fort Myers Beach.

The Keepers

D i am o nd i n th e Sk y

I stayed a moment and made conversation with her. This was an exciting moment, but frightening as well. It was exciting because I'd just shared a UFO experience in broad daylight, straight out of everyday reality, with immediate feedback from others. It was frightening, because this was a new way they had contacted me, and I was always frightened when they reached that deeply into my life.

I asked the girl a favor—when she got back home, could she please write to me and tell me exactly what her experience was here, in her own words? She didn't feel that she could. She didn't feel that she could tell anyone about this—that people would think she was nuts back in her small town in Minnesota. I asked again, and gave her my address—I didn't tell her I had decided that I should start writing the book you're reading now.

Alas, I never heard from her. I had the feeling, though, that I would hear from the aliens again—and soon. A few days later—late on the

evening of March 23rd, I awoke suddenly, intensely feeling their presence, yet it was different than before.

"WE ARE ALMOST THERE."

It got to me, this different feeling. I was used to acceleration now, but not this. I became very frightened, and the energy was so intense that I curled up into the corner of the sofa in a fetal position and said aloud, "I'm too scared. I can't do this. Go away! Just go away, please!" I was almost wailing in fear. "Why

•FIG. 28: WATCHING THE UFO ON THE BEACH

do you bastards insist on creeping up on people in the middle of

"How do you know that?"

the night? I'm not ready yet!"

I hesitated for a moment, and then said, "I seem to have The energy level radically dropped. I felt tremendous relief.

some sort of connection with these things." Sure enough, it came I couldn't believe it. They had actually honored my request!

back and performed quite a splendid show. When it was over the This was all very strange. It made me wonder if I were now guy started to jump up and down, yelling "Yahoo, Yahoo!"

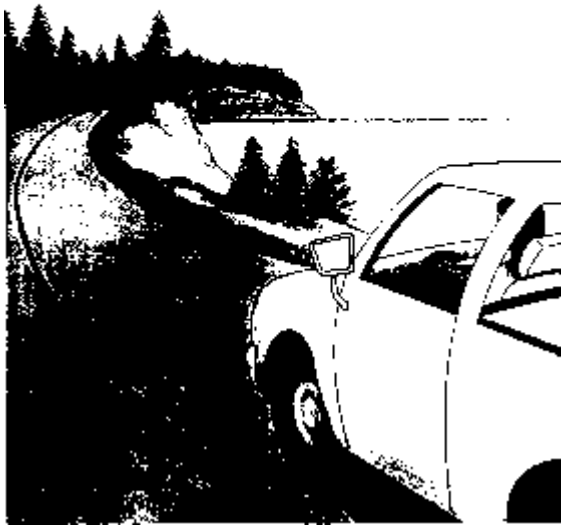
dealing with a different crew of aliens entirely. I could feel their Then he ran away down the beach.

presence fade and disappear.

The woman just shook her head. "No one will ever believe The next day I was invited back to The Brad Collins Show.

that we really saw a UFO," she said.

I almost didn't accept, because the topic was the US government's involvement in the UFO phenomenon. Collins felt that 162



involvement was heavy. I wasn't so sure. But still, it was a chance to communicate again and maybe even learn, so I accepted.

On the morning of the show, which was scheduled for *6:00*

P.M., I had to run down the road a long way to get a part for my pick-up truck. Since moving back to the Fort Myers beach area, I had managed to settle down enough to acquire two beautiful and large dogs—one is a black Lab and the other is a blond golden retriever. They love to ride in the bed of the pickup. On the 60-mile trip that morning, they rode along, as usual.

On the way back I was preoccupied, thinking about that evening's radio show. What was I going to say? I was in a pretty desolate area of highway, headed for the Gulf of Mexico, deep in thought when a telepathic voice in my head proclaimed loudly

"JUST SAY WHAT YOU KNOW."

In the back, my dogs began to whimper with fear. "That's it!" I said, and it suddenly all seemed very clear. "DID

YOU THINK YOU WERE IN THIS ALONE?"

If I didn't know better, I would have sworn these guys had a sense of humor, but I didn't have long to laugh before a huge diamond-shaped space craft appeared in the sky in front of me.

Yanking myself out of shock, I looked at the clock—11:10 A.M.

I looked back and yes, it was the same vessel I'd seen on the beach, just closer. Now I could judge it as maybe being 100 feet in length and about *50* feet wide. My truck rolled to a stop. It took me a while to realize that I'd stopped right in the middle of

•FIG. 29: DRIVING ALONG THE COAST, SPOTTING THE UFO

the road—not a good place! Still, there was no sign of traffic. There's always some kind of traffic hereabouts, but that day there were I raced down a side road to check it out, getting to the no cars or people either! The dogs behind me continued place where it had disappeared in the water. I got as close as pos-whimpering.

sible and then I stopped. The clock read—11:42 A.M.

The craft began to move away. I hurried to get closer, but it

"Bullshit!" I thought. It had been no more than three min-eluded me —finally dropping right into the Gulf of Mexico without a utes since the craft had appeared, not 32 minutes. The dogs had splash, confirming to me its interdimensional qualities.

stopped whimpering. I tried to look around a bit longer, but I finally had to accept that the ship was long gone.

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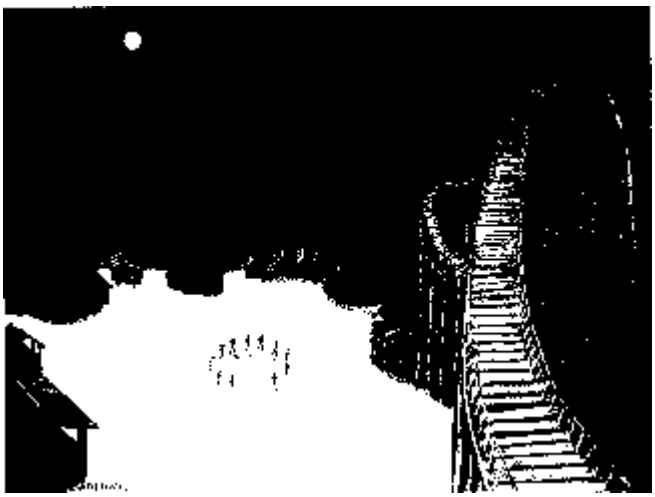

The Keeper s

D i a m o n d i n t h e S k y

When I got home, I called Don. "Jim, you lost time. Do you think you were abducted?"

I wasn't sure. "Everything about their behavior this past week has been different."

After chewing this over with Don, I felt better. Eventually all would be revealed. Was I dealing now with a different set of aliens, creatures with a different methodology? It was hard to say—but then everything about this whole business is tough to deal with.

That evening the radio show went without a hitch, and I was pleased with the way it turned out. Whenever I was asked or pressured about the U.S. government's involvement, I didn't speculate, I just said, if pressed, "That's possible, but I don't know for sure."

This technique seemed to ease the host, and at the same time it afforded me the opportunity to share my experiences as fact instead of speculation, which gave balance to the show.

•FIG. 30: CIRCLE OF BEINGS IN THE CARNIVAL PARK

In our UFO discussion group meetings, we often discuss the possibility that there are indeed different alien species involved in neglected wooden roller coaster. I also saw a few empty conces-this whole interaction with humans—a kind of coalition.

sion and gaming booths, shabby and falling apart.

I began believing this because of the different descriptions It was night, but I wasn't frightened for some reason. In and behavior patterns described by other abductees.

fact, I was so calm and relaxed that I was enjoying the ride. Twenty I had a new attitude to all this by then, though. Before, I feet from the ground, I started to rock slowly back and forth wanted the aliens out of my life. Now, it was as though I couldn't several times like a pendulum, almost as if I were being guided wait to see what was next.

to a target and this was the final adjustment. The transport method was the same, but the technology was notably much What was next was an acceleration in the evening—a low-more gentle. When I was a few feet from the ground, I saw the pitched whirling sound, then, waking up....

profiles of about a dozen large creatures standing in a semicircle, Only this time it didn't speed up as fast or get loud. The gut-and then I blacked out.

wrenching part was still there, but not as strong, and it took

"WE WOULD HAVE GIVEN IT TO YOU, BUT WE KNEW

longer than usual for me to black out. When I awoke, it was ear-IT WOULDN'T HAVE MEANT ANYTHING UNLESS YOU

lier than usual and I could see where I was going!

EARNED IT. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD POSSIBLY

I was high above ground, descending slowly into an aban- UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN A PART OF AND

doned carnival park. I was floating over a large old-fashioned WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO."

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Di amo nd in the Sk y

The message came to me loud and clear as I began to regain WE RESPECT THE FACT THAT THIS IS YOUR PLANET, consciousness and opened my eyes. I later understood that by NOT OURS. THEY ALSO BROKE THIS AGREEMENT."

"IT" the Voice meant knowledge.

I felt an awful wave of emotion from them—the feeling of I found myself standing in that abandoned carnival yard, clear- abandonment. To feel any emotion from them at all was amaz- headed and fully conscious. There were those creatures again, ing, but this was quite overwhelming.

and I could see that holograms of human faces were cast over

"You aren't giving up on us, are you?" I asked.

their faces, to disguise their true appearance and make me feel less apprehensive.

There was a long silent pause and I received the transmitted feeling of tremendous loss.

I noticed that each alien seemed to be concentrating and

"Well, are you?" I asked.

communicating or transmitting its thoughts to the creature to

"NO."

my left. They seemed to be of like mind, as though combining their consciousness into one telepathic Voice. They continued: I felt an immediate sense of relief—straight from my own emotions!

"THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND.

"YOUR AIR, YOUR WATER, ARE CONTAMINATED.

"YES, IT'S TRUE THAT WE HAVE BEEN IN CONTACT

"YOUR FORESTS, JUNGLES, TREES AND PLANT LIFE

WITH YOUR GOVERNMENT AND HEADS OF POWER.

ARE DYING.

"IT IS ALSO TRUE THAT AGREEMENTS HAVE BEEN

"THERE ARE SEVERAL BREAKS IN YOUR FOOD

MADE AND KEPT SECRET FROM YOUR PEOPLE. IT IS ALSO

CHAIN.

TRUE THAT IN THE PAST SOME OF YOUR PEOPLE HAVE

"YOU HAVE AN OVERWHELMING AMOUNT OF

LOST THEIR LIVES OR HAVE BEEN BADLY HURT TO

NUCLEAR AND BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS, WHICH INCLUDE

PROTECT THIS SECRET.

NUCLEAR AND BIOLOGICAL CONTAMINATION.

"OUR HANDS HAD NO PART IN THIS.

"YOUR PLANET IS OVERPOPULATED.

"WE CONTACTED YOUR LEADERS BECAUSE YOUR

"WARNING: IT IS ALMOST THE POINT OF BEING

PLANET IS IN GRAVE TROUBLE. YOUR LEADERS SAID THE

TOO LATE, UNLESS YOUR PEOPLE ACT.

VAST MAJORITY OF YOUR POPULATION WASN'T READY

"THERE ARE BETTER WAYS OF DERIVING ENERGY

FOR ANYTHING LIKE US YET, SO WE MADE TIME

AND FOOD NEEDS WITHOUT CAUSING YOUR PLANET

AGREEMENTS WITH YOUR LEADERS AS TO WHEN YOUR

ANY DAMAGE.

PEOPLE WOULD BE MADE AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE.

"THOSE IN POWER ARE AWARE OF THIS AND HAVE

THIS PART OF THE AGREEMENT HAS NOT AT ALL BEEN

THE CAPABILITY OF PUTTING THESE METHODS INTO

KEPT.

WORLDWIDE USE."

"IT WAS ALSO AGREED THAT IN THE MEANTIME

I let this digest for a moment. I definitely had the feeling STEPS WOULD BE TAKEN TO CORRECT THE ENVIRON-that these creatures were speaking as one.

MENTAL CONDITION OF YOUR PLANET WITH OUR

ADVICE AND TECHNOLOGY. WE SAY 'ADVICE' BECAUSE

Then I asked, "Why aren't we doing that now?"

"How do I fit in all this? What can I possibly do?"

Silence. I was willing to wait. I had come a long way to be

"WHAT YOU ARE DOING ALREADY. WE WILL SHARE

treated like this by them, to have this kind of meeting. Appar-MUCH MORE KNOWLEDGE WITH YOU IN THE FUTURE.

ently I had earned their respect and trust. The best part was that ALTHOUGH YOU UNDERSTAND A LOT, WE WILL SHOW

I was getting direct, truthful answers to my questions. I decided YOU MUCH MORE.

that I would milk this rare situation to its fullest, asking as many

"CONTINUE TO WORK WITH PEOPLE THAT COME

questions as I could get away with, even personal questions.

TO YOU. WE ARE AWARE OF THE SMALL GROUPS THAT

I repeated my question, and they answered.

ARE FORMING AROUND THE WORLD AND WE HAVE

"THOSE IN POWER VIEW IT AS A MILITARY AND

ADVICE. YOU WILL RECEIVE MORE KNOWLEDGE IN THE

SECURITY THREAT."

NEAR FUTURE."

That upset me. "You mean to tell me the people in power These were not the exact same aliens who had worked with have the ability to save and better this planet, and they aren't me all those years—but there was a link between them, and the doing it?"

pain and learning I went through all led up to this.

"AMNESTY."

I asked my questions and they continued to give me some

"What do you mean?"

personal advice. They also said:

"CONTINUE TO WORK WITH PEOPLE WHO COME

"COMPLETE AMNESTY TO THOSE IN POWER, GOV-TO YOU. THESE GROUPS FORMING AROUND THE WORLD

ERNMENTS AND LEADERS WHO HAVE BEEN SUPPRESSING

ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE PREPARED TO LEARN. CONSIDER

THE TRUTH. THEY CAN'T BE HELD LIABLE FOR ANY PAST

THEM THE CORE. THEN YOU WILL HAVE THOSE WHO

WRONG DEEDS. IT IS THE ONLY WAY THESE LEADERS

WILL SEEK YOU OUT, WHO ARE STILL IN FEAR. ONCE

CAN COME FORWARD WITH THE TRUTH. IT IS NECESSARY

THEY ARE OVER THE FEAR, THEN THEY WILL BE READY

THAT YOU DO THIS IN ORDER TO WORK TOGETHER AND

FOR THE CORE GROUP.

SURVIVE."

"MOST IMPORTANT IS THE CONDITION OF YOUR

Of course, they were suggesting forgiveness. My anger at PLANET. THE FIRST STEP IN SOLVING THIS SERIOUS

all this faded as I thought about it. It made sense. Heads roll PROBLEM IS AMNESTY."

whenever cover-ups are exposed. And this was a cover-up of galactic proportions—no pun intended.

I asked them about fellow abductees I knew personally.

First, I asked why they had chosen Tim.

If anyone had a good reason to hate their government for covering up this information, it was me, and others like me. Most

"HIS NATURE MAKES HIM SUITABLE FOR FIRST

abductees still consider themselves victims who constantly suffer CONTACT. HE THEN EASES OTHERS WHO ARE IN

ridicule. When your government's policy is to say, "You're just FEAR."

plain crazy," it only deepens the pain.

So true. I asked about Don and what he could do to deal with the problems he'd had lately.

I let my intelligence rule over my emotions and calmed down.

"HE NEEDS TO CONTINUE TO WORK ON HIS EGO.

TELL HIM THAT; HE'LL KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS."

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Diamond in the Sky

(In fact, he knew exactly what they meant, although he'd Then Daved's request flashed into my mind. "Wait. Please, never shared any of this with me—and he was deeply affected.) I don't want to go yet! I want to see what you really look like.

I asked them about Daved, the state director for M.U.F.O.N. in

"IT WILL STRIKE FEAR IN YOUR HEART."

Rhode Island. To everyone who had met him, though, including I promised I wouldn't be frightened—and I said that it me, he was much more than that. As I stated earlier, he has a would be a privilege to see them. However, I did request that heart of gold, he was really calming and emotionally they make a peaceful gesture in the midst of this frightening supportive to me—and I know, for others. I have grown to have exposure, just to reassure me. A wave, perhaps?

a tremendous respect for this man.

A spinning white light with a hint of green began to radiate

"WE HAVE LOVE FOR DAVED." Boy,

over their faces and upper bodies. The intensity of this light that caught me off guard—love?

slowly got brighter. It radiated from no detectable source.

The one that was speaking to me was sharing the collective Then I saw what they truly looked like. They were big, all consciousness of this entire group. They were different from the right. Their upper bodies looked like football linebackers. As the greys, because all of a sudden they had all these emotions. (The light became brighter and the details clearer—fear and shock did greys for the most part had no feelings.) I said nothing though, course through me like lightning.

because I remembered that these guys weren't the Ice Corps that They had scales, and their faces were sort of snakelike, or had put me through my routines for years. They seemed more attuned lizard-like. Nothing at all like the smaller aliens.

to human emotions, and I guess I figured I should appreciate that.

I felt an odd, deep-down instinctual shock, but I told It started to rain. I don't mean just raining, it was pouring!

myself to calm down.

The semi-circle of aliens didn't budge and I felt no urge to Their eyes were small like ours, but diamond shaped. The either. We weren't getting wet. Although we were all standing pupils were reddish. Their heads were big, and their brow stuck outdoors, with no roof whatsoever, not one drop of rain touched far out from their eyes to various degrees, giving them all some us. We seemed to be protected by some kind of electrical field. I, kind of individuality. I was surprised that I was deeply upset by of course, should not have been amazed, I'd seen so much alien them.

technology, but still I was.

"Hey," I said feebly. "You promised to...uh ... wave.

I was still thinking about Daved, though, and the question Wave they did. Each and every one of them slowly lifted that he always asked me when he had the chance and he knew their arms and waved them in front of their faces—a sight to I'd recently experienced an abduction: "What do they look behold.

like?" Should I ask them?

Instead, I asked other questions, which they answered This relaxed me, but I was surprised by a feature I didn't questions and answers which I'll not go into here. Finally, expect—their hands. Their hands were huge, with thick club-though, they said,

like features—too thick by my estimate to work fine instru-

"IT'S TIME TO GO."

ments, I thought.

A rare courtesy—a closure.

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The Keeper s

Chapter Twenty-One

State of the Earth

"YOUR PLANET IS DYING."

It doesn't take an alien from another planet or dimension to prove this—there's plenty of evidence in the daily papers, the TV news, scientific journals, and magazines. We are all aware of the pollution, imbalances, global warming, ozone layer depletion, global warming —what can I say that hasn't already

•FIG. 31: SEEING WHAT SOME OF THE ALIENS REALLY LOOK LIKE

been said?

What I can say is how this affected me—I started notic-Once again, though, I had to remind myself that their tech-ing the reports on news shows. I started realizing that global nology is thought-activated— and anyway, I was judging by my warming due to pollutants and ozone screw-ups was affecting limited human experience.

me now, but more to the point, it would affect the whole The acceleration commenced. I gained consciousness back human race in the future.

at home as usual, but the experience still gripped me.

I think the average citizen—like me—just goes around What a message! What an important communication!

with blinders on. Most of us are totally immersed in just get-These creatures had a vantage point that no one else had ting through life, dealing with personal and professional crises they were able to see a totality that many of us refuse to see.

that we just ignore the bigger picture. Even if we do pay attention to what's going on, we just feel so insignificant that we As the sun rose over the horizon, it felt as though it was a don't feel we can do anything. Or, feeling upset, freaked-out dawn of promise and possibility, and my fear was totally gone.

and frightened, we just stick our heads in the sand, ostrich-like, I drifted off to a peaceful sleep.

and ignore everything.

We can't afford to do that.

The next morning after this incredible advancement in my relations with extraterrestrial life, I woke up with fresh excitement.

I had been approached almost as an equal. I mat-174

tered. I wasn't just a pawn in some obscure ET agenda—there have to go far to witness this. I don't want to, though. I'm feel-was a cause, a reason for all that I'd gone through! I had the ing ill.

final proof I needed, and I was elated.

However, it does indeed remind me of the mission and pur-These creatures were neither evil—nor benevolent. They pose I've been selected to pursue. The ETs I've spoken with were just different. It simply does no good to try to use human obviously don't feel they can just appear on television. There must measurement and morals to embrace their ET designs. That said, be slower ways of mainstreaming this river of awareness. Just call though, there were physical laws we had in common. A polluted me Jim Creek for now —dribbling some truth into the big mass Earth, a dead planet, the

human race a memory—these are of information that flows through us every day.

clearly states that don't suit their purposes. Obviously they had a So, if the visitors wish to assist us with this problem, let's use for us—and an odd, if ET, respect. They needed us. But examine their possible motives. Is it because they have a great why? For reproductive materials to create hybrids? Well, that's love for humanity? Destiny and possibility aside, I don't think been my experience, so that's what I believe, but who knows so. In my opinion, it's simply to protect their investment. And is what else? The human race has imagination and potential genius that investment linked with both of our future survivals?

to spare, but what makes humans of particular interest to these True, we do have an excellent species-insurance policy. If visitors? They are certainly interested in our emotions and sexual we do destroy our environment and ourselves, the Visitors could energy from my experience. Could that be how we differ from conceivably recreate us somewhere else, on some other planet.

other beings in the universe?

They doubtless have collected every conceivable seed of life that In any case, the ETs consider us some kind of crop or har-there is on Earth.

vest, and I say that in the best sense. Again, they are neither evil, Needless to say, I personally would prefer that we buckle down nor particularly benevolent. They've been around, using us this and fix our environmental mess. If the ETs are willing to help way, for thousands of years. I believe this to be so for they have with technological aid, all the better.

followed my family line and many others as far back as apelike Then there's the amnesty business, which is vital.

creatures. But I wonder if their intention for us isn't actually something more than this? Is there a cosmic destiny that they The more I think about it, the more it makes sense. Every-have in mind for us and wish us to continue toward? Of course, thing points to a grand conspiracy on governmental levels around this would involve using us along the way. Or are they a part of the world to keep the truth of the ETs away from the covers of us and we a part of them?

mainstream newspapers and the network evening news—

podiums that people believe and pay attention to. This has been But whether it's in their interest, or ours, the fact remains going on for over 50 years. Unless it is agreed that the people that this planet Earth is plenty messed up, and they seem more who have been responsible for this cover-up, this subversion of concerned about that than we are.

truth not be prosecuted—why should they confess? Would You) Talk about synchronicity. While I'm writing all this here in However, if we work to understand why all this happened Fort Myers Beach, the television set is on and there's just been a and forgive—then we to, might be forgiven and we can work news flash. Eighty-four manatees, and several dozen porpoises together with the ETs to build a better world.

and sea turtles washed up dead on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico here—almost literally in my back yard. I would not 177

The Keepers

State of the Earth

My body began to vibrate and a loud telepathic voice said: Is this far-fetched? I don't think so. In my lifetime, I've seen the Berlin wall come down. I've seen the fall of the Soviet Union

"GOODBYE FOR NOW."

in an amazingly short time. These all seemed impossible just a In the blink of an eye, all three ships dashed from the right few short years ago. I've seen things that no human being could horizon to the center of the sky and just hung there. Then I even imagine with these ETs.

remembered that I was supposed to meet Daved. "I want him to Amnesty? A few years ago, I would have said that such a see this!" I mumbled. I pressed on the accelerator and wove through thing was impossible, too. Does a major tragedy have to take traffic (to whom presumably the UFO looked like a bird flock). I place first? Do uncounted millions have to die first to shock us kept track of the ships. "Don't go yet!" I said. "Please don't go."

into action? Or worse yet, do we continue down this road of self- Daved needed to see this sight!

destruction until it's too late?

Then as I approached my turn-off, they suddenly streaked Allowing the leaders who still keep us in the dark the legal to the left horizon. I realized then that they would be gone before right to disclose their information without penalty seems to be Daved could see them. However, in my enthusiasm I wouldn't give the proper choice here. Amnesty and forgiveness for them, should up. I feverishly sped through the parking lot. Seeing Daved, I they come forward, seems the only way.

jammed on my brakes and slid next to his car. I jumped out of the Just a few days after the experience in that carnival yard, I car and ran towards the highway waving my arms, looking like a was in my car driving down the highway to meet Daved, with complete madman, no doubt.

those incredible events still fresh in my mind. It was a nice day

"What are you doing? Is there some accident?" Daved and I was pleasantly cruising along. From the corner of my eye I asked.

noticed a flock of birds to the right of the car—only they weren't I wheeled around, pointing, but, alas, the ships were gone.

flying.

Breathing hard, I sighed and lowered my arms. "ET ships.

Then as I looked closer, I saw that they weren't birds either They were just up there, communicating with me."

what first had seemed to be a flock of birds, had been a screen

"What did they say?" "Good-bye image. There, in broad daylight, were three huge diamond-shaped ships in a triangular formation. Just hovering there, not for now," I sighed.

making a sound. It was an awesome sight indeed, and I took my We looked some more and I tried to concentrate whatever foot off the gas pedal and just coasted to a stop, not afraid at all, psychic powers I have—all to no avail. Those guys were gone.

just lost in wonder... what is next?

"Always the bridesmaid, never the bride," said Daved, Then the ships began to rotate, revealing every angle of sighing. "I guess it was just for you."

their surfaces. Excitement flooded through me. I knew somehow, This courtesy, this communication was the final part of my that they were doing this for me. Then they stopped rotating and realization of a new attitude toward the Visitors. This particular without warning, in the blink of an eye without losing forma-species even made an honest attempt to visit on my own terms tion, all three of them streaked to the right just a few hundred and when I was frightened, they respected my fear and left.

feet. I continued to sit there in awe. Then once again they spar- When I was confused about how to handle that radio show—

kled in the sunlight and slowly began to rotate. Once more they they advised me. Then they gave me the truth of it all—a com-came to a complete stop and hung motionless.

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prehensible message to bring to others. They always gave me the opportunity to examine their ships at close range.

Chapter Twenty-Two

All this left me with the feeling that one day very soon I'd have the privilege of watching them land, greeting them face to face and walking on board.

I was aware, though, of the duty I had been given, and of the serious, clear message.

What I Have Learned

"YOUR PLANET IS IN GRAVE TROUBLE."

And now, this courtesy—this privilege—the chance of a farewell and yet the promise they'd see me again.

I have often been privileged to connect with special individuals

"GOODBYE FOR NOW."

who feel the same way as I do. We feel we have been altered in a And I believed them.

positive way. This chapter covers some of the peculiar and paranormal activities that took place as a direct result of this phenomenon. I feel these events are as important to share as anything else written thus far. This information will help explain some of the oddities that take place as a direct result of being exposed to alien culture and technology.

Truly more things exist in this universe than meets the eye, or can be seen by the normal five senses. I have found most abductees to have been given the ability to see and interact in other dimensions. Also they receive contact from what appear to be "normal" people, but who, in my experience, are not. I fondly call these strange people walk-ins

In my opinion (gained from experience), our government is deeply involved in interdimensional human transport. We learned this technology from our alien friends. This advanced technology allows aliens, as well as humans, the luxury of working in more than one dimension at a time.

1. Some people may have a different term for walk-ins, but this is my definition. Since we are attempting to adapt our limited vocabulary to a vast universe that we are only beginning to glimpse, there may be differing terminology.

his hair was out of the hood, resting on his forehead. He was I learned that when I am transported in this manner, I get a holding a thin, silver metallic rod or wand, about eighteen inches glimpse of other life-forms that seem to exist naturally in these long. When he saw that my eyes had opened. He leaned forward other dimensions.

It took me almost eight years to finally accept and started waving the wand around my face in a circle. As he these inescapable conclusions. I have a saying: "If you show even did so, I started to lose control of my eyes. It was as if they were a dumb dog something 300 times, he will finally catch on and being forced shut by some invisible energy that apparently was learn." So far I have been the dumb dog.

coming from the wand. I was also losing consciousness. I yelled Remember, I am not the only person who has seen and mentally "No! No!" and struggled to open my eyes again. When experienced these things. I believe I speak for many abductees, my eyes opened, he looked even more surprised. He leaned in but I come from a different perspective. I was fully conscious.

closer to my face with his wand, and waved it even faster until I could no longer fight it and finally blacked out.

The Man in the Black Robe

Having been exposed so often to alien technology, I am no By now you are familiar with the details and sensations longer confused by most of such events. During or after the ini-that are consistent with the acceleration, a method of transport I tial shock of an experience, I learned to condition myself.

call, "going the hard way." When this method is in progress—

Instead of being scared, I tried to figure out what they were up as a rule, but not always—an abductee is completely paralyzed.

to. As far as I'm concerned, any unusual wonder they are capa-After a few moments I would slowly regain normal motor abil-ble of is simply advanced technology, and this approach keeps ity. The first part of my body to come out of this paralyzed state me centered and focused. This formula enables me to learn and would be my eyes. After they would open, a few seconds later share, instead of wading in the stagnant waters of fear.

my body would follow suit. This pattern was consistent. I practiced time and time again before and after the acceleration to Using this approach, I put a few facts together in an effort force my eyes open sooner than normally allowed. This was always a to make sense of what I saw. This was the first and only time I struggle, but over time I gained a few seconds.

saw any alien or person wearing a robe. I usually do not pay attention to what any of them wear. However, on this occasion Usually, after opening my eyes a few seconds early, I saw his clothing stood out clearly. I couldn't be sure he was human, nothing strange. Once, I managed to open my eyes several sec-because I only saw part of his face. The little I could see looked onds early. This time, I was returned to my guest room. As the fairly human, including his expression of surprise when I opened acceleration wound down, I could feel the softness of my bed my eyes, and I have seen humans working with aliens on more against my back. I was completely paralyzed. The loud whirling than one occasion, so he could have been human.

sound was winding down, and my heart rate was fast, but slow-ing down also. I struggled with everything in me and managed to The rod or wand he held really fascinated me, because I open my eyes. I was shocked at what I saw—as was the being have seen it too often. When I was in the hanger in the desert, standing over my bed—an alien that looked human. He was wearing one of the men held the same kind of device—thin, metallic, a black robe, with a black hood covering his entire head, but not thick on one end, perhaps a half inch to an inch in circumference his face.

then tapering to a point. You may recall, in that experience he kept tapping and stinging the back of my hands with this rod.

I tried to scream, but I couldn't move my mouth. The alien Later I realized every spot he touched left a small cut.

had blond hair, a light blond beard, and a moustache. Some of 182

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What I Have Learned

technology heightens the senses, and if exposed long enough and often enough, it renders one slightly out of synch.

Being slightly out of synch is a part of the residual effect, and it is usually temporary. However, in some cases (mine for instance) it may be permanent. When one is transported from

•FIG. 32: THE CONTROLLING ROD

point A (your home) to point B (on board their craft) a large part of this process includes matter, aliens and people passing through Sometimes when aliens were taking semen, one would hold several dimensions. In these dimensions I have gotten a glimpse the same kind of wand, touching my testicles with its tip, instantly from time to time of other strange life forms.

causing an unnatural erection and ejaculation. This wand I On first impression, these interdimensional travelers look think is a thought-activated tool with miniaturized components like spirits or ghosts. Some look frozen in time. Others look like and wondrous capabilities, but it is simply technology, not the spirits of the deceased trapped in a movie loop. Still others magic. These individuals are not wizards.

appear to be alive, with a sense of self and purpose. Some are as I have come to believe that ETs have been secretly involved curious about me as I am about them. This aspect of the phe-with humans for hundreds, if not thousands of years. On those nomenon used to scare me to tears and confuse the dickens out rare occasions in the past when they found it necessary to reveal of me. However, if you

are exposed to something long enough to themselves, perhaps ancient man saw them with this wand. His see it for what it may be, it's not so scary.

mind would no doubt have concluded that this was as magic It's not always necessary to enjoy an awareness of this aspect wand. It's a wonder all right, but it's not magic, or mystical. It's in our nature to make a religion, so to speak, out of anything we through the transport process. Fortunately, depending on your don't understand, but it is simply advanced technology.

point of view, (at times I have mixed feelings), this uninvited new ability an abductee acquires lingers for a while after an Out of Phase

abduction. In addition, if one chooses, this effect doesn't have to fade away. If I keep this muscle exercised, like any other I have personally seen other life-forms in other dimensions.

conventional muscle in the body, it will continue to serve me.

I believe they are not extraterrestrials. I'm not certain what they are or exactly where they come from, but they do exist. I used to I don't understand everything, of course, but this I am cer-have trouble with this aspect, and it can be very confusing. Our tain of: This new-found ability enables me to see in other five senses (unless artificially altered) are not set up to grasp the dimensions, and I know that other life-forms exist. They seem to concept or to have awareness of these things. I believe every occupy the same space as we do, but in a different dimension.

human being possesses the ability to see in other dimensions. We Without the aid of technology, our five senses are not aware of can call this a sixth or seventh sense. These extra senses seem to these other dimensions, just as you can't see air, but it's there.

be dormant, like an atrophied muscle. However, if this muscle is Advanced alien cultures have mastered time and can travel exercised and artificially stimulated (from exposure to alien great

distances. This technology enables them to tap into other technology or other means) it becomes active. There is no doubt in dimensions, and when they use this technology on us, we gain my mind that other dimensions do exist; one just needs the tools the ability to see into those other dimensions.

of technology to tap into them. In my case exposure to alien *184*

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The Keepers

What I Have Learned

Dimensional Blending

creatures are up to. They have invested a great deal of time and Star People have a technology that can split matter, includ-effort in us abductees, even to the point of periodically ing themselves and their ship, between dimensions in any ratio maintaining our health. I am not suggesting, by any means, that they choose. I have no problem accepting this, simply because I they take care of every little ailment or sickness, or all life-have seen it with my own eyes on several occasions - it has become threatening diseases. I am not exactly sure what motivates them second nature. However, to the inexperienced eye, witnessing to intercede in an abductee's health. I personally know for a this technological feat calls up a host of possibilities, such as fact, however, that from time to time they either adjust or correct angels, demons, and spirits. This is not to say that such things do abductees' ailments, for it has happened to me on several not exist, but in this case, it is clearly humanoid-type beings occasions (See "The Gift" on page 146.) and to other abductees using "magic" technology.

whom I know. Let me tell you about "The Doctor."

For example, they can take a plate and make two plates out In late 1995, I contracted a terrible flu with weakness, coughing, of it. The

original plate might contain 95% of the original mat-fever, chills, and nausea. I felt like hell. I don't get sick often, and ter and the second 5%, or the ratio might be 50/50 or 60/40 -

when I do, it's short-lived. This illness was different, however. It whatever they choose. Here's the scary part: They can break dragged on for a month, and I was not getting better. Then, one themselves down, and us as well, in whatever proportions they evening, I had an unconventional doctor's visit. I was asleep on see fit, which is what leads to the trauma most abductees suffer. I my sofa, when I suddenly woke up paralyzed, except for my hope this information can help other abductees cope. Aliens eyes. I was turned sideways, facing my living room's front wall, make no effort to explain anything in most cases. They simply through which walked two aliens. I remember thinking, "Here use these advanced technological tools without regard to our we go again!" I was more angry than scared.

feelings. It leaves poor unsuspecting humans at a loss to figure I telepathed to them, "Why am I paralyzed? I thought I was out what the hell is going on, just as we probably confuse the elk past all this junk! Besides, I am real sick, and I am in no mood that we tranquilize, poke, prod, and leave in a different location.

for this!" (as if my mood would make a difference!) The thought of non-human intelligence in itself boggles the They walked toward me, and the nearest alien manifested a most advanced minds, to say nothing about alien technology.

screen image over his face, an image of a close doctor friend of Aliens do not explain anything to us either because they want to mine whom I will call Dr. T., who treated me for several years keep us in the dark, or they're just plain indifferent. Once any-after a terrible car accident. I had grown to love and deeply one has grasped the concept or root understanding, things start respect this man, whose wonderful bedside manner is a real to make sense. Aliens are seen walking through walls or floating pleasure to experience. I am sure that the aliens were aware of my in thin air,

ships are seen appearing and disappearing. It's not fondness for this doctor, from their probing of my memories.

magic, demons or angels. It's just advanced technology.

They also knew that this created image would make me feel less apprehensive. They were right. I didn't fight the false reality of Alien Healings

that particular alien appearing as Dr. T.

What do aliens really want from us? I have a pretty good As he approached me, I asked, "What are you doing here?"

idea, and I say more about that in the next chapter. At this time I He responded, "Don't you remember? I am here because of will discuss another pattern that helped me to discover hat these our agreement."

"To what?" I asked.

during and after the use of one of these interdimensional fields.

This signature is unique and is clearly distinguishable from any-

"You remember," he said, "we agreed that if ever you were thing else, using appropriate monitoring devices. Without doubt, to get real sick, I would come."

it's the most dependable way covert government agencies can His face looked very friendly. Even though I knew that he monitor alien

activity.

was not Dr. T., I felt happy imagining that he was. Suddenly, I remembered our agreement.

This residue can linger for quite some time on anything, including humans, with which it comes in contact. It is my belief

"Yes, I remember now. Whenever I get real sick, you said that there is not a single abduction, cattle mutilation, or other alien-that you would come. And now you are here."

related event that takes place without the knowledge of certain

"That's right, and now I am going to examine you."

government agencies that monitor these activities. If this signature is They both leaned forward and proceeded to do just that—

particularly strong, it indicates frequent or extended activity. In that examine me. They took several minutes poking, prodding, and event, black unmarked helicopters are dispatched to check it out.

turning me around in different directions. I felt an assortment of Not every event warrants an investigation. I have noticed that instruments making contact all around various parts of my body.

usually several events take place before a helicopter is dispatched When they were finished, they stepped back, and the one to inspect more closely.

who looked like Dr. T. said, "You have a secondary upper lung I understand to a certain degree why ominous black heli-and throat infection as a result of the flu."

copters show up from time to time. A high percentage of I said, "Well, did you heal me?" I got no response, so abductees claim to have seen these black metallic birds. Usually asked again. "Did you

heal me?" Again no response, so I said, it's after an abduction or sighting. Sometimes it's after cattle

"Should I go see a regular doctor, or what?"

mutilations or the appearance of spectacular crop circles. I feel certain that I know one of the reasons that they appear, and I They never responded, but simply turned and walked back have a good idea who pilots them. And it's not aliens.

out through the same wall through which they had come. A few seconds later, I passed out. When I opened my eyes, it was In my July 1995 encounter with "The Doctor," the aliens morning. I sat up on the sofa and stretched my arms. I suddenly worked with me, in our dimension, for the entire evening. They realized that I was not sick any more.

conducted what I believed to be experiments and medical procedures. Because this session was of such long duration, the While I resist believing that the aliens would do something lingering effects of the field were very strong. After the aliens left, as helpful as healing, I cannot argue the fact that I was miracu-I felt as if I had been irradiated. My senses were extremely lously healed.

sensitized, and my developing sixth sense was especially sharp Black Helicopters

and clear. I felt magnetic. The residual effect of being exposed to their field was extremely strong.

During their visits, aliens seem to frequently create interdimensional fields that alter matter for travel, duplication, invisi-I am no longer traumatized by alien visitations. In fact, I bility, and passing through solid objects. I am sure that these was enjoying the "Doctor's" visit, and I tried to take advantage fields have countless other uses that we have not yet observed. In of its strong residual effect as long as possible. I knew that it my experience, a special traceable signature or residue lingers wouldn't last very long.

What I Have Learned

I had made a commitment a few days earlier to take my seven- hamburgers for lunch at least twice a week, meat loaf, pot year-old niece to school on the morning that unexpectedly featured roasts, pork ribs, roast pork, you name it.

"The Doctor." I also had some items to pick up at the K-Mart, I was a true carnivore, but not anymore! Since this event, which was near the school. After dropping off my niece, I arrived my diet has consisted of a minimal amount of chicken and fish, at K-Mart 30 minutes before opening time, so I waited in my car, some bread, and of course, vegetables. Anyone who knows me which was the only customer vehicle in the lot. As I waited, I felt a knows that this change in my diet is not like me at all. "It would strange sensation course through my body—the same feeling I take an Act of Congress for Jim to stop eating meat," people had felt a few months earlier just before the diamond-shaped ship would say. But I did stop, and I'll share the reason. Some of these appeared in broad daylight on the beach (See "Diamond in the Sky"

alien medical exams, unfortunately, include anal probes - Yuck! -

on page 160). I exited the car, knowing somehow to look north. It a subject I do not enjoy talking about, writing about, or experi-was clear, and at first I saw nothing, but I knew I would, encing. Of course, not everything I write about is comfortable to because the residual effect was very strong and all of my six relive, and in this case I feel it is necessary.

senses were extra keen.

I was asleep on my sofa when I was escorted to the ET craft Then it appeared—a black dot that gradually grew larger, the easy way, and I found myself face down on an examination until it became recognizable as a black helicopter. It emitted a table, in tremendous pain. They had inserted a deep anal probe deep, thundering roar as it made a beeline in my direction. (I into me, and I could feel it churning about in my guts. I felt so have on other occasions seen silent black helicopters.) I had no miserable that I cried out, "What the hell are you doing to me?"

doubt that it was looking for me. I felt it! It approached fast and One of them responded, "An examination of your system."

suddenly stopped, hovering over me and my car. It seemed to be

"The pain is awful! You're hurting me," I yelled.

hovering at about 150 feet in the air, and its color was pitch black. The windows were opaque black, and I could see no occu-Then I blacked out. When I regained consciousness, I found pants. I stood staring at it for 20 or 25 seconds. I made a few myself face up on the table, sore inside, but not in pain. Two very noticeable obscene gestures, as many as I could think to cre-aliens were present, and it appeared that they were just finishing ate. Finally, the aircraft slowly looped around and headed back up their procedure.

in the direction from which it had come.

One of them said telepathically, "It is necessary that you stop eating animals. Your system is overloaded with trash." (The I was radiating a strong residual signature that morning. I word "trash" surprised me.) "Intelligence dictates that you do feel certain to this day that the reason for this close encounter not have to kill to survive."

with this black helicopter was my residual signature from my experience with "The Doctor."

I blacked out again, and later I found myself at home. When I sat up, my insides were extremely sore. I was accustomed to a little **Diet**

discomfort from my encounters with these creatures, and I knew Six months before "The Doctor" healed my flu, I had had any discomfort caused by them would pass relatively fast. I went into another medical visit that was very uncomfortable. It changed the kitchen, made some coffee, and started making breakfast. As I my eating habits in a very profound way. I had been a heavy opened the refrigerator door to reach for the bacon, these words meat eater. My diet included a rare steak at least once a week, rang through my head: "You

must stop eating animals." I could not bring myself to cook the Walk-Ins

bacon.

"We come in many different shapes and sizes."

At lunch I stopped for a fast-food burger, but I couldn't eat To me a walk-in is an alien who appears in human form it. This pattern continues to this very day. I can no longer eat red and contacts abductees on our turf. In my experience, there are meat. I like the change in my diet, and I feel better.

two types. A type-one alien walk-in screen-images himself to Exactly 30 days after this diet-changing visit, the aliens look human. He is physically alien, but he simply projects a human returned and I suddenly awoke to see them walking through my image. A perfect

example of this type is described in Chapter 10, wall again. I had thought that they would be working with me

"The Boss Wants to See You" on page 85.

again in my living room. As they approached, I passed out and The type-two walk-in looks human in *every* way. This type found myself on my side on the examination table. They were is extremely perplexing. I have great difficulty accepting that poking and prodding me again and I hated it!

they exist, however, I know from personal experience they do,

"Damn it!" I said, "Why are you doing this again? I which can also be verified through other abductees. Other abductees stopped eating meat!"

and I have experienced these beings completely alone, and in a

"We know," they said, "we had to make sure that it was few cases with other abductees.

helping you, and it is."

Type-two walk-ins pop in on us from time to time and talk I blacked out, and when I regained consciousness, I found in riddles. They may start a conversation with you out of the myself at home again. My insides were sore for a few days, blue and speak on a topic you shared with someone else in pri-however, but I have not eaten red meat since that time. I have vate. They exhibit the same behavioral patterns as alien doctors, done many speaking engagements across the country, and I have appearing only when really needed.

met many fellow abductees. The bulk of them are vegetarians. I I am very uncomfortable with type-twos because it is hard find that odd. Do you?

enough to deal with aliens on board their craft, without having to interact with them in my own space. Also, I feel safer not relating Hybrids

too many stories regarding my face-to-face contact with what I The alien-human hybrid life-form is neither a created worker, call walk-ins because I'm not sure what my involvement is with nor a human, nor an alien, but a combination of human and them or how much information I should reveal. I believe there alien. It is part of the aliens' insurance policy. They are creating aren't very many of them, and their appearance is rare.

a being that is more alien than human - at least more alien than I don't believe the men who followed me around in Texas we are. This way, if we fail to turn our environment around and were aliens. I think however, they were government people. In we die off, after the dust settles, they can repopulate the Earth what capacity? Who knows? Budd Hopkins theorizes that they with hybrids that could possibly be more adaptable to the Earth's were human all right, but possibly born and raised by aliens.

changed environment. They need far less food, water and energy, Here is a personal example of the type-two walk-in that yet they still have enough human raw material to be useful to the involves another abductee and me. My close friend Don, his aliens.

daughter, her fiancé and I had rented a van and drove 600 miles from south Florida to Mobile, Alabama, for a UFO conference.

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The Keepers

What I Have Learned

On the way over we talked about everything under the sun to as he rambled on. Suddenly he shouted with emotion, "I got it occupy twelve hours of driving time. At one point we talked now. You look like that actor, Jack Palance." Being in law about recent movies, in particular, "City Slickers." For hours enforcement and thinking like an investigator, Don processed the none of us could come up with the name of a popular actor in facts of the case: "He quoted and expressed our conversation in this movie. We struggled and strained our brains to the point of the van, word for word! How can anybody do that? Unless the exhaustion, and at times it was at the tip of our tongues, but van was bugged. However, we rented this van out of the blue; no none of us could come up with his name. Finally we gave up.

one had any real time to prepare. First he said, 'Come on in. You can have anything you want,' and remembering a conversation About ten minutes later, out of a dead silence, Don's daughter and her fiancé simultaneously shouted, "Jack Palance!" We all word for word the way he did! Jim, I think this man is a walk-laughed. Stay with me, and it will start to make sense.

in." At the time I didn't agree or disagree with Don's conclusion.

The day after arriving in Mobile, Don and I walked around After lunch, we went back to the hotel and attended the the downtown area looking for a place to eat lunch. We paused conference. The idea that this man was possibly a walk-in did briefly for a moment across the street from a few restaurants, talking run through my mind, but I dismissed it. Early that evening after the among ourselves and deciding where to eat. As we stood there, conference was finished for the day, I met a young abductee an odd middle-aged man in house-painting clothes walked up woman who was very nervous about her experiences. I felt led and said, "Come on in, because in here, you can have anything to help her cope with some advice. Although there was a lot she you could possibly want!" It was an innocent enough statement, wanted to say, she was hesitant to

speak, primarily because of not nothing really out of the ordinary, except for some oddities.

wanting to be overheard by any of her conference-attending friends. I assured her there would be no pressure from me, and perhaps we He didn't come from inside the restaurant; he came from could find some out of the way place to talk, where none of her down the street. It wasn't as if he had just eaten there, and was friends could possibly run into us, and she agreed. We searched walking out complementing the place. Also, after making that and found what we thought was the perfect spot—an old-statement, he didn't go into the restaurant. Further, we had been fashioned bar and grill. After a few minutes of talking, someone across the street from the restaurant, talking alone, completely tapped me on the back. I turned and was shocked to see our friend, out of earshot of anyone. We could have been discussing any-

"the painter."

thing, not necessarily restaurants.

Before I could say anything, he looked me in the eye and The events so far really didn't get my attention until later, said, "You should know, we come in many shapes and sizes." He but they piqued Don's attention. He commented, "How odd!"

turned and walked out. I sat there with my mouth open and watched We looked at each other, shrugged our shoulders, walked across him walk away. The young woman said, "Wow, it felt strange when the street and ate. As we were sitting at the table, our friend he was standing next to us. Who was he?"

(whom Don and I now fondly refer to as "the painter") walked up to our table from what seemed like out of nowhere.

"Oh, he's a painter, just simply a painter." I replied. She sensed I didn't want to talk about it and didn't ask any more questions.

He looked at Don and said, "Do you know who you look Later that evening I caught up with Don and told him the story.

like? It's on the tip of my tongue, give me a second, um... um..."

It helped to confirm what Don believed. I still wasn't sure.

He continued to act in this manner repeating the same words However, it was strange.

over again. Don and I looked at each other with a strange smile *194*

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Sunday afternoon rolled along, and the conference was winding down. Don found me in the lobby and said, "I ran into our *Chapter Twenty-Three*

friend again, or should I say he ran into me." I asked Don,

"Well, what did he say?"

"He walked up to me," Don said, "offered his hand and we shook. He was wearing old shabby painter's clothes, so I asked him if he was attending the conference. He said no. Although I The Real Situation

knew he wasn't with the conference, I asked him in order to dig for information. I asked him if he was doing some work here, like painting, etc. He answered in a riddle: 'No, I am not working here, but I have a few loose ends to tie up here, and then In some ways, this chapter was the most difficult to write my work here will be finished.' Then he left."

because of the complexity of the phenomena. On the other Don continued, "The point here is this: He obviously knew hand, the passing of much of the pain associated with the sub-of our conversation in the van. He knew what we were talking ject makes it

easier now. My life and the way I view things have about on the street that day, and there wasn't anyone around to been tremendously expanded. The knowledge and understanding I overhear our conversation. He shows up in that out-of-the-way have gained are beyond compare. Although I feel that I have place where you were the other night. Then he tells you, "We paid a very high price, anything worthwhile has its price. This is come in many different shapes and sizes." Then he shows up at a law that I feel applies to the whole Universe.

a UFO conference in shabby clothes and talks in riddles by We are not alone in the Universe: We play a major role in saying he is not here to attend the conference or do any work.

the universal life chain. Yet I feel that there is another universal However, he still had some loose ends to tie up and his work is law: Higher intelligence takes advantage of and uses lower finished. Jim, he must be a walk-in!"

intelligence, not unlike the way we use cattle. With the privi-Whether or not this man was truly a walk-in is unprovable.

lege of use comes the responsibility of care. A farmer tends to Don seemed convinced. As far as I was concerned there were his animals by feeding them and taking care of their medical many odd indications pointing in that direction and this will needs. He makes sure that all their survival needs are met so have to be enough for you to get the picture of what a walk-in is.

that he and his family can also survive. The cow, with its limI will close this chapter with an example statement made to ited intelligence, lives out its life span completely unaware of me by a person who made it clear he was a walk-in. These peo-its fate.

ple are intergalactic or interdimensional travelers. The following If, however, the pasture were to become contaminated, the statement typifies that fact. At one point in a conversation with farmer would

take actions to protect his investment, either by one of these fellows, I asked, "How long will you be here?"

cleaning the pasture or moving the cattle. If he had the technology, he might even take eggs and sperm from the herd and He said, "I will be here for two weeks, but I am leaving store them as insurance against the possibility that the pasture tomorrow."

could not be saved, or that the cattle would be unsalvageable.

Clearly, it would be easier to move cattle seeds than cattle bod-196

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The Real Situation

ies to cleaner pastures, and any such activity would take place and from their ships and to different points on the Earth's sur-right under the cattle's noses, without an inkling that anything face. The Star People, use this field both to travel across galaxies was out of the ordinary.

and to transport selected people to and from their ships any time they wish. Distance becomes inconsequential, and our laws of Of course humans are not cattle, and the Earth is not a science are probably a minor and incomplete subset of their sci-green pasture. Or is it? The Earth is too big to be a pasture, and ence laws.

humans are too intelligent to be cattle. Or are they? We know we are too smart to destroy our environment. Or are we? Our gov-Screen Images. The field seems to play at least a part in screen ernments and scientists tell us that we are effectively alone in the imaging. You might recall that once when I was out driving, I Universe, and we believe what they say. Or do we?

thought I saw a flock of birds, when in reality it was three ships Why do aliens take seed and raw materials from humans?

in formation. It seems that they use the field to disguise them-One revelation that came to me is that the aliens are creating worker selves and to project perceptions that people see.

beings, much as ants do. Does this mean that the aliens are **Scanning.** The field seems to enable the aliens to scan us and to farming us? Yes, it does, but not to eat, fortunately. Farming humans know ourselves better than we do. With it they can browse through for raw materials and spare parts is only part of the story.

every minute detail of our lives, including lost memories.

The Field

Technology. The aliens use thought-activated technology, and The alien field to which I have frequently referred may be their machines are at least partially biological and can interact electromagnetic, vibrational, or something for which we have no with us as if they were alive. Their ability to take in, process and name. Light is sometimes associated with it. I have been exposed project information is so vast that they can see the future com-to it many times, and it makes my body feel magnetic. At times I ing.

feel static electricity. At other times everything it influences loses color and fades into black and white. This field enables the aliens **Spare Parts**

to do many marvelous things, some of which I discuss below.

With all that they can do, why do the aliens need us? What is the common denominator that links all intelligent life? It is the **Invisibility.** When the man in the dark suit escorted me from my need to survive as long as possible. I suspect that if intelligent life house to the beach, you may recall that when we got to the could live forever, it would. I further believe that our alien water's edge, we

stood there waiting, watching an obscure small friends come very close to immortality, but they need us to do it. I light hanging not far away over the water. Suddenly the light formed have seen and experienced many, many things to reach this into a large rectangle into which we stepped, and we were on conclusion.

board one of their spacecraft. The ship had been there all along, Natural life dictates the inescapable need to survive for as but it used the field to make itself invisible.

long as possible. It is as natural for animals and humans as for **Interdimensional Travel.** Interdimensional travel is the ability aliens. We all seek all means to feed the yearning appetite that to go from Pont A to Point B in literally no time at all. I know survival demands. An animal seeks food and shelter, knowing this, because I have been taken by this field from my home to that if it gets too cold or doesn't eat, it will die, but its brain 198

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capacity limits it to hunting for food and shelter. Humans, with larger brains, have developed medicine and science and can even transplant spare body parts, if the tissue match is compatible.

What if we could successfully implant into animals significant portions of our genetic code, not enough to interfere with the animals' well-being, but enough to maintain a sustainable reservoir of human DNA, blood and tissue, to support human bodily repair needs? There would be medical teams to track, secure, tag and extract necessary materials. Individual animals and blood lines would have to be tracked constantly, so that they could be retrieved on demand.

You get the picture. Aliens have been taking advantage of us with their superior technology in secret for a very long time.

They implanted portions of their genetic code in humans long, long ago, and their ships come regularly, in waves, to "abduct"

(secure) and return tens of thousands of humans, extracting

•FIG. 33:

whatever biological materials they need. The donor is unharmed
HEALING BY SUPERIMPOSITION OF TISSUE

and completely unaware that anything is missing. The tiny wound is any intelligent life anywhere else in the Universe without having quickly healed by the "abductee" (donor). However, they to also see ourselves as maintained organ donors for aliens. Even transplant in ways we do not understand. With their field technology with this truth, however, I doubt that people would run in the they can reduce extracted biological specimens to vapor and then streets in panic, or that the stock market would fall, or that the superimpose it into the recipient, where the pattern is reproduced church would disintegrate. We are humans. We are resilient. We as necessary. (See Figure X)

are survivors. We will get through this.

Consider: The Earth and the known Universe are billions of years old, life is abundant in the Universe, and countless intel-Our Exopolitical Situation

ligent cultures have developed, advanced, and died out. Flying Because of the intensity of the cover-up of information relating disks have been seen and recorded throughout human history, to these topics, we cannot know exactly what has gone on from cave drawings to today's video recordings. Every year between the visitors and our governments. Let me speculate, thousands of people around the world report being abducted, based upon my experiences and perspective, about what really many of whom report extraction of semen or eggs. Reports of happened: Aliens made contact with principal Earth govern-alien abductions tend to follow family lines. I have seen and ments years before the Roswell crash. They explained to the experienced these things with my own eyes.

Earth leaders that environmental disaster was imminent and that We self-proclaimed intelligent masters of the Universe are we had to do something about it. Our leaders, however, guessed not much more than a spare part inventory for aliens. That is that Earth populations were not ready for knowledge of aliens humbling. It is hard enough for people to accept the existence of just yet. So a deal was struck: The aliens would supply certain 200

technologies to us to help us clean up our environment, which were granted complete amnesty in exchange for the complete would help ensure human survival and protect their investment truth. That way - and only that way - can the truth be told. Once in us as an inventory of biological spare parts. In return, certain it is out, we can use the technologies the way they were intended time guidelines were agreed to, during which our leaders were to to be used and work together to fix the environmental crisis fac-carefully spoon-feed all Earth populations with information ing our planet.

about the existence and role of non-human intelligent life on If we continue to misuse our environment as we currently Earth. The technology duly arrived, but the appropriate time to do, the human race will not be long on this planet, and life will disclose never did, leading to a long period of secrecy, disinfor-not be worth living during our exit process. The possible end of mation, incarceration and missing people, most of which was human life on Earth deeply concerns the aliens, who have a large done for the sake of national security. We took the technology investment in us. They have taken great invisible steps to adjust and made money and weapons with it, and we let the disclosure our environment, but the task is too great for them to do it alone timetables lapse.

any longer, and they respect the fact that it is still our planet. The It's also possible that the aliens may have delivered even aliens and we need each other. We need their technology to fix more technology in return for Earth governments destroying all our environment, and they need our governments to disclose the nuclear weapons. They clearly detest nuclear weapons. Once truth so that we can all work together to preserve life on Earth.

again, we failed to honor our side of the bargain, again because Truly, we are all in this together!

of international distrust and competition. Roswell and other crashes were covered up, not only to conceal the fact of off-planet life, but also to hide the depth to which our governments have been secretly involved with alien civilizations, and the reck-less risks our governments have taken with the viability of continued life on Earth.

I have concluded that there are three governing levels within our government:

• 1. The U.S. Government that people deal with at face value.

This government knows nothing about these topics.

• 2. The government that covers up information about the alien presence. This government thinks it knows what's going on and stumbles its way around.

• 3. The Secret Club, or Black Budget Boys. This government has been around since day one, controls this topic, and the other two governments do not know it exists.

In order to protect secrecy and national security, information was suppressed using criminal acts, which is why individuals in the secret government sector do not come forward. The criminal justice system would simply crucify them unless they 202

human, the can't understand. As a whole we humans have the

potential to be more advanced then they are.

The message I received eight years ago was that our planet was in trouble. In some ways things have improved, but with melting ice caps and extremes in temperature, it's minimal. We need to alter our consumption habits and reduce the amount of Closing the Gap

heat that we are allowing to build up in the atmosphere.

For me personally, the last eight years with these cultures has expanded my mind and my interaction with them. They only occasionally abduct or pull me from my bedroom, living room It is now Spring of 2006, and so much has changed in the or car, in the middle of the night anymore. Most interactions are last eight years that it would take at least two more books to face to face with unconventional, advanced notice, which is a go into detail. However, let me touch on a few highlights. Let's milestone. During these last eight years, I have had several presume that what I am about to

summarize of the last eight encounters with people from the future. As far as I can tell, they years is true—because it is.

are anywhere from a few hundred to several thousand years ahead of us. The types of people that come to me speak English This world is filled with a lot of good people who give and and are from the good old USA. It's comforting for me to know keep on giving. On the other hand, the human condition as a America still exists in the near and distant future. These whole is paranoid and selfish, and too often greed is God.

encounters have been fun, and to say the least, most interesting. I However, there is good reason for the negative—we are mor-will summarize these encounters, which will only touch the tal, and we die. There is no time to evolve. We have to eat at surface, but this book had to end some time. My next book will any cost, which means killing something. We must have shelter share more details. I guess that's a hint and a plug.

and a sense of security. This means we must use natural resources.

The more of us that exist, the more we need to take from the Future people always seem to meet you in the most unex-planet. All of this forces us to compete with each other for all pected places, at least for most people it would be unexpected.

that Mother Earth has to give, and then we die. Truly, we are I'm much more comfortable being around near-future people —

human animals and I'm damn proud of it. We have to scrape, the ones that are a few hundred to a couple of thousand years scrap and fight for everything. I will take human beings over the out from now —because they are still somewhat like us. When most advanced alien culture out there, including people from the the originating time frame gets out further—10,000 to 50,000

future.

years— *we* start to get a little kinky.

At times I refer to most alien cultures as "assholes from Within the next hundred years, time travel and much more outer space." I look at them face to face and say, "How come will be as common as using a remote control. Time travel will be you aren't doing more to help us?" I have come to realize why of no consequence, and for the most part boring.

they can't give a straight answer. It's because *they are not* 204

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The Keepers

Closing the Gap

Future people come on tours. I am not kidding. They love However, there are already some monks who are said to go to have encounters with people of this era and other time frames without food, and "breatharians" who seem not to eat. More and to which they travel. They blend in and don't interfere —they more people are becoming vegetarians, so our eating habits are just observe. However, the highlight of the tour is to talk to a changing. So, as the generations pass, we can foresee telling our person of the destination time period, which has been me on children what meals and tasting food was like. As more generations many occasions.

pass, it would become an old-fashioned fable. As much as I love eating, the good side of this would be a lot less killing.

At times their clothes are funny or they do not fit into our current time period. They speak both verbally and telepathically.

Now some of the people I have met come back to our day after thousands and thousands of years have passed. Now maybe you can They carry conventional American paper money neatly folded imagine that these future people find it impossible to relate to us as

and ironed in two-inch squares. Many of these bills from differ-flesh-eating animals. To us they appear as aliens and to them, we are ent time periods fit neatly into what looks like a wallet. When it animals, which happen to be their ancestors. Get the picture? To is time to spend or make a purchase, it's funny to watch them make your heads spin even further, imagine that it is us traveling in unfold and inspect the bills in front of a merchant to make cer-time—no longer being emotional—no longer aging, eating or tain the bills are of the right time period.

talking! What an alien world that would be! So, my friends, consider our descendents as the aliens of the future!

There is a trust, so under any and all circumstances, you don't give them away, or ask questions. In time they will tell you The river of time flows like the infinity sign, (a sideways figure what you want to know and then some.

eight). It just happens over and over and over and over and over. So how does one travel in time? In a sense, you just need a boat that's I have learned that many of the visitors people call "aliens"

fast enough and you can travel the river any where are really "us" from the future. That's right, *us!* We become far you please. It's best that it stays just that way for the most part, just removed from what we are today, and we look more like what travel. For the world isn't what you think it is, it's better.

we commonly refer to as Greys. We get smaller and thinner, our cranium becomes more enlarged, our eyes become much bigger, and our skin color changes to a grayish blue. Whether it's good or bad, we leave behind emotions. How else does one become far removed? I will site just one example. Ask any abductee how often he or she has seen a Grey sit down for a nice dinner of meat loaf with gravy? Answer —never. And their mouths are very tiny, and they don't seem to move. So I would say they don't eat food, as we know the term!

Think about what a social impact not-eating would have on our society—no more breakfast with the family, lunch with friends, holiday meals, etc. Everything in our world would change.

There would no longer be a global food-based economy. At this point the impact is almost unimaginable, because our day-to-day life revolves around eating three square meals a day.

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The Message

Chapter Twenty-Five

Without the help of these people, I would not be able to get my testimony out.

I have had subsequent experiences with the ETs and many other odd kinds of paranormal experiences as well. At this point, it's all moot and beside the point compared to this, I have been given a unique purview of reality, and I can tell you: Our The Message

planet is in grave danger. We must work with the extraterrestrials to solve the environmental quagmire into which we have sunk.

However, because of all the intergovernmental conspiracies and foul-ups, to work with the ETs we must forgive and grant My 1995 meeting with a circle of aliens in an abandoned amnesty to all those who know about the ETs and have been carnival site was indeed a turning point. I knew then precisely what trying to keep the truth away from the majority of people.

my task was—to help spread the message I was given by these ETs.

Only then can a program for proper integration of ET thought, truth Most of all, though, I realized how much I as a human, an entity, and maybe best of all, ET technology be brought to Earth.

had opened myself up to humanity, to a collective, and to reality on Scary? Yes. It will be frightening, at first. However, how much a universal level. Before 1988, I had been living like an ostrich with more frightening is the death of our cultures and our civilization?

my head in the sand. I had my head pulled out, by no choice of Sure, maybe humankind could be resurrected on a planet of mine, and was forced to take a long look.

some distant star. But there would be no Gulf of Mexico sun-In order to join the galactic neighborhood, we must first clean sets, no fishing boats drifting by the beach, or Shrimp Fests.

up our own backyard. Humankind in its present state is a poor There would be no pasta al dente with extra virgin olive oil galactic citizen, much too dangerous to be turned loose in the and tangy Parmesan cheese, no symphony orchestras playing cosmos. However, change we must, if we are to join.

Mozart or Beethoven, and no poetry in English, French or any Can we do it? I think so.

language that we know.

No, I choose a continuity of survival, and I believe that this I am different now. Happier? That's hard to say. More aware?

is possible even now. I suggest to you that once your fear is Incredibly. My previous senses have been sharpened —and I am gone, the wonder, awe, and excitement will set in, and what aware of extrasensory aspects of existence here, existence in an the ETs truly have to offer will enrich the lives of our civilization.

intergalactic level, and interdimensional levels.

This, I think, can be human destiny. It is a wonderful possi-I have a mission now, a purpose, and that makes life so much bility to think that it may indeed happen, and it is worth all the richer! I feel myself obliged to serve my family of humankind—

confusion, disorientation and yes, the terror that I experienced and I have a smaller subset of that family, a group of people who all those years. When faced with the Unknown, it's inevitable have also experienced the ETs. Without these people to share and that we experience fear—and there's plenty of Unknown out support me, I would not have been able to survive these there, believe me. Facing

it alone is worse, but we don't need experiences and grow from them.

to do that anymore. We can face the future together.

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The Keepers

The Message

Now, I ask you to think about what kind of future we I am no spiritual leader, but with what I have seen, heard, might have, with full contact with these ET beings that have felt and experienced, there are things ahead of us just breathtak-been working with us secretly for millennia. Think about the ET

ingly wonderful. The gifts of the ETs are not just technological.

technology that I have described—interdimensional travel, faster-The ET gifts of the mind could truly take our sense of self into a than-light ships, thought activated technology, genetic tracing, healing and joining of humankind. This could breakdown the genetic manipulation and incredible hybrids, thought-screen barriers that keep us apart with hatred and suspicion. This imaging, levitation and manipulation of gravity and electro-mental technology could take us into territories of discovery that magnetism, wands with great power for pain or for healing, we are only just now beginning to glimpse—and that our myths, telepathy, and thought control.

literature and science fiction have only touched on. I now feel the As a person nowhere near a scientist or even with any grasp language they so painstakingly taught me was not only common of science fiction, I have tried to explain as best I could the kind ground communication between us, but a basic foundation for of powers of

mind and physics I encountered. However, doubt-telepathic communication that humans can learn.

less there were things happening, ET technology operating I am no prophet, either. I certainly have no intention of try-around me, of which I could have no comprehension.

ing to minimize the potential threats and dangers ahead of us.

This is just the kind of technology that humankind with its I'm half-afraid that it's already too late. The human race may ingenuity could use not only to better the quality of life for all, indeed die here, with our biological echoes having been carried but to fend off the dire consequences of pollution and environ-off to some other planet for inscrutable purposes. But if we can mental destruction that our heedless civilizations have wrought.

somehow survive, touch the sky and reach for our future, we can link with the vast minds and talents that walk among us.

Consider the other implications of my story. I have contributed much evidence to the theory that the human race hasn't I believe the ETs offer rapturous vistas of not just techno-simply relied on evolution to develop our achievements and logical advancement, but also emotional and spiritual advance-advancements. Although there are curmudgeons who would ment—an expansion of awareness, longevity, and peace. Ah, argue that humanity reached its intellectual peak with the civili-that would indeed be a glorious future—and one in which, if I zation of ancient Greece, there can be no doubt that our race has see any part of it, I will have the satisfaction of knowing that my developed incredibly quickly.

voice, here in print and on the waves of communications, has helped to bring it into being.

In 1869 the U.S. was building railroads to the West Coast of this continent. In 1969 the U.S. was landing men on the moon.

My name is Jim Sparks and I have been contacted by extra-What incredible things might be happening in 2069? Is this the terrestrial beings. I bring a message of grave warning. But most result of ET manipulation? That's hard to say. What I can say of all, I bear a message of hope for a future of joy and fulfillment for sure, for whatever purposes, the ETs have no desire to keep for the human race, beyond our present comprehension.

our development checked, except perhaps when it comes to nuclear destruction. Whatever their part in our destiny, they wish for us to continue toward whatever cosmic awakening may be part of our spiritual path.

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Supporting Comments

I have had many close friends along the way in the last 18 years, and I have lost a few close ones who passed on—my friend Don Watkins and Dr. John E. Mack. I decided to do something different and ask a few friends to write some paragraphs on what they learned regarding the phenomena. I figured it would be a good opportunity to publish what others have learned. I was clear when I offered this chance to these people and said, "Please write what you

learned and not about me." So guess what a few wrote about anyway? Please enjoy the following....

DAVED E. RUBIEN

Many of you who read this book will question if what Jim Sparks relates to us here is the truth. Some may think that he wrote this book just to make money. Others may think that Jim dreamed it all and just believes they were real experiences. I have known Jim now for over 15

years. I have found him to be a very honest, unselfish and caring individual. From what I understand, those who have written books on the subject of UFOs or ETs have not made very much money.

So why did Jim write this book? I can tell you from what I experienced with him—he has been driven to get the information out to the world. I can recall while he was writing that he would start early in the day and many times would go right through the night. I am not going

•FIG. 34: JIM SPARKS

to try to convince anyone to believe what Jim has to say, but I will tell you about some experiences about the investigation of UFOs and ETs.

I never paid much attention to UFO reports until 1954, two years after graduating from college, when I read an article about a UFO

sighting in my local paper. It stated that two law enforcement officers in Connecticut had seen a silver disk very clearly in the sky during their patrol. Back then, if you had the nerve to say that you had experienced anything like this, you would be laughed at. The fact that these individuals were police officers, and were willing to go through that embarrassment caught my attention. About six months later, I read an article

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The Keepers

Supporti ng Comments

in the paper about a priest reporting that he had a relatively close standing inside his house by the stairway. By the description I would sighting of a UFO. Again, I thought, "Why would a priest put himself say the individual was full grown and what we would call a hybrid.

in that position?"

There have been many healings done by some ETs—one experi- That started me on an experience of over 50 years of investigating ence comes from a woman whom I have known for many years and UFOs and ETs. The majority of the sightings investigated by me were admire very much, who had ovarian cancer and was preparing for sur-explainable. Some were false reports, and about 15% were actual gery. She remembered being taken from her bed and awoke on a table unexplainable sightings of a UFO. In 1976, 1 started the Rhode Island that had been indented for her form. She then witnessed the ETs doing Chapter of MUFON (Mutual UFO Network), which is the largest corrective surgery on her. She even remembers the instruments that organization in the world with chapters in almost all countries whose were used.

mission is the scientific study of unidentified flying objects. We had many I have found there are benign ETs and those that are not so benign, people who came to us with their UFO experiences. Some claimed to have just as there are good and bad in all people. It appears to me that memories of being detained by ETs. These experiences caused many of there are many more benign ones.

these individuals to have serious problems, such as having to keep their Based on what I have learned over the last 50 years, Jim has

lights on all night because they were too scared to go to sleep. Others experienced exactly what he describes in this book. He consciously could not go to sleep or leave home. Still others became very scared of remembers more about the ET experiences then any other person I spiders or other insects after the experience.

have found. My good friend John Mack said the same.

Many of these people had heard that under hypnosis more could
Daved E. Rubien

be learned about their experiences. I decided to take the necessary courses to become a certified hypnotist. During hypnosis sessions, I found that many people were taken from their bed and floated right through the wall to a ship. If it was above the ground, they would be put in a blue LYLE J. MICHEL

beam of light that lifted them up into the ship. Many remembered being The government and the press with single-mindedness use one put on a table and the procedures that followed. Some described the basic approach to confuse people regarding the presence of beings from interior of the ship, and there were many other descriptions of men and other planets coming to Earth: They ignore the courtroom evidence.

women seeing their baby or child. There is so much more, much of which you already found in this book.

Evidence, according to a legal dictionary is, ... "all the means by which any alleged matter of fact, the truth of which is submitted to Some people believe that hypnosis may bring out things that are investigation at judicial trial, is established or disapproved. Evidence untrue. After owning and operating a large and very difficult business includes the testimony of witnesses, introduction of records, docu-for many years, I cannot believe most things unless they can be proven ments, exhibits or any other relevant matter offered for the purpose of to me. When three or more people who do not know each other inducing the... [fact finder's] belief in the party's contention." In other

describe, awake or under hypnosis, the same ETs or experiences to me, words eyewitness testimony and physical evidence related to the inci-I must consider that they are telling the truth. This is how I learned dent being studied is admissible as proof that the incident did occur in about many of the ETs, which Jim talks about.

the manner described.

The following are two examples of some other individuals' expe-It is important to understand that the position taken by the gov-riences that, based on my years of research, I am confident are truthful.

ernment and the press has nothing to do with the reality of the ET phe-One individual, with whom I have worked for many years, lives in nomena. In other words, they know that beings from other planets are New Hampshire. One of his many experiences was seeing a reflection routinely visiting Earth and that some species walk among us. There-of an ET in the glass sliding doors to his porch. The individual was *214*

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The Keepers

S u p p o r t i n g C o m m e n t s

fore, why does the press and the government work so hard to keep alien visitors. These programs also frequently contain disinformation people confused about beings from other planets coming to Earth?

in order to give others a reason to disregard the fact that beings are The government keeps people confused because they feel that the coming to Earth from other planets. Presenting information in this people of the world could not or would not be able to deal with the manner can help those who cannot deal with the truth adjust *slowly* to truth, as happened with the 1938 radio broadcast of "The War of the the fact that alien visitors are coming to Earth. In other words, those Worlds," when many people panicked and chaos resulted. In

this case who are afraid of the truth are given an opportunity to stay in denial of any risk is an unnecessary risk. It is better to keep people confused.

this truth until they are ready to adjust to the facts in the case.

There you have it, in an abbreviated form. The cornerstone of the On the ET issue the position of the press is in part to support the government position is to deny the truth and exercise the strategies of government. The press realizes that if they consistently presented only decoy, destruction and trash. Never admit to the truth! Whenever pos-truths to the people of Earth, the result would be massive demonstra-sible, introduce additional information that will confuse anyone inter-tions against the institutions which we require for leadership. Note that ested in the phenomena. Make things up. For example, simply say the I said in part they support the government. They also know that our event didn't happen. The witness could not have been with the ETs, he system of government would not be able to survive without the people was at the movies. The witness was visiting relatives. The witness is knowing the truth on all important issues. Therefore, their method of handling virtually all controversial issues is to tell the people the truth delusional. It doesn't matter that none of these statements is true. Peo-and then to present alternative opinions, regardless of how untruthful ple who are not experienced with how they are being manipulated will or silly these alternative opinions happen to be. This method is used be so confused about the other alternatives to the courtroom evidence extensively by the press to support the government, as well as to edu-supplied by the witness that they will simply go on about their daily cate the public regarding the truth on all issues of importance to the activities as if the story they were told were not true. Remember the people of the Earth. There are few exceptions to this practice by the key to success for the government is to ignore courtroom-type evi-press.

dence.

Clearly, beings from other planets are coming to Earth. Some are To illustrate this point, let's consider the issue of an ET abductee.

here to visit—in other words they are tourists. Some are here as scien-A person abducted by the ETs may have near-total recall of their expe-tists—to study our civilization. Some are here to help us. They work riences. Jim Sparks can describe in great detail the appearance of the among us to help us invent things that they know we will find useful.

craft and the beings who abducted him. He can also reflect with authority They are helping us to absorb technology at a pace that is comfortable his experiences with them. There is no doubt that Jim Sparks has for our civilization. They are helping us to become a sustainable civili-detailed knowledge of his experiences with beings from other planets.

zation. They want us to one day join their galactic federation.

In my opinion he has no motivation to be less than truthful. His first-hand accounts are admissible in a court of law, should our government Several years ago I had the privilege of spending a year taking "A require his testimony. All you have to do is look at his presentation Course In Miracles" from a minister of the Unity Church. I learned a from the point of view of being in a courtroom with the reader as a number of important lessons in this course, but one of the most member of the jury evaluating his case. By examining the ET phenomena important was that there are universal truths. The mere fact that we do in this manner, you will begin the process of separating fact from fiction not know or understand something does not change the facts in the as presented by our government and the press.

case. Beings similar to us are coming to Earth and are among us. Your decision to believe that this statement is not true will not change the I've been a student of ET phenomena since 1991. The first seven fact that they are here and have been for a very long time.

years of information came completely from television and an occasional newspaper article. Many of the programs on the Discovery, A *Lyle Michel*

E, History and Sci-Fi Channels contain significant truths about our

from another planet, but I cannot claim to know who was piloting it or who built it, either. It didn't look like any craft known to me at that time or at any time since then.

NANCY SMOOT

My second sighting of a craft of unknown origin occurred in Feb-It is doubtful that anything I could say or write would change ruary, 2001, in Las Vegas, Nevada. For about three to five minutes I someone else's mind about the existence of ET life; it would take a observed an enormous black triangular-shaped "ship" pass through the personal experience to do that. Personal experience is a great *eradicator* dark night sky, drifting silently and slowly only about two hundred feet *of doubt.* Jim Sparks and I, along with countless others, have had per-above me, from the northwest to the southeast. Perhaps this was a new sonal experiences that have banished whatever doubt our belief sys-style of blimp. I just don't know what it was, but there were lights all tems may have held with regard to the possibility of non-human intelligent across its leading edge, and it seemed very much controlled by some life. Whether the inhabitants dwell in other realms, dimensions, times, intelligence. It appeared large enough to carry thousands of people. At or planets, the home base of these beings is not so much what's in the very least, it filled me with wonder.

question; it's their very existence that seems to be the topic of debate.

When sightings, visions, abductions, inexplicable malfunctions or Jim Sparks has had more odd experiences than anyone I've ever residual effects, and numerous other paranormal activities have known. Whether these events are in fact "real" or not is debatable; become part of one's personal experience, then one's belief system is they certainly seem real to him, and I am in no position to argue with changed, whether one desires such change or not. Your inability to him. The fact is that Jim's outlook on life is also very different from anyone accept my statements of what has happened to me will not change my else's that I've come across in my lifetime. The events he's described have conviction of their authenticity. Subsequent information that crosses led him to a most unusual understanding of motivations and intentions my path may color my interpretation of an event's meaning, but it will of a multitude of people, both human and non-human. They have left not cause me to deny that it took place. *Personal experience causes* him with a philosophy that is so profound, in my opinion, that I am *one's beliefs to evolve into one's knowledge.*

inclined to believe what Jim tells me, even though it sounds impossible. I'll give you an example of what I mean.

At this time in my life, I personally acknowledge that there is a power greater than human power. How this power is manifested in human One evening Jim and I and two other people had been to a show experience varies from person to person, and by what name this power in Las Vegas. Afterwards, Jim and I took our leave from the other cou-is known also may vary from person to person. Events labeled ple and went to a small cafe where we purchased some shrimp cock-

"synchronicities" (chance occurrences that seem to have significant tails. There were perhaps fifteen or twenty other people in this cafe, meaning) by one person may be called "miracles" by another. Someone and Jim and I were deeply engrossed in conversation

about his paran-else may think of it as Satanic activity. Much of our belief is based on ormal experiences and their residual effects on him, which is a topic perspective. And no two people have the exact same perspective of any that fascinates me. From what began as typical "white noise," the event, due to the fact that no two people have ever had or will ever murmuring of the crowd, there emerged a single raucous voice from a have the same set of experiences. Also, experience is colored by an indi-nondescript woman who was approaching the buffet line behind our vidual's attitude, and attitudes are developed by experience.

table. This intrusion escalated into more and more of a "scene" as her voice grew louder. I was not mindful of the content of her utterances, When I was nine, I had a prolonged sighting of a silver spaceship-since Jim's comments merited my full attention.

looking craft that rotated in small circles as it rotated in larger circles.

This took place at dusk near Scottsdale, Arizona, in February of 1963.

I now became annoyed when this patron's behavior interrupted With three other teenagers I observed this low-flying craft, about a third my concentration. Jim's words captivated me, but at last I felt com-of a mile away, for about ten minutes, and then it eventually flew pelled to turn around and see what the ruckus was all about. The behind a nearby mountain. I cannot state definitively that it was woman appeared to be trembling as if she didn't have full control of 218

her body. At that very moment, she focused her eyes on me and made a After that sighting, my life proceeded along the usual path taken disturbingly stunning comment which was directly related to

the eso-by many abductees. Poltergeist and strange electrical activity suddenly teric statement that Jim had just made privately to me. This woman, a became the norm around the house, and intense, virtual-reality dreams stranger, was about twelve to fifteen feet away from us and could not and out-of-body experiences held me hostage night after night.

possibly have overheard our conversation.

My family, friends, and I witnessed countless additional sight-What was even more bizarre was the fact that everyone else in the ings. Unmarked black helicopters began buzzing my workplace, my room became motionless, as if they were frozen in time. They weren't home and the homes of my parents and close friends.

staring at us or paying attention to Jim, me or this woman. They just On two occasions, a strange black sedan pulled up in my drive-stopped in mid-stream from whatever activity they were doing at the way when no one was at home, and four men dressed all in black time, as if they were caught in a freeze-frame on a video. A startling silence entered without invitation. (My neighbor who watched them with suddenly overtook this cafe for several seconds as this woman's eyes met curiosity both times, commented later that calling the police, somehow, mine. When I turned around to Jim to ask, "What was that?" the room just hadn't occurred to him).

and the woman resumed normal activity with the typical sounds of a I underwent hypnosis and experienced little more than the typical cafe. No one else seemed aware of what had taken place, not even the abductee stuff—the fear and panic of being taken, the commonly reported woman who had made the statement.

procedures, and worse, the intense pain of separation from family and Jim's response to my question was, "If you're going to hang friends.

around with me, you'd better get used to things like this. They happen In the spring of 2000, I attended the annual Midwest UFO

Con-to me all the time."

ference in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Many of my friends were excited In my mind, if this unbelievable experience truly is typical of about seeing a guy named Jim Sparks speak. I personally had never what Jim often has to deal with, then I think he's handling his "phe- heard of him, but after watching him hold the audience captive and nomenon" very well. Jim is a gifted individual whose abilities have spellbound for an hour and half, I knew I would never forget him.

raised my consciousness by expanding my concept of reality and by I was recovering from recent knee surgery, and later that same opening my mind to seriously consider the existence of other dimen- night I hobbled on my crutches into the "Lone Star Bar," a converted sions and those who inhabit them.

hotel room that some wealthy Texas oil men rent out every year to *Nancy Smoot*

entertain the speakers and guests.

I saw a small group plow through the door, and, seeing Jim among them, I shouted over the noise, "Oh, you poor baby!" Truly, I had been very touched by all his extraordinary traumas over the years. He ANITA L. ALBRIGHT

politely acknowledged the comment with a gentle smile and continued One long ago, cold night in October of 1994, Pandora's Box cracked on his way, vanishing into the crowd.

itself wide open in my life with the appearance of a football-field- sized, He reappeared a little later, as I was struggling to fix myself a drink, black triangular ship that hovered silently over me in my driveway. At the (a bit difficult to do when you're on crutches). I soon realized that I was time I had felt quite knowledgeable and well-read in the field of standing, innocently, on the threshold of a doorway to what I came to ufology, having just spent the previous six years going to UFO

refer to as "Jim's World." He and I instantly became inseparable for conferences and devouring every book and movie on the subject, the duration of the conference, and since then we have been very close.

despite the objections and dismay of my own children and entire family. I had officially gone off the deep-end in their estimation.

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2 2 1

The Keepers

Supporting Comments

I awoke the Tuesday following the conference with the burning Jim said that he had found that his many years of alien encoun-images of a virtual-reality dream: I was standing on a ship, as an adult, ters had enhanced his psychic awareness. Stronger telepathic ability, watching myself as an infant, maybe three months old, being laid, only both in words and visions, seems to be a residual effect of such encoun-inches apart, next to another infant, on a large, flat, stainless-steel-like ters. He can also feel the energies surrounding the aliens. The energies protrusion from the floor. I was experiencing simultaneously both the of the taller supervisor types were sometimes overpowering, much stronger adult and infant perspectives. My infant self turned and locked eyes than the energies projected by the "worker beans."

with the other infant, whom I instantly knew was Jim.

When Sparks was working as a waiter in Florida, he felt a strange Jim and I have been pulled from the brink of death on many compulsion to apply for a similar job at a very ritzy Country Club, and occasions, seemingly by someone or something that manages to keep us so he did. A year later he was hired and trained. He worked in a tuxedo both alive. On numerous occasions, he has left me in a

state of abso-and served many very wealthy people. Some of the events he worked lute shock with disclosures from his other-worldly friends—exacting, were in private mansions with hundreds of guests. The profound event intimate things about me that he, living thousands of miles away, could occurred at a 1998 fund-raising event at the Country Club for a chil-not have possibly known. High strangeness follows him and anyone dren's hospital, with 800 attending.

who dares to get close to him.

While waiting at the bar counter to have an order filled, Jim got a With Jim I have seen first-hand, amazing sightings of ships, and psychic impression of a VIP arriving with several accompanying secu-he and I have been "pulled" together many times. Such occasions, though, rity guards. As the group came into the building, Jim could feel the familiar are merely mundane in "Jim's World," which is complex, with layer energy of a supervisor-type alien getting stronger. He heard a strong upon layer upon layer waiting for discovery. It is a rabbit's hole, with telepathic message to support the children's hospital, and he was certain seemingly no end.

others received the same message. The man entered the room rapidly, Jim has given me every reason to reconsider any and all of my followed by his security team. He looked like a supervisor-type alien; previous belief systems. He has given me every reason to believe that about 5' tall, large cranium, oval black eyes, thin chin and light skin.

things are not as they may appear. If he is delusional, then I too suffer People turned to watch him. Most people thought it was a human in a from that very same delusion.

mask, but some seemed to recognize his energy and sought his blessing as he passed. His body was lean and graceful, and he walked like the aliens I believe him.

Jim had seen on the ships. He walked straight to Jim and touched him on *Anita L. Albright*

the shoulder, whereupon Jim was thanked telepathically for being a teacher about humans and their emotions. He told me that he felt that this was a reward for his participating in their encounter programs. He quit his job that night, knowing that setting up this encounter with a DONALD E. WARE

powerful alien in our society is why he had felt compelled to work After Jim Sparks drew a record crowd for his lecture, "The Star there.

People," at the Unlimited Horizon's meeting in Navarre, Florida on This seems to be one case of an alien choosing the right time and January 13, 2002, Jim spoke to me personally about one of his most place to mingle with humans in our third-density society. I wonder how profound alien encounters. He was a bit nervous about talking about it often this mingling of species occurs.

publicly, so he waited until we were on the way home in the car before *Donald E. Ware*

he related it to me. I feel this encounter is important information for truth-seekers. It is a case of aliens among us.

Symbols

classes 2 and 3 above. Its later iteration as combinations of symbols looks in general like group 3, usually seen in abductee cases. Oddly, it is in this second iteration that dots become combined with cursive forms to produce the final script.

Linda Moulton Howe sent my alien symbol conversions to Combining the images from Mr. Sparks's narrative, there *Mario Pazzaglini, Ph.D., who earned his Master of Science degree in Clinical Psychology from George Washington University in Wash-are really four levels of variants of this script.*

ington, D.C. Simultaneously, he worked in a double program on his a) First, there is the script which appears on a flat two-doctoral degree in Sensory Neural Physiology and Abnormal Psychology dimensional surface of paper.

from the University of Delaware in Newark. Dr. Pazzaglini has b) Secondly, that two-dimensional form is understood as three-studied many symbols provided by people in the human abduction dimensional because Mr. Sparks says that the symbol for *syndrome since the 1980s, including some from Betty Andreas-son* A, which looks like a simple horizontal stroke is actually *Luca. He agreed to study my version of the alleged non-human symbols* three superimposed strokes of repeated motion on the *and numbers and to provide his professional assessment, which is* same line.

reported here in full.

c) Thirdly, the simple alphabetic elements are combined into shorthand condensed forms.

ASSESSMENT OF ALLEGED NON-HUMAN SYMBOLS AND

d) And fourth, the entire text of a script is condensed into NUMBERS DESCRIBED IN JIM SPARKS'S STORY

one complex symbol with multiple layers of motion and BY M AR IO P A Z Z AG L IN I, P H. D. ,

meaning.

CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY AND SENSORY NEUROPHYSIOLOGY

This is clearly a very complex system apparently relating somehow to the native alien script as used by the aliens them-This sample of alien writing is interesting in that it lends selves and secondly to a system that would be teachable to humans.

itself to layers of analyses. Superficially, it appears to be rudi-Mr. Sparks's symbols may not be the actual and purely alien mentary and perhaps purely human-generated. But, the Jim script. He suggests himself that it is a "common ground for Sparks symbols also present unexpected facets.

communication between them and us."

In form, this script falls between two general classes of Several observations can be made in stages.

alien writing. The classes referred to are of three types gener-
STAGE I - FIRST IMPRESSIONS

ated by a compilation and study of alien script, which I have collected over fifteen years. These classes are: a) This is an alphabetic script where one symbol equals one 1. Geometric forms —circles, squares, angles, triangles.

sound, just like our alphabet.

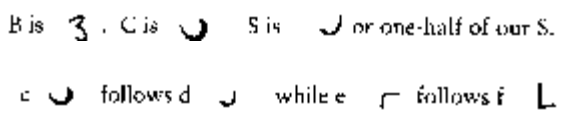
2. Dot and line forms—where symbols are made of various b) The aliens have presented to Jim Sparks equivalents to human combinations of dots and lines.

sounds and alphabet which is an odd fact for a supposedly 3. Cursive—where the symbols look like Gregg shorthand alien source. Even different Earth cultures with the same voice box produce different phonemes. Either this is made Most alien writing from abductees seems to fall in the latter up or the aliens are tailoring a system to us humans.

group and now represents the largest of the three groups of writing.

The Sparks sample looks like an intermediary between 224

2 2 5



The Keepers

Symbols

c) Some alien letters resemble their English alphabetic equiv-less clear in the third and fourth iterations of the symbols when alents. For example:

they are combined into a shorthand script.

Those combined symbols of condensed cursive-style script At this level of analysis, the possibility that this is actually an look very much like examples of script from other abductees.

"alien" script is suspect.

This in and of itself does not make them alien, but it is intereste) There are "follows" which are also found in Earth-based ing that widely divergent sources, unaware of what other abductees artificially made-up scripts. As the name implies, symbols have described, do write similar looking script, such as Betty in these made-up scripts tend to follow one another.

Andreasson Luca.

For example:

These complex forms are not 1:1 letter-to-sound symbols.

Their placement on the page is not linear, but produces a whole gestalt of meaning as described in the text. Perhaps the most pro-

The fact that there are follows in the Jim Sparks's symbols vocative and unique aspect of Sparks's description is the require-raises additional questions about its alleged alien source. Is this ment for 3-dimensional projection in order for the script to be made-up by a human? Or alien? Or for a human-alien psyche fully understood. Three-dimensional conceptualizing is rarely interface of some type? Does the human mind add a note of mentioned as a characteristic, of other purported alien scripts.

rigidity to the process of forming an alphabet for communica- Historically some so-called magical scripts, or sigils, also are tion? Why couldn't the aliens come up with clearer and more said to require a three-dimensional conceptualizing. In a conversation distinguishable symbols? Are those particular symbols necessary with an assistant to Aleister Crowley, who was a member of the somehow to provide the aliens with the forms they need to per-order of the Golden Dawn and leader of the O.T.O. Ordo form subsequent operations with human minds?

Temperalis Orientalis (Order of the Eastern Temple) in the early Jim Sparks's symbol for the letter R actually does resemble to middle 20th Century, it was mentioned that some portions of the ancient Greek letter rho ρ; S looks like a type of Greek S or C

the Enochian chessboards used in the Enochian system of magic

[sigma] σ; B is mildly like a Greek beta β. Are these accidents? In were to be seen in three dimensions. Aleister Crowley followed other alleged alien symbol communications I have studied, there directions of Queen Elizabeth I's court astrologer, John Dee, who are resemblances to early and classic Greek. So, in this first stage said he received the Enochian system from a luminous being.

of impressions, one would suspect that this is a humanly produced Crowley and Dee understood that three dimensions were necessary in (consciously or unconsciously) symbol system. It seems to share order to visualize properly the symbols needed to contact other too

many characteristics of pre-existing alphabets and doesn't worldly entities.

look well-formed as a coherent system of well-defined alphabetic There are other cases in which "aliens" have told their symbols.

abductee-contactee students that the alien script is multileveled.

In one of the script samples, it was said that the script was to be STAGE 2 - ANALYSES OF SYMBOL SHORTHAND

"read" by passing a finger over it and that in this way "thought In its more complex form, the Sparks's script eliminates will be produced" equivalent to reading the script. Further, these many of the above criticisms, and the first impressions become particular entities said that different levels of meaning could be elicited upon repeated finger passes over the same script.

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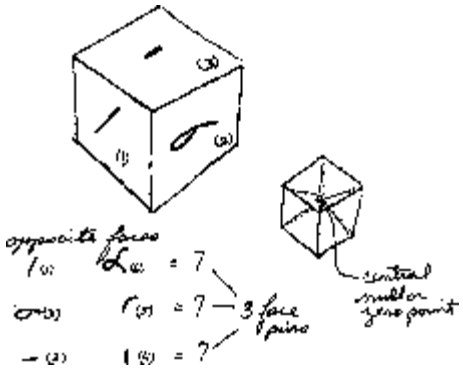

The Keepers

Symbols

While we cannot definitely say that the Sparks script is space. Tenen said that its various shadows cast on a two-dimen-alien, we can say that it does not follow the common sional surface form the letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

characteristics of hoaxed or made-up scripts. It describes a complex system which could form a communication link between totally dissimilar minds—a link between ourselves and the Other, human and alien. But nothing is clear in this elusive phenomenon.

STAGE 3 - ANALYSIS OF NUMBERS

This is an odd number system for an advanced culture.

First, there is no zero, which is an essential feature of a computational system. The Romans had a terrible time with their system for this reason. The Arabs and Mayans both had the concept of zero and were able to go quite far with computations.

Therefore, six is an odd number to use as a base. It would be better to use 10, or 2 even as in a 0-and-1 binary system; or even 60

as the Babylonians had. Those systems again are more convenient for computations. The Earth-based systems that use 12 or 6 x 2

as in the foot and inch are very complex to work with. Why The Meru Project booklet states: "Stan Tenen tracked the would aliens use such an odd system? Numbers are numbers. Of spiral of a tube torus out of the middle and took out the shape.

course, it's clear we don't understand what the aliens are up to He removed the minimum amount of matter to delineate the and don't know how they "think." It's possible that their 6-tube torus and placed it inside a three-dimensional tetrahedron.

based number system could relate to the six sides of a 3-dimen-He found that by shining a light through it so that the shadow of sional cube with zero at the center.1

that shape came out onto a two-dimensional surface, he could generate all the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, exactly as they W i t h s i x " n u m b e r s " o r " s t a t e s , " t h e r e a r e 6 6

are written and in order.

(6x6x6x6x6x6) or 46,656 possible "states" using the cube mode i f e a c h n u m b e r c a n b e u s e d m o r e t h a n o n c e , o r 6 !

"He also found that by changing the shape to a different (6x5x4x3x2x1), or 720, states if each number is used only once.

position, he could project all the Greek letters. Then by changing 720 is 2 x 360, as in degrees in a circle.

the position again, he could configure all the Arabic letters. He did this simply by moving this particular shape to different posi-Stan Tenen of the Meru Foundation in Sharon, Massachu-tions inside a three-dimensional tetrahedron. There are actually setts, has produced a three-dimensional form that rotates in 27 primary symmetrical positions inside a tetrahedron.'

1. Editor's Note. A zero is only essential for a two-dimensional number system. Consider a three-dimensional dice-like system where zero is all "snake-eyes" and every number is a unique permutation of dice faces, with one dice per numeric position. Lack of a zero does not constrain computation with an abacus, for example.

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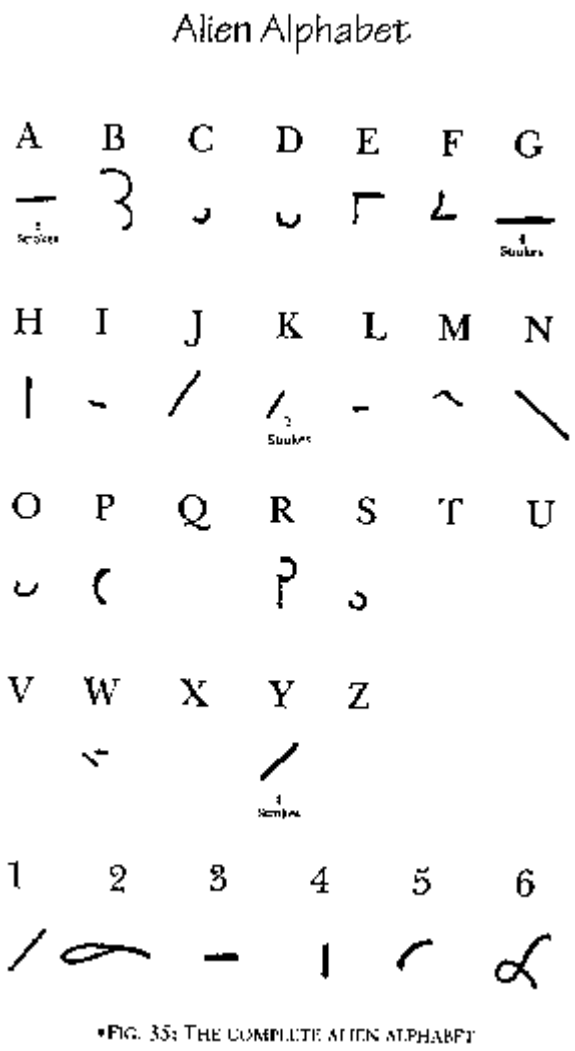

•FIG. 35: THE COMPLETE ALIEN ALPHABET

Final and Future Thoughts

by the Publisher

"It appears ever more likely that we exist in a multidi-mensional cosmos or multiverse.... The Cosmos... far from being an empty place of dead matter and energy, appears to be filled with beings, creatures, spirits, intelligences, gods... that have through the millennia been intimately involved with human existence. "

—Dr. John E. Mack

One of the final acts in Dr. John E. Mack's courageous and memorable career was to write a sound endorsement of Jim

Sparks's story, as related in this book. Dr. Mack, Professor of Psychology at the Harvard Medical School, was well-known and deeply respected by those who knew him. Dr.

Mack saw Jim's story as key to the unfoldment of the true story behind the on-going alien presence on Earth.

Jim Sparks's remarkable conscious-memory recall of his interactions with apparently alien and future-human visitors is sobering. The message is clear: our dear blue-and-white jewel of a planet is dying because of our own mismanagement.

While our problems are clear enough, the solutions are not.

Why was Jim taught this odd alien alphabet, with its three-dimensional aspects? Is there more to his story than meets the eye? Stanley Tenen discovered that the Hebrew 230

The Keepers

the secondary collision, and the anomalous second ricochet can be understood as evidence that the particle is still unsplit in some unseen dimension. Imagine a flat surface with two worm holes, a worm in each hole. Poke one and the other moves—a mystery in two dimensions, but clear in three dimensions, when one sees the U-shaped tunnel containing just a single worm.

The second conclusion from the reality of Jim's experiences is to observe that we can demonstrate a common source of the major languages of this divided planet—an alien source.

Hebrew and Arabic derive from a common alien source, as does Greek, and by implication, English. We can deduce then that we are all alien-derived, all siblings and cousins, and the proof is in the very languages we speak and write.

You may have wondered why an alien alphabet would have characters corresponding to A, B, and C? a, P**, and x? Alef, bet, and gimel? Perhaps it is because the underlying multi-dimensional structure of these alphabets was given to various The Jim Sparks account is one of the richest and most credible humans at various times, in various ways, by off-planet documentations in all alien abduction history.

cultivators, as clues to our origins—clues that would make This DVD includes in-depth interviews with Jim Sparks as well no sense prior to today's emerging global view of other cultures.

as many thought-provoking and leading researchers, If this conclusion is true, and it may well be, then it inevita-such as...

bly follows that it will soon be time to drop our swords, erase the late Dr. John E. Mack, Stanton Friedman; our boundaries, share our Earthly wealth, re j uvenate our Linda Moulton Howe; Whitely Strieber; Budd Hopkins; beloved water planet, and celebrate the oneness of the human and Michael Lindemann.

species with those whom the Native Americans have always Order fro m: http://5th world.co m/Keepers

called the Star Nations—the *Keepers* of this Garden.

DVD—$20 + shipping and handling

This, then, may indeed be just part of the ultimate significance of this remarkable book.

Created by Infinite Communications

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•FIG. 7:
ALIEN B

The Keepers

Falling Fast

make out now, were tall, with that same leathery texture to their faces. Their eyes and heads are a little bigger than ours, but not nearly as large as the workers, and their eyes are much more focused. Both the supervisor beings and workers have bodies that are very skinny, almost atrophied.

These observations came to me in the middle of what seemed like some sort of three-dimensional monster movie! Even though I was still frightened, I knew that my plan was working. I was keeping my mind going, I was taking all this in—I would remember it!

The Voice inside my head said, "LOOK," and the letter

"B" appeared on the screen.

I cried. I couldn't deal with the idea of having to go through this process 26 times, or God knows how many times. Maybe there were more letters in the alien alphabet that I had to learn to trace. I was already emotionally drained, and now this.

"The whole damned alphabet?" I sobbed.

"YES," appeared on the screen, followed again by

"B," and then what must have been the alien equivalent.

And, as though they anticipated me giving them more trouble, along with the "B" I got a zap of increased air pressure

•

against my ears and head, along with stepped-up anxiety.

FIG. 6: LEARNING LETTERS WHILE BEING SUPERVISED

I put up no fight. As well as I could, I learned to In retrospect, I realized that this thing was some sort of trace out that next alien symbol. The sooner I got it to manager or supervisor, while the

others were underlings. This their satisfaction, I figured, the sooner I could go home.

was organized like a beehive, with drones and workers. As I Something was becoming apparent to me that may think back on my experiences now, I realize that I noticed have already occurred to the reader, who is not under so something about those first two aliens I encountered. They much stress. The screens I was working with were part of seemed a little robotic, with rather unnatural movements. Their a larger machine that could read my thoughts, anticipate mannerisms were more programmed and methodical, whereas the my reactions, punish and reward. It had the ability larger supervisors had a fluid, more definitively biological movement.

Even then I thought, the "workers" were the creation of the to record my emotions, invading every private thought—merci-other, taller Visitors! The workers are shorter, with large eyes and lessly. I felt I was being used just as callously.

featureless, blank faces—leather-like in appearance. Some have wrinkled foreheads. The supervisors, as I was beginning to 37

T h e Kee p er s

F i n a l a n d F u t u r e T h o ug h t s alphabet can be created by shadows cast from a three-dimen-The Cosmos seems to abound with benevolent galactic fed-sional object rotated in a tetrahedron:

erations and great alliances of interstellar civilizations, while we Earthlings fight over dubious religious tenets, limited resources, and invisible political lines drawn across the soils of Earth in this remote backwater of the Milky Way. It seems that Earth will not be invited to participate in these great organizations so long as we remain warlike and disrespectful of the precious natural gifts of Mother Earth.

So how do we get from here to there? Imagine, if you will, finding that the alien alphabet given consciously to Jim Sparks could also be generated by shadows cast by a three-dimensional object rotated in a tetrahedron. This research is underway. If Jim's experiences are real, and there is little doubt that they are real in my mind, and the minds of Linda Moulton Howe, the late Dr. John Mack, and a host of other respected researchers and individuals who know Jim, then what can we conclude?

Firstly, we can conclude that the hidden three-dimensions structure of our two-dimensional languages may be subtle alien metaphors to help us realize that our three-dimensional percep-Additional research has shown that the Greek and Arabic tion of reality is just a projected shadow from the higher-dimen-alphabets can similarly be generated by shadows. These sional reality in which the visitors reside. When our science discoveries might just open the door to a potentially great impact of Jim Sparks's story. Let me explain.

understands that we live in a reduced-dimensional view of higher-dimensional universe, many mysteries will resolve, from The dramatic emerging view of the truly ancient origins of Bell's Experiment to the Unified Field Theory.

civilization on Earth, as depicted in Ashayana Deane's *Voyagers* In Bell's Experiment, for example, a subatomic particle is series, and Zechariah Sitchin's *Earth Chronicles* series, for exam-split, and the two halves spin off in mirror-image curving paths ple, make it very

clear that off-planet visitors have probably Occasionally, one half-piece will collide with yet another particle been involved with this planet since life began here, and a great and ricochet off at a new angle. At that precise moment, some many civilizations preceded the earliest ones of which we have surviving records.

place else, the other half-piece also ricochets off at the same new The first civilizations seem to have been planted here by angle, despite having not hit anything discernible. Our science alien visitors, and their development seems to have been has relegated Bell's Experiment to the "Isn't that interesting?'

carefully cultivated by alien overseers. The very alphabets of these category, whose implications have been largely ignored. But if civilizations are probably of alien origin.

every particle has higher-dimensional components, then so does 232

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